STORY HOUR READINGS

EIGHTH YEAR

HARTWELL

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BY

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BUFFALO, NEW YORK

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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO
BOSTON ATLANTA

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PREFACE

THIS Reader is designed to supply material for pupils in either the eighth grade of the regular school course or the second year of the junior high school. In the first case it supplies a fitting culmination to the work of previous grades and at the same time an introduction to the world of books outside of school or to the more extended and intensive study of literature in the regular high-school curriculum. In the second, it comes at the pivotal point in the course, supplying the necessary transition from the use of a Reader to the study of literature.

It therefore undertakes to induce that interest in literature as an art and as a source of pleasure which should come when the mechanics of reading have long ceased to be a problem, when proper habits of study have been established, and when the chief end to be attained by the teaching of reading is the setting up of standards of judgment and appreciation of both literature and life.

CONTENT. The choice of material has been made with this end in view. The dramatic, narrative character of the larger part of the selections has been thought necessary, to insure interest; but elements of style, form, etc., have been made important considerations.

With the same purpose in mind, the study material in the book has received especial attention and has been made as stimulating as possible. The questions and study suggestions are not only interpretative of plot or of exact meaning, but consider literary form, atmosphere or background, æsthetic value, and the author's method of obtaining his effect,

and suggest comparison with other compositions of similar type.

The selections include work of the classic masters in each department of literature represented, as well as much good writing of our own day. Interest, literary quality, and typical excellence have been the determining factors in the choice of material.

CORRELATION. The attempt has been definitely made to correlate this year's reading rather with interests arising outside of school than with school activities themselves. For instance, the boy or girl at this stage is beginning to read with interest newspapers and magazines; the "Newspaper Clippings" and "Short Story" sections will furnish a natural connecting link between their reading for pleasure and their reading for instruction. In the same way "Among Great Books" takes advantage of developing interest in the novel, and "Science Readings" of the enthusiasm many pupils will have for magazines of travel or of popular science. "Gleanings from History" and "Political Literature" have of course a direct correlation with other school work and should prove a valuable source of interest. "A Packet of Letters" and "Essays" may furnish models for composition, and the wide range of authors and subjects included in all the sections should give many opportunities for use in explanation and illustration.

ARRANGEMENT. The arrangement of the selections in this reader has been determined by form rather than by content, following the principle that as the pupils are at this stage beginning to meet these forms in their outside reading they should be introduced to examples of excellence in each, and thereby furnished with standards by which they may make their own judgments. Accordingly, examples of the more

important literary forms — essay, novel, Short Story, verse, oratory, journalistic writing, letters, historical narrative, scientific exposition — have been grouped together under suitable headings.

Each of these sections is prefaced by a brief foreword, which, with the study material accompanying the selections themselves, explains the importance, distinguishing features, and ideal treatment of the form under discussion.

MECHANICAL FEATURES. Pains have been taken by editor and publisher to make the book an attractive one in size, proportions, typography, and make-up. Abundant white space, artistic illustrations, clear-cut and legible type, and convenient size and shape have all been secured.

In order to fit this book for its purpose, the aim in making it has been to furnish reading material of an interesting and useful character; to introduce and make intelligible the simpler literary forms; to awaken an interest in the problems of literary art and their solution by great artists; to create interest in the makers of literature; to connect the academic study of "English" with the reading for pleasure and instruction of daily life; and finally, to inspire and cultivate an appreciation of the best in every department of literature.

MANUAL. The *Teachers' Manual* contains detailed lesson plans and pedagogical helps for each selection in this book; also an introductory article on the Teaching of Reading, which discusses Silent Reading (with detailed directions for speed tests), Oral Reading, Dramatization, Appreciative Reading, Memorizing, Word Study and Use of the Dictionary, Reading Outside of School, Use of Illustrative Material, and Correlation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In addition to acknowledgments which appear in connection with copyrighted material used in this volume, thanks are herewith extended to the following authors and publishers for permissions to reprint:

To D. Appleton & Company, for "Air Currents," from *Forms of Water* by John Tyndall; to Little, Brown & Co. for "Wolfe's Last Battle," from *Montcalm and Wolfe* by Francis Parkman; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for "Frontier Life," from *The Winning of the West* by Theodore Roosevelt.

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Selections by R. W. Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, and Henry D. Thoreau are used by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of these authors.

For the newspaper selections we are indebted as follows: to William J. Cameron for his article "Don't Die on Third," which appeared originally in *The Detroit News*; to *The Christian Science Monitor* for "The End of the War"; to *The New York Times* for the articles by Harold Bride and Walter Duranty; to the *New York Tribune* for Wilbur Forrest's and F. F. Van de Water's articles; to *The Sun* (New York) for "The Landing of the R-34" and "Hairpins."

Material from the works of Asa Gray, John Richard Green, and David Todd is used by permission of the American Book Company.

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SCIENCE READINGS

Science includes many fields. Physics, chemistry, botany, zoölogy, astronomy, mechanics, geography — these are only a few of its subdivisions. All of us are interested in learning more about the laws of nature; about flowers, birds, stars, new inventions, foreign lands, and strange peoples, all of which are included in the domain of science. We are under heavy obligation to the writers who have chosen to interpret these subjects to us in an interesting manner. A few of these outstanding authors are Thoreau, Burroughs, Jordan, Audubon, Todd, Gray, Joaquin Miller, and Stefansson, on this side of the Atlantic; the Frenchman, Henri Fabre; the British writers, Tyndall, Ball, Huxley — the list is too long to complete here.

The following group of extracts will serve to show a bit of the variety of the fine literature that has for its theme the wonderful works of Nature. Any library will place at your command interesting books that deal with those fields of science which appeal most to your liking. May your reading therein be broad and varied.

THE RETURNING SALMON
(*See opposite page*)

THE STORY OF A SALMON

By David Starr Jordan

David Starr Jordan (1851–) is an American educator and author. He has long been connected with our leading universities either as a teacher of science or as an administrator. He was president of the University of Indiana and also of Leland Stanford University. His special field of science is the study of fish. He was Assistant U. S. Fish Commissioner for a number of years, and also U. S. Commissioner in charge of fur-seal and salmon investigations. The following story is the life history of a salmon, a subject Dr. Jordan is peculiarly capable of treating scientifically and entertainingly.

FLOWING down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch woods and belts of dark firs, to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia. This river is the Cowlitz; and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but great in their possibilities. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins strained their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

(*Science Sketches* by David Starr Jordan, A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers.)

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish, — a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great, staring eyes, which made almost half its length, and with a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. Then there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole; for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose" was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into a single larger one, and the process of "addition, division, and silence" still went on.

By and by, when all the salmon were too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon fashion, — which fashion is to get into the current, head upstream, and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River the salmon went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry; and coming near the shore, they saw an angleworm of rare size and

beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of them opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around the angleworm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them; for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide and seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time; for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but swimming right on upstream just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk, even in the simple sign language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves; and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream.

By and by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along; and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. Then the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor, — a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier water of their native Cowlitz. There were many curious things to

see, — crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid swimming about; and, to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herrings, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and capture them! Those who eat sardines packed in oil by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have a meal of them, plump, sleek, and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus the salmon chased the herrings about, and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea lions, — swimming monsters with huge half-human faces, long thin whiskers, and blundering ways. The sea lions liked to bite out the throat of a salmon, with its precious stomach full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself. And the seals and the herrings scattered the salmon about, till at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his own kind near him. But that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years; and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest round black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

Spring had come again, and the south-lying snowdrifts on the Cascade Mountains once more felt that the "earth

was wheeling sunwards." The cold snow waters ran down from the mountains and into the Columbia River, and made a freshet on the river. The high water went far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. In a blundering, fishy fashion he thought about it; he wondered whether the little eddy looked as it used to look, and whether caddis worms and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were. Then he thought some other things; but as the salmon's mind is located in the optic lobes of his brain, and ours in a different place, we cannot be quite certain what his thoughts really were.

What our salmon did, we know. He did what every grown salmon in the ocean does when he feels the glacier water once more upon his gills. He became a changed being. He spurned the blandishment of soft-shelled crabs. The pleasures of the table and of the chase, heretofore his only delights, lost their charm for him. He turned his course straight toward the direction whence the cold water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food. He moved on toward the river mouth, at first playfully, as though he were not really certain whether he meant anything after all. Afterward, when he struck the full current of the Columbia, he plunged straight forward with an unflinching determination that had in it something heroic. When he had passed the rough water at the bar, he was not alone. His old neighbors of the Cowlitz, and many more from the Clackamas and the Spokane and Deschutes and Kootenay, — a great army of salmon, — were with him. In front were thousands pressing on, and behind him were thousands more, all moved by a common impulse.

They were all swimming bravely along where the current was deepest, when suddenly the foremost felt something tickling like a cobweb about their noses and under their chins. They changed their course a little to brush it off, and it touched their fins as well. Then they tried to slip down with the current, and thus leave it behind. But, no! the thing, whatever it was, although its touch was soft, refused to let go, and held them like a fetter. The more they struggled, the tighter became its grasp, and the whole foremost rank of the salmon felt it together; for it was a great gill net, a quarter of a mile long, stretched squarely across the mouth of the river.

By and by men came in boats, and hauled up the gill net and the helpless salmon that had become entangled in it. They threw the fishes into a pile in the bottom of the boat, and the others saw them no more. We that live outside the water know better what befalls them, and we can tell the story which the salmon could not.

All this time our salmon is going up the river, eluding one net as by a miracle to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a fortunate day, — which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches, — till finally he came to where nets were few, and at last, to where they ceased altogether. But there he found that scarcely any of his companions were with him; for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them.

So he went on, day and night, where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent, rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter; and summoning all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him

and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black and red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black and blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades; and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be, and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins; and with him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump and round and silvery, with delicate teeth in a symmetrical mouth. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy, and the scales sank into it; his back grew black, and his sides turned red, — not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor; and his back, formerly as straight as need be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes — like those of all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim — became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. His beautiful teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite at variance with his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We may not know what this one was, but we know that it was a strong one; for it had led him on and on, — past the nets

and horrors of Astoria; past the dangerous Cascades; past the spears of Indians; through the terrific flume of the Dalles where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheat fields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake River and the Columbia join; on up the Snake River and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitterroot Mountains in Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and dragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, our finny travelers came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it; for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again; and softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon fashion, they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

Next morning, a settler in the Bitterroot region, passing by the brook near his house, noticed that a "dog salmon" had run in there, and seemed "mighty nigh tuckered out." So he took a hoe, and wading into the brook rapped the fish on the head with it, and carrying it ashore threw it to the hogs. But the hogs had a surfeit of salmon meat; so

they ate only the soft parts, leaving the head untouched. And a wandering naturalist found it there, and sent it to the United States Fish Commission to be identified. Thus it came to me.

— *Science Sketches.*

1. Outline under four major topics the life history of a salmon.
2. Select the paragraphs that belong to each of your topics. Which stage of the salmon's life is portrayed on page 14?
3. Read aloud the paragraph that impresses you most. What about it impresses you?
4. Bring to class additional information about salmon or salmon fishing that you can gather from geographies or reference books.
5. Suggested books to read: Burroughs's *Wake-Robin;* Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known;* Thoreau's *Walden;* Jordan's *True Tales of Birds and Beasts;* Baskett's *Story of the Fishes;* Holder's *Half Hours with Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds.*

What does the word "science" mean? From what Latin word does it come? What sciences are taught in your school system? Name the sciences that treat of the following subjects: care of the body; plants; animals; rocks; stars; heat, light, electricity, etc.

The larger divisions of science are variously subdivided. Zoölogy, for example, includes at least ten major subdivisions. In turn many of these are divided. Frame a definition for each of the following: entomology, ornithology, pomology, agronomy, physiology, cytology, geography.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

By John James Audubon

The pioneer among our naturalists was John James Audubon, born in Louisiana in 1780. He was a lover of the outdoors, and his special affection was early centered on birds. By the time he was seventeen years of age he had finished his education in France and had completed two hundred drawings of French birds. In 1828 his great work, *The Birds of America*, appeared in ten large volumes, containing 448 colored plates of more than a thousand birds, all drawn by him. To accompany this work, he prepared five more volumes describing American birds. The following extract is from one of these descriptive volumes, and is a fine example of interesting exposition. Its scientific accuracy is vouched for by the name of its author. Audubon died in 1851.

THE Baltimore oriole arrives from the south, perhaps from Mexico, or perhaps from a more distant region, and enters Louisiana as soon as spring commences there. It approaches the planter's house, and searches amongst the surrounding trees for a suitable place in which to settle for the season. It prefers, I believe, the trees that grow on the sides of a gentle declivity. The choice of a twig being made, the male oriole becomes extremely conspicuous. He flies to the ground, searches for the longest and driest filaments of moss, and whenever he finds one fit for his purpose ascends to the favorite spot where the nest is to be, uttering all the while a continued chirrup, which seems to imply that he knows no fear, but on the contrary fancies himself the acknowledged king of the woods. This sort of chirruping becomes louder, and is emitted in an angry tone,

whenever an enemy approaches or the bird is accidentally surprised; the sight of a cat or a dog being always likely to produce it.

No sooner does he reach the branches than with bill and claws, aided by an astonishing sagacity, he fastens one end of the moss to a twig with as much art as a sailor might do, and takes up the other end, which he secures also, but to another twig a few inches off, leaving the thread floating in the air like a swing, the curve of which is perhaps seven or eight inches from the twigs. The female comes to his assistance with another filament of moss, or perhaps some cotton thread or other fibrous substance, inspects the work which her mate has done, and immediately commences her operations, placing each thread in a contrary direction to those arranged by her lordly mate, and making the whole cross and recross so as to form an irregular network.

The nest has now been woven from the bottom to the top, and so secured no tempest can carry it off without breaking the branch to which it is suspended. Remark what follows. This nest contains no warming substance such as wool, cotton, or cloth, but is almost entirely composed of Spanish moss, interwoven in such a manner that the air can easily pass through it. The parents no doubt are aware of the intense heat which will exist ere long in this part of the world, and moreover take especial care to place their nest on the northeast side of the trees. On the contrary, had they gone as far as Pennsylvania or New York, they would have formed it of the warmest and softest materials, and would have placed it in a position which would have left it exposed to the sun's rays; the changes in the weather during the early period of incubation being sometimes so great there that the bird looks on

these precautions as necessary to insure the life of its brood against intense cold, while it knows the heat in these northern latitudes will not be so great as to incommode them. I have observed these sensible differences in the formation and position of the nests of the Baltimore oriole a great many times, as no doubt have other persons.

The female lays from four to six eggs, and in Louisiana frequently rears two broods in a season. The period of incubation is fourteen days. The eggs are about an inch in length, rather broadly ovate, pale brown, dotted, spotted, and tortuously lined with dark brown.

The movements of these birds as they run among the branches of trees differ materially from those of almost all others. They frequently cling by the feet in order to reach an insect at such a distance from them as to require the full extension of their neck, body, and legs, without letting go their hold. They sometimes glide, as it were, along a small twig, and at other times move sidewise for a few steps. Their motions are elegant and stately. Their song consists of three or four, or at most eight or ten, loud, full, and mellow notes extremely agreeable to the ear.

A day or two before the young are quite able to leave the nest, they often cling to the outside and creep in and out of it like young woodpeckers. After leaving the nest they follow the parents for nearly a fortnight and are fed by them. As soon as mulberries and figs become ripe they resort to these fruits and are equally fond of sweet cherries, and strawberries. During spring their principal food is insects, which they seldom pursue on the wing, but which they search for with great activity among the leaves and branches. I have seen the young of the first brood out early in May, and of the second in July. As soon as they

are fully able to take care of themselves they generally part from each other and leave the country as their parents had come, that is, singly.

During migration the flight of the Baltimore oriole is performed high above all the trees, and mostly during day, as I have usually observed them alighting, always singly, about the setting of the sun, uttering a note or two, and darting into the lower branches to feed, and afterwards to rest. To assure myself of this mode of traveling by day, I marked the place where a beautiful male had perched one evening, and on going to the spot next morning long before dawn, I had the pleasure of hearing his first notes as light appeared, and saw him search awhile for food, and afterwards mount into the air, making his way to warmer climes.

— *Biography of American Birds.*

1. Describe the appearance of a Baltimore oriole. How can you distinguish it from a robin? How does it differ from an orchard oriole?

2. What kind of nest does the oriole build? Describe the nests of two birds common to your community.

3. Name the birds you are able to recognize by sight; by their song; by their flight.

4. What birds stay all year in your community? Name some of the migrants. Why do any birds migrate?

5. Cite a passage from this selection that makes you know Audubon was a real scientist.

6. Discuss the economic values of birds generally and of some one particular bird. Outline your talk before undertaking to deliver it.

7. Bring to class interesting articles, pictures, or books dealing with bird life. The following book titles are suggestive: Burroughs's *Bird Stories;* Gilmore's *Birds through the Year;* Chapman's *Bird-Life;* Chapman's *Birds of Eastern North America;* Merriam's *Birds of Village and Field;* Blanchan's *Bird Neighbors;* Walker's *Our Birds and their Nestlings.*

PLANT GROWTH AND USES

By Asa Gray

Asa Gray (1810–1888) was a noted American botanist. He studied medicine, but abandoned its practice to devote his life to the study of plants. From 1842 to 1873 he was professor of natural history at Harvard. His remaining years were given over to botanical research and writing. His *How Plants Grow*, *How Plants Behave*, and *New Manual of Botany*, are but a few of the books which have set a standard in their field of knowledge.

ALTHOUGH alive, a seed may for a long while show no signs of life, and feel neither the summer's heat nor the winter's cold. Still it lives on where it falls, in this slumbering way, until the next spring in most plants, or sometimes until the spring after that, before it begins to grow. There is a great difference in this respect in different seeds. Those of red maple ripen in the fall, and lie quiet until the next spring. When gathered and laid up in a dry place, many seeds will keep alive for two, three, or several years; and in this state plants may be safely transported all around the world. How long seeds will live is uncertain. The stories of seeds growing which have been preserved for two or more thousand years with Egyptian mummies, are not to be believed. But it is well known that sensitive plants have been raised from seeds over sixty years old. Few kinds of seeds will grow after keeping them for five or six years; many refuse to grow after the second year; and some will not grow at all unless allowed to fall at once to the ground. There is no way of telling

whether the germ of a seed is alive or not, except by trying whether it will grow, that is, will germinate.

Germination is the sprouting of a plant from the seed. If we plant some of the seeds of a morning glory in a flower-pot, covering them lightly with soil, water them, and give them warmth, or if in spring we watch those which sowed themselves naturally in the garden the year before, and are now moistened by showers and warmed by sunshine, we shall soon see how they grow. And what we learn from this one kind of plant will be true of all ordinary plants, but with some differences in the circumstances, according to the kind.

The seed first imbibes some moisture through its coats, swells a little, and, as it feels the warmth, the embryo gradually wakes from its long and deep sleep, and stretches itself, as it were. That is, the tiny stem of the embryo lengthens, and its end bursts through the coats of the seed; at the same time, the two leaves it bears grow larger, straighten themselves, and so throw off the seed coats as a loose husk; this allows the seed leaves to spread out, as leaves naturally do, and so the seedling plantlet stands revealed.

At the very beginning of its growth, the end of the little stem which first comes out of the seed turns downward and points into the earth. From it the root is formed, which continues downwards, branching as it grows, and burying itself more and more in the soil. The other end of the stem always turns upwards, and, as the whole lengthens, the seed leaves are brought up out of the ground, so that they expand in the light and air, — which is the proper place for leaves, as the dark and damp soil is for the root.

What makes the root always grow downwards into the ground, and the stem turn upwards, so as to rise out of it,

we no more know, than we know why newly hatched ducklings take to the water at once, while chickens avoid it, although hatched under the same fowl and treated just alike. But the fact is always so. And although we know not *how*, the *why* is evident enough; for the root is thereby at once placed in the soil, from which it has to absorb moisture and other things, and the leaves appear in the air and the light, where they are to do their work.

Notice how early the seedling plant is complete, that is, becomes a real vegetable, with all its parts, small as the whole thing is. For it already possesses a root, to connect it with the ground and draw up what it needs from that; a stem, to elevate the foliage into the light and air; and leaves, to take in what it gets directly from the air, and to digest the whole in the light. That is, it already has all the organs of vegetation, all that any plant has before blossoming, so that the little seedling can now take care of itself, and live — just as any larger plant lives — upon the soil and the air. And all it has to do in order to become a full-grown plant, is to increase the size of its organs, and to produce more of them; namely, more stem with more leaves above, and more roots below. We have only to watch our seedling plantlets a week or two longer, and we shall see how this is done.

The root keeps on growing underground, and sending off more and more small branches, or rootlets, each one adding something to the amount of absorbing surface in contact with the moist soil. The little stem likewise lengthens upwards, and the pair of leaves on its summit grow larger. But these soon get their full growth; and we do not see, perhaps, where more are to come from. But now a little bud, called the plumule, appears on the top of the

stem, just between the stalks of the two seed leaves; it enlarges and unfolds into a leaf; this soon is raised upon a new piece of stem, which carries up the leaf, just as the pair of seed leaves were raised by the lengthening of the radicle, or first joint of stem in the seed. Then another leaf appears on the summit of this joint of stem, and is raised upon its own joint of stem, and so on. And so the plant grows on, the whole summer long, producing leaf after leaf, one by one, and raising each on its own joint of stem, arising from the summit of the next below.

In the very act of making vegetable matter, plants fulfill one great purpose of their existence, that is, they purify the air for animals.

That part of the air which renders it fit for breathing is called oxygen; this makes up about one fifth part of the air we breathe. At every breath animals take in some of this oxygen and change it into carbonic acid; that is, they combine the oxygen with carbon from their blood, which makes carbonic acid, and breathe out this carbonic acid, which is unfit for the breathing of animals, — so much so, that, if it were to increase so as to make any considerable part of the atmosphere, man and other animals could not live in it. But plants prevent the carbonic acid from accumulating in the air. While animals need the oxygen of the air, and in using it change it into carbonic acid hurtful to them, plants need the carbon of this carbonic acid; indeed, it makes a very large portion of their food, — as we plainly see it must, when we know that about half of every part of a plant is carbon, that is, charcoal. And this carbonic acid is the very part of the air that plants use; they constantly take it from the air, decompose it in their leaves during sunshine, keep the carbon, and give back the

oxygen pure, so keeping the air fit for the breathing of animals. The carbon which plants take from the air in this way, along with water, they assimilate, that is, change into vegetable matter; and in doing this they make all the food which animals live upon.

Animals cannot live upon air, water, or earth, nor are they able to change these into food which they may live upon. This work is done for them by plants. Vegetable matter in almost every form — especially as herbage, or more concentrated, in the accumulations of nourishment which plants store up in roots, in bulbs and tubers, in many stalks, in fruits, and in seeds — is food for animals. "And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth," as well as to men, is given "every green herb for meat." Some animals take it by feeding directly upon vegetables; others, in feeding upon the flesh of herbivorous animals, receive what they have taken from plants. Man and a few other animals take in both ways what plants have prepared for them. But however received, and however changed in form in the progress from plant to animal or from one animal to another, all the food and all the substance of all animals were made by plants. And this is what plants are made for.

Notice also that plants furnish us not merely needful sustenance, but almost every comfort and convenience. Medicine for restoring, as well as food for supporting, health and strength, mainly comes from plants.

They furnish all the clothing of man, not only what is made from the woolly hairs of certain seeds (cotton), or from the woody fibers of bark (linen), and what is spun from mulberry leaves by the grubs of certain moths (as silk);

but also the skin and the fur or wool of animals, owe their origin to plants, just as their flesh does.

They furnish utensils, tools, and building materials, in great variety; and even the materials which the mineral kingdom yields for man's service (such as iron) are unavailable without vegetables to supply fuel for working and shaping them.

They supply all the fuel in the world; and this is one special service of that vegetable matter which, in the solid form of wood, does not naturally serve for food. Burned in our fireplaces, one part of a plant may be used to cook the food furnished by another part, or to protect us against cold; or burned under a steam boiler it may grind our corn, or carry us swiftly from place to place. Even the coal dug from the bowels of the earth is vegetable matter, the remains of forests and herbage which flourished for ages before man existed, and long ago laid up for his present use. We may proceed one step farther, and explain where the heat of fuel comes from; for even a child may understand it. Plants make vegetable matter only in the light, mostly in the direct light of the sun. With every particle of carbonic acid that is decomposed, and vegetable matter that is made, a portion of the sun's heat and light is absorbed and laid up in it. And whenever this vegetable matter is decomposed, as in burning it, this heat and light (how much of each, depends upon the mode of burning) are given out.

So all our lighting as well as warming, which we do not receive directly from the sun, we receive from plants, in which sunlight has been stored up for our use. And equally so, whether we burn olive oil or pine oil of the present day, or candles made from old peat,

or coal gas, or lard, tallow, or wax, — the latter a vegetable matter which has been somewhat changed by animals. And finally, the natural warmth of the bodies of animals comes from the food they eat, and so is supplied by plants.

A healthy animal, no longer growing, receives into his system a daily supply of food without any corresponding increase in weight or often without any increase at all. This is because he decomposes as much as he receives. If a vegetable feeder, far the greater part of his food (all the starch of grain and bread, the sugar, oil), after being added to the blood, is decomposed, and breathed out from the lungs in the form of carbonic acid and water. That is just what it would become if set on fire and burned, as when we burn oil or tallow in our lamps or candles, or wood in our fireplaces; and in the process, in animals no less than in our lamps and fireplaces, the heat which was absorbed from the sun when the vegetable matter was produced from carbonic acid and water, is given out when this matter is decomposed into carbonic acid and water again. And this is what keeps up the natural heat of animals. We are warmed by plants in the food we consume, as well as by the fuel we burn.

—*How Plants Grow.*

1. Distinguish between biology, botany, and zoölogy.

2. Plant some seeds where you can watch the growth of the young plants. Check your observations with the findings in this article.

3. Explain how growing plants purify the air. In what other ways do plants serve animals?

4. Suggestions for outside reading: Dana's *How to Know the Wild Flowers;* Atkinson's *First Studies in Plant Life;* Dana's *Plants and Their Children;* Matthews's *Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden;* Matthews's *Field Book of American Wild Flowers;* Dorrance's *Story of the Forest;* Coulter's *Plant Life and Plant Uses.*

AIR CURRENTS

By John Tyndall

John Tyndall (1820–1893) was the son of a small landowner of County Carlow, Ireland. He early devoted himself to study, although he had few educational advantages. By the time he was thirty-one years of age, he had taken his doctor's degree from the University of Marburg, had taught school, and had been a railway engineer and a surveyor. In 1853 he was given a professorship of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution, and thereafter his name was one of the best known in scientific circles.

Tyndall became particularly interested in studying how glaciers move, and this interest caused him to spend much time in Switzerland. For twelve years he studied especially gases and heat, and so contributed much to our knowledge of the action of our weather elements. The extract below on air currents demonstrates Tyndall's greatest achievement; viz., his ability to make an abstract scientific fact clear and interesting. Like Darwin and Huxley and Faraday, Tyndall was a discoverer; but he was best known as an interpreter of science to the common man.

THE sun, you know, is never exactly overhead in northern latitudes. But at the equator, and within certain limits north and south of it, the sun at certain periods of the year is directly overhead at noon. These limits are called the tropics of Cancer and of Capricorn. Upon the belt comprised between these two circles the sun's rays fall with their mightiest power; for here they shoot directly downwards, and heat both earth and sea more than when they strike slantingly.

When the vertical sunbeams strike the land they heat

it, and the air in contact with the hot soil becomes heated in turn. But when heated the air expands, and when it expands it becomes lighter. This lighter air rises, like wood plunged into water, through the heavier air overhead.

When the sunbeams fall upon the sea the water is warmed, though not so much as the land. The warmed water expands, becomes thereby lighter, and therefore continues to float upon the top. This upper layer of water warms to some extent the air in contact with it, but it also sends up a quantity of aqueous vapor, which being far lighter than the air, helps the latter to rise. Thus both from the land and from the sea we have ascending currents established by the action of the sun.

When they reach a certain elevation in the atmosphere, these currents divide and flow, part towards the north and part towards the south; while from the north and the south a flow of heavier and colder air sets in to supply the place of the ascending warm air.

Incessant circulation is thus established in the atmosphere. The equatorial air and vapor flow above toward the north and south poles, while the polar air flows below toward the equator. The two currents of air thus established are called the upper and the lower trade winds.

But before the air returns from the poles great changes have occurred. For the air as it quitted the equatorial regions was laden with aqueous vapor, which could not subsist in the cold polar regions. It is there precipitated, falling sometimes as rain, or more commonly as snow. The land near the pole is covered with this snow, which gives birth to vast glaciers in a manner hereafter to be explained.

It is necessary that you should have a perfectly clear view of this process, for great mistakes have been made

regarding the manner in which glaciers are related to the heat of the sun.

It was supposed that if the sun's heat were diminished, greater glaciers than those now existing would be produced. But the lessening of the sun's heat would infallibly diminish the quantity of aqueous vapor, and thus cut off the glaciers at their source.

— *The Forms of Water.*

1. Explain the difference between "atmosphere" and "wind." How can you prove that heated air rises? Why does it rise?

2. Which heats and cools the more rapidly, water or earth? What effect might this have on local air currents? Generally speaking, what is the direction of your prevailing winds? Why is this so?

3. Why does the equatorial air flow northward, and *vice versa?* What deflects the trade winds from due north and south courses?

4. How does Tyndall account for the formation of glaciers at the poles? In this connection explain the last sentence.

5. What has the airplane added to our knowledge of the air?

6. Suggestive books to read: Houston's *Wonder Book of the Atmosphere;* Herrick's *The Earth in Past Ages;* Heilprin's *The Earth and Its Story;* Holden's *Real Things in Nature.*

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam:
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tone
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For nature's pages glazed by sunbeams on the lake.

— *George Gordon Byron.*

IN CENTRAL AFRICA

By Sir Samuel White Baker

Expeditions into unexplored countries are often conducted for scientific purposes. Sometimes the purpose is the collection of specimens of animal or plant life; or the study of people; or again for the mapping of geographical discoveries.

The sources of the Nile had for centuries been shrouded in mystery. Samuel White Baker (1821–1893), an English explorer, set out in 1861 to explore its headwaters in Central Africa. Two other Englishmen forestalled him, but Baker established the fact that the Nile flows through Lake Albert. Baker was knighted for his geographical researches. Incidentally, he added much to the knowledge about the habits of the animals of the "Dark Continent" in the books he wrote about his hunting experiences.

HIPPOPOTAMI had trodden a path along the margin of the river, as these animals came out to feed shortly after dark, and traveled from pool to pool. Wherever a plot of tangled and succulent herbage grew, there were the marks of the harrowlike teeth, that had torn and rooted up the rank grass like an agricultural implement.

After walking about two miles we noticed a herd of hippopotami in a pool below a rapid. This was surrounded by rocks except upon one side, where the rush of water had thrown up a bank of pebbles and sand. Our old Arab guide did not condescend to bestow the slightest attention when I pointed out these animals; they were too wide awake; but he immediately quitted the river's bed, and we followed him quietly behind the fringe of bushes upon the border, from which we carefully examined the water.

About half a mile below this spot, as we clambered over the intervening rocks through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, we observed, in a small pool just below the rapid, an immense head of a hippopotamus close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river, about six feet above the surface. At once the gravity of the old Arab disappeared, and the energy of the hunter was exhibited as he motioned us to remain, while he ran nimbly behind the thick screen of bushes for about a hundred and fifty yards below the spot where the hippo was unconsciously basking, with his ugly head above the surface. Plunging into the rapid torrent, the veteran hunter was carried some distance down the stream, but breasting the powerful current, he landed upon the rocks on the opposite side, and retiring to some distance from the river, he quickly advanced towards the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying.

I had a fine view of the scene, as I was lying concealed exactly opposite the river horse, which had now disappeared beneath the water. The Arab stealthily approached the ledge of rock beneath which he had expected to see the head of the animal; his long sinewy arm was raised, with harpoon ready to strike, as he carefully advanced.

At length he reached the edge of the perpendicular rock; the hippo had vanished, but far from exhibiting surprise, the old Arab remained standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude. No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of the old river king, as he stood erect upon the rock with the left foot advanced, and the harpoon poised in his ready right hand above his head, while in the left he held the loose coils of rope attached to the buoy.

For about three minutes he stood like a statue, gazing intently into the clear, deep water beneath his feet. I watched eagerly for the reappearance of the hippo. The surface of the water was still barren, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot with the speed and directness of an arrow into the pool. In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of the furious hippopotamus, which, springing half out of the water, lashed the river into foam, and disdaining the concealment of the deep pool, charged up the violent rapids.

With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream. Gaining a footing in the rapids, about five feet deep, he plowed his way against the broken waves, sending them in showers of spray upon all sides, and gaining the border shallows he tore along through the water, with the buoyant float hopping behind him along the surface, until he landed from the river, started at full gallop along the dry shingly bed, and at length disappeared in the thorny jungle. I never could have imagined that so unwieldy an animal could exhibit such speed; no man would have had a chance of escape, and it was fortunate for our old guide that he was secure upon the high ledge of rock, for if he had been in the path of the infuriated beast, there would have been an end of him.

The old man plunged into the deep pool just quitted by the hippo, and landed upon our side; while in the enthusiasm of the moment I waved my cap above my head, and gave him a cheer as he reached the shore. His usually stern features relaxed into a grim smile of delight: this was one of those moments when the gratified pride of the hunter rewards him for any risks. I congratulated him upon his

dexterity; but much remained to be done. I proposed to cross the river and to follow upon the tracks of the hippopotamus, as I imagined that the buoy and rope would catch in the thick jungle, and that we should find him entangled in the bush; but the old hunter gently laid his hand on my arm and pointed up the bed of the river, explaining that the hippo would certainly return to the water after a short interval.

A few minutes later, at a distance of nearly half a mile, we observed the hippo emerge from the jungle and descend at full trot to the bed of the river, making direct for the first rocky pool in which we had noticed the herd. Accompanied by the old hunter we walked quickly towards the spot. He explained to me that I must shoot the harpooned hippo, for we should not be able to secure him in the usual method by ropes, nearly all our men being absent from camp.

Upon reaching the pool, which was about a hundred and thirty yards in diameter, we were immediately greeted by the hippo, which snorted and roared as we approached, but quickly dived, and the buoyant float ran along the surface, indicating his course in the same manner as the cork of a trimmer with a pike upon the hook. Several times he appeared, but as he invariably faced us, I could not obtain a favorable shot; I therefore sent the old hunter round the pool, and he, swimming the river, advanced to the opposite side and attracted the attention of the hippo, causing him to turn towards him.

This afforded me a good chance, and I fired a steady shot behind the ear, about seventy yards, with a single rifle. As usual with hippopotami, whether killed or not, he disappeared beneath the water at the shot. The crack of the

ball and the absence of any splash from the bullet told me that he was hit, and the float remained perfectly stationary upon the surface. I watched it for some minutes; several heads of hippopotami appeared and vanished in different directions but the float was motionless; it marked the spot where the grand old bull lay dead beneath.

1. Relate this story from the hunter's viewpoint. Then re-read it for the purpose of gaining knowledge concerning the hippopotamus.

2. For other stories about wild animals see: Bostock's *Training of Wild Animals;* Du Chaillu's *In African Forest and Jungle* or *Wild Life under the Equator;* Hornaday's *Two Years in the Jungle;* Miller's *True Bear Stories;* Roosevelt's *African Game Trails;* Carter's *About Animals;* Seton's *Biography of a Grizzly;* Cody's *The Life and Adventures of Buffalo Bill;* Holder's *Stories of Animal Life.*

A GUEST OF THE ESKIMOS

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Vilhjalmur Stefansson (1879–), a native of Canada, is widely known as an explorer of the Arctic regions. On one of his expeditions he made a six-hundred-mile sled journey on moving and broken ice. In addition to his discovery of new lands, Mr. Stefansson's special contribution comes from his close study of Eskimo life. The following extract from his *My Life with the Eskimo* is an example of interesting scientific writing.

BEFORE the house which they immediately built for us was quite ready for our occupancy children came running from the village to announce that their mothers had dinner ready. The houses were so small that it was not convenient to invite all three of us into the same one to eat; besides, it was not etiquette to do so, as we now

(From *My Life with the Eskimo*, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company, Publishers.)

know. Each of us, therefore, was taken to a different place. My host was the seal hunter whom we had first approached on the ice. His house would, he said, be a fitting one in which to offer me my first meal among them, for his wife had been born farther west on the mainland coast than anyone else in their village, and it was even said that her ancestors had not belonged originally to their people, but were immigrants from the westward. She would, therefore, like to ask me questions.

It turned out, however, that his wife was not a talkative person, but motherly, kindly, and hospitable, like all her countrywomen. Her first questions were not of the land from which I came, but of my footgear. Weren't my feet just a little damp, and might she not pull my boots off for me and dry them over the lamp? Would I not put on a pair of her husband's dry socks, and was there no little hole in my mittens or coat that she could mend for me? She had boiled some seal meat for me, but she had not boiled any fat, as she did not know whether I preferred the blubber boiled or raw. They always cut it in small pieces and ate it raw, themselves; but the pot still hung over the lamp, and anything she put into it would be cooked in a moment.

When I told her that my tastes quite coincided with theirs — as, in fact, they did — she was delighted. People were much alike, then, after all, though they came from a great distance. She would, accordingly, treat me exactly as if I were one of their own people come to visit them from afar — and, in fact, I was one of their own people, for she had heard that the wicked Indians to the south spoke a language no man could understand, and I spoke with but a slight flavor of strangeness.

When we had entered the house the boiled pieces of seal

meat had already been taken out of the pot and lay steaming on a sideboard. On being assured that my tastes in food were not likely to differ from theirs, my hostess picked out for me the lower joint of a seal's foreleg, squeezed it firmly between her hands to make sure nothing should later drip from it, and handed it to me, along with her own copper-bladed knife; the next most desirable piece was similarly squeezed and handed to her husband, and others in turn to the rest of the family. When this had been done, one extra piece was set aside in case I should want a second helping, and the rest of the boiled meat was divided into four portions, with the explanation to me that there were four families in the village who had no fresh seal meat. The little adopted daughter of the house, a girl of seven or eight, had not begun to eat with the rest of us, for it was her task to take a small wooden platter and carry the four pieces of boiled meat to the four families who had none of their own to cook. I thought to myself that the pieces sent out were a good deal smaller than the individual portions we were eating, and that the recipients would not get quite a square meal; but I learned later that night from my two companions that four similar presents had been sent out from each of the houses where they were eating, and I know now that every house in the village in which any cooking was done had likewise sent four portions, so that the aggregate must have been a good deal more than the recipients could eat at one time.

During our meal presents of food were also brought us from other houses; each housewife apparently knew exactly what the others had put in their pots, and whoever had anything to offer that was a little bit different would send some of that to the others, so that every minute or

two a small girl messenger appeared in our door with a platter of something to contribute to our meal. Some of the gifts were especially designated as for me — mother had said that, however they divided the rest of what she was sending, the boiled kidney was for me; or mother had sent this small piece of boiled seal flipper to me, with the message that if I would take breakfast at their house to-morrow I should have a whole flipper, for one of my companions was over at their house now, and had told them that I considered the flipper the best part of a seal.

As we ate we sat on the front edge of the bed platform, holding each his piece of meat in the left hand and the knife in the right. This was my first experience with a knife of native copper; I found it more than sharp enough and very serviceable. The piece of copper (float) from which the blade had been hammered out had been found, they told me, on Victoria Island to the north, in the territory of another tribe, from whom they had bought it for some good driftwood from the mainland coast.

My hostess sat on my right in front of the cooking lamp, her husband on my left. As the house was only the ordinary oval snow dome, about seven by nine feet in inside dimensions, there was only free room for the three of us on the front edge of the two-foot-high snow platform, over which reindeer, bear, and musk-ox skins had been spread to make the bed. The children, therefore, ate standing up on the small open floor space to the right of the door as one enters; the lamp and cooking gear and frames for drying clothing over the lamp took up all the space to the left of the door. In the horseshoe-shaped, three-foot-high doorway stood the three dogs of my host, side by side, waiting for some one to finish the picking of a bone. As

each of us in turn finished a bone we would toss it to one of the dogs, who retired with it to the alleyway, and returned to his position in line again as soon as he had finished it. When the meal was over, they all went away unbidden, to curl up and sleep in the alleyway or out of doors.

Our meal was of two courses: the first, meat; the second, soup. The soup is made by pouring cold seal blood into the boiling broth immediately after the cooked meat has been taken out of the pot, and stirring briskly until the whole comes nearly (but never quite) to a boil. This makes a soup of a thickness comparable to our English pea soups, but if the pot be allowed to come to a boil, the blood will coagulate and settle to the bottom. When the pot lacks a few degrees of boiling, the lamp above which it is swung is extinguished and a few handfuls of snow are stirred into the soup to bring it to a temperature at which it can be freely drunk. By means of a small dipper the housewife then fills the large musk-ox-horn drinking cups and assigns one to each person; if the number of cups is short, two or more persons may share the contents of one cup, or a cup may be refilled when one is through with it and passed to another.

After I had eaten my fill of fresh seal meat and drunk two pint cupfuls of blood soup, my host and I moved farther back on the bed platform, where we could sit comfortably, propped up against bundles of soft caribou skins, while we talked of various things.

— *My Life with the Eskimo.*

1. Describe the Eskimo meal as to preparation, foods, and service. Describe the house. Characterize the Eskimo. Prove each of your statements by something that happened during the visit.

2. For further reading: Amundsen's *South Pole*; Nansen's *Eskimo Life*; Peary's *Northward Over the Great Ice*; Scott's *Last Expedition*.

THE STARRY HEAVENS

By David Todd

"The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork." So sang David in ages past: and the glory and the handiwork have become more apparent as science has revealed new findings in the space beyond our own earth. The heavens naturally challenged the interest of man from the first. The clear air of Chaldea and Egypt enabled the early astronomers of those countries to chart the "stars" with remarkable accuracy, considering their mechanical equipment. A considerable body of our astronomical knowledge of to-day is inherited from the far-away past.

The following article, by Professor Todd, brings the general story up to date. But the casual questions of a child about the heavens will still confound the wisest astronomer. We are only in our infancy in our knowledge of the universe.

SINGULARLY few persons regard the daytime sky. Yet this beautiful and ever-varying spectacle may be seen by all, which is perhaps the reason that it is so little thought of. Even the sordid city court, the worst tenement district, has its strip of blue above, far away from noise and uncleanliness. No buildings are high enough to shut out entirely this heavenly view. The study of the sky in daylight, especially its clouds, is properly part of a separate science — meteorology as distinguished from astronomy.

The marvelous sun, by which we live and move and have our being, is one of the chief objects of study of modern astronomy — its distance, its vast size, its apparent motion, the sources of its intense light and heat, its constantly changing spots, its prominences, and its energies, tire-

lessly radiated into space, no less than all those phenomena of the atmosphere which we call weather. Many of the spots of the sun are larger than our globe, and the prominences cannot be seen, without fine instruments, except during a total eclipse of the sun.

The sense of everyday usualness, however, gives way, once the sun has set and the stars have come forth, as if from their daytime hiding. Of course they fill the sky just as truly when the world is flooded with sunlight, shining all in their appointed places, where the brighter ones may be seen with a telescope during the day; but their feebler light is conspicuous only when this greater brilliance is withdrawn from our horizon, or when the moon comes in between us and the sun, causing a total eclipse.

Even the most prosaic cannot but notice and revere the nighttime sky, and few are so unimaginative as not to be impressed by the dark-blue dome spangled with its myriad stars. The positions of the stars with reference to each other seem to remain constant, although they are continually changing their places relatively to objects on the earth. Hence the term *fixed stars*. But this is only seemingly the proper expression. In reality, all are speeding through space at very high velocities, but so infinitely removed are the stars from us that they appear to be at rest. Although quite the reverse from *fixed* as we now know, the term is still used, because in the astronomically brief period from generation to generation, the changes are so slight that the naked eye is powerless to detect them.

In ancient times the brilliant host of the night sky was thought to be countless; but surprising as it may seem, the stars actually visible to the unaided eye at a single place in the United States do not exceed 2,000 or 3,000, and

only upon exceptionally favorable nights may so many be counted without a telescope. As an average on what might be termed clear nights, the number thus ordinarily seen at any given time is rather less than 2,000; but this number varies greatly with changing conditions of our atmosphere. If one were to keep count, through the year, of all the stars visible to the naked eye in all that part of the heavens seen from a single place in the United States, the total number would be about 4,000.

By the use of a small telescope, or even an opera glass, the number of visible stars is increased enormously. Even in Galileo's time, his "optick tube" revealed an unsuspected and unnumbered host, while with our modern telescopes, the "blue field of heaven" is estimated to contain at least 100,000,000 stars. Beyond what is shown even by these telescopes, are the remarkable revelations of celestial photography, which reproduces unerringly on the photographic plate uncounted millions of other stars, too faint for the eye to detect even when aided by the most powerful optical means at our command. In a single field embracing but a slight fraction of the whole sky, recently charted with the Bruce telescope of Harvard Observatory (the largest photographic instrument in existence), there were counted no less than 400,000 stars.

Of all celestial bodies, meteors excepted, the moon is the nearest to us, and apparently of about the same size as the sun; but this is the result of a somewhat curious coincidence by which the sun, although 400 times broader than the moon, is also very nearly 400 times farther away. Even with a small telescope we may generally see the deep craters and rugged mountain peaks of the moon, partly illuminated by sunlight while the rest of our satellite is

turned away from the sun, lying in shadow and seen very faintly by the sunlight falling upon it after reflection from the earth.

Our companion world, the moon, is dead and cold, its air and water almost certainly gone, so that no amount of brightest sunshine can of itself bring back any warmth of life. Earth and other planets are dark too on the surface, save for what the sun bestows of brightness and warmth; but our own planet and some of the others are blessed with an encircling atmosphere, best gift after sunlight itself, to save and store for our use the sun's heat shed lavishly upon us.

The names and positions of the brighter stars are very easy to remember. By even a casual glance at the sky on any clear night, it will be seen that the stars make all sorts of figures with one another, — squares, triangles, half circles, — and fanciful combinations may be traced in all directions. The ancients called these various figures after their gods and heroes, and although these constellations bear little resemblance to the men, animals, and other objects named, they, too, are easily learned.

When frequent looking at the nightly sky has somewhat familiarized the evening constellations — different at the same hour at the various seasons of the year — one may notice three or four very bright stars which do not twinkle. A few evenings' watching will show that they are slowly changing their positions relatively to other and fainter stars about them. These are the planets ("wanderers") and will at first be thought and called "stars"; but although it is proper to refer to them in general terms as "stars," they are worlds, among which our earth is one, traveling around the sun in nearly circular paths. Like

our own planet, they receive their light from the central sun, and reflect it afar. The planets and all their moons (called *satellites*), as well as our moon, give light only as reflected sunshine — secondhand. Some of the planets are brighter than most stars, only because they are very much nearer to us and to the sun.

All the fixed stars are suns like our own — singularly similar, the modern spectroscope tells us, as to materials composing them. Probably, at their inconceivable distance from us, these suns afford light and heat to uncounted worlds not unlike those in our own earth's planetary system. One must think of the vaster brilliance of our sun as due almost wholly to our relative nearness to it. Were the earth to be removed as far from its sun as it is distant from the stars, our lord of day would shrink to the feeble insignificance of an average star.

The nearest star is so far from us that its distance in figures, however expressed, remains incomprehensible to the human mind. Who can conceive of 25 millions of millions of miles? Yet so remote is our nearest star neighbor. As the stars vary enormously in their distances from us, so they are equally diverse in their relations to each other. We see them all by the light they emit — light which does not come to us instantaneously, yet with almost inconceivable speed. While you are walking two ordinary steps at an average walking pace, light will travel a distance equal to eight times around the world (nearly 200,000 miles).

Now to realize in some sense the enormous distance of the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri, from our earth, open a Webster's International Dictionary, which contains over 2,000 pages of three columns each, or the equivalent. Begin

to read as rapidly as you can, imagining a ray of light to have just left the nearest fixed star at the instant you began to read. By the time you have finished a single page, the star's light will have sped toward the earth no less than 100,000,000 miles. Imagine that you could keep right on reading, without ceasing, day and night, just as light itself travels — how many pages would you have read when the ray of light from Alpha Centauri had reached the earth? You would have read it completely through — not once, or twice, but nearly a hundred times. So enormously distant is this nearest of the stars that, if it were blotted out of existence this present moment, it would continue to shine in its accustomed place for more than three years to come. And other stars whose distances have been measured, are a hundredfold more remote!

— *New Astronomy.*

1. In an unabridged dictionary find the original meaning of the following words: planet; star; sun; moon; astronomy.

2. What is meant by our solar system? Name the major planets it comprehends. What is the moon? Why does the moon look so large as compared with the sun?

3. Explain the term "fixed star." What are fixed stars? Express in figures the distance of the closest star. How fast does light travel?

4. From a newspaper or almanac find what evening star is currently visible. Observe it from night to night with respect to its movement. Find out from encyclopedias about its size, distance from the earth, length of day, length of year, etc.

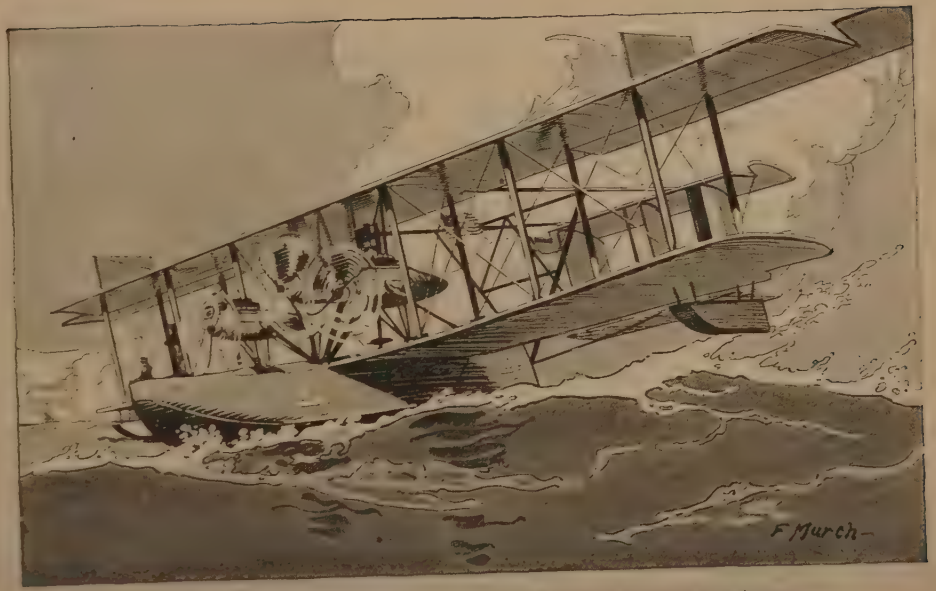
5. How long is our year? Why? Why do we divide our year into months? Explain how distance from the sun and velocity determine the length of a year. Account for our change of seasons.

6. Interesting books: Ball's *Star-land;* Proctor's *Giant Sun and His Family;* Newcomb's *Astronomy for Everybody;* Chambers's *Story of the Solar System.*

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS

Our newspapers, journals, and magazines furnish the bulk of reading for American adults. Current publications are the vehicle by which accounts of the events of the day, the comments upon these events, and contemporary writing generally are brought to everybody's home. While a large part of this writing is short-lived, much of it is not without merit, and some of it will live as literature.

The articles selected for this group of readings have been chosen through the advice and with the assistance of well-known journalists and teachers of journalism. Some of these articles may have appeared simultaneously in various papers, but are credited herein to the journal whose permission to reprint them could be most conveniently obtained. They represent a wide variety in kind; but their quality is such as to set a standard for newspaper readers. Next worst to reading no current publication is to read poor or cheaply edited ones; hence the especial need of all of us for standards by which to determine our choice of ephemeral reading.



THE NC-4, THE FIRST AIRSHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC, LEAVING THE AZORES

(See opposite page)

THE NC-4 ARRIVES

By Walter Duranty

This is a high-class news story by a special correspondent assigned to report on the arrival at Lisbon of the first airship to cross the Atlantic. Three United States naval seaplanes (NC — numbers 1, 3, and 4) had undertaken the transoceanic voyage from Long Island via Newfoundland and the Azores. Only the NC-4 was able to continue from the Azores to Lisbon, and thus connect America and Europe by air travel.

LISBON, May 27. — "There she is!" At four minutes to 9 o'clock to-night the cry burst from the lips of the sharp-eyed lookout on the U. S. S. *Shawmut's* motor boat, which was lying near the mooring buoy, a few hundred yards upstream from the mother ship of the American seaplanes.

Far away in the western sky there appeared a tiny speck, clearly visible against the gorgeous panorama of the sunset, with its rosy wisps of mare's-tail cloud, "like a Belasco stage setting," as the artist Reuterdahl, who was in the boat with Commander Cummins, described it. Then the steam puffs broke from the whistles of the *Shawmut* and the *Rochester*, and bellow sirens filled the air.

Soon the drone of the NC-4's four great motors was audible, as she floated — slowly, it seemed, so slowly — 1,500 feet high above the center of the river.

Amid a tremendous tumult of sound she swept past the warships and slid lightly down in a wide curve to the water.

Even with glasses the moment of contact was imperceptible to those who watched; one instant she was flying and the next she rocked gently upon the water.

"A perfect landing," said Commander Cummins, briefly, and the words seemed to break the spell of tension that held everyone in the boat, during the wait of the last half hour. The nervous strain had been greater than we knew. None had spoken save when Commander Cummins gave the last order to the signalman: "Tell the *Shawmut* to direct her searchlights westward into the wind, so as to shine upon the water."

It was exactly 9:02, Lisbon time, as the NC-4 took the water and began to "taxi" toward her moorings. Soon she was close, and wide as was the spread of her wings, it seemed but a flimsy fabric to have braved and accomplished such a prodigious feat.

The boat looked a mere cockleshell, and the sight of it brought home the full realization of what must have been the NC-3's experience * amid the Atlantic waves.

Suddenly the roar of the motors ceased, and the seaplane slid up beside the motor boat.

"Fine work, boys," was Commander Cummins's greeting, with a wave of the arm to Lieutenant Read, perched right on the flying boat's bow.

That was all — no wild cheering or excitement. It is not the habit of our navy to be demonstrative.

Read's reply was lost, as the motor boat started its engine to swing the stern close enough to throw the heavy mooring rope. The first time it was flung Read missed it.

"Try again," he cried, "I slipped."

By piquant contrast this admission of failure was the first audible word spoken by the man who had played the leader's part in winning a success which marks an epoch in human history.

*Adrift in a fog-bound sea for forty-eight hours.

Then carefully and methodically the crews of the plane and the motor boat went on with the job of mooring, as if this final achievement of man's victory over the Atlantic was the most ordinary thing in the world.

When it was finished they scrambled aboard, and there was something more impressive in the quiet sincerity of the handshakes and the few words of welcome with which they were greeted, than in any outburst of enthusiasm. It was a greeting of men who had accomplished, by men who knew how that accomplishment had been won.

As the motor boat turned its nose toward the flagship, Read, like a true skipper, had eyes only for his plane.

"Don't let those fellows come too close," he cried to the *Shawmut's* crew, a detail of whom were to spend the night aboard the flying boat as guards.

A host of craft, from trim power launches to fishing smacks and rowboats, and even four-oared outriggers, were careering around — "yelling their heads off" as Pilot Stone expressed it — in dangerous proximity to the seaplane.

"If they foul her there'll be damage done. If they come too near, hit them lightly over the head; that will keep them away," Read continued. But his vigorous arm wave was sufficient for the offenders and they sheered off.

It might be said that a happy nation or a successful flight has no history. As we chugged along to the *Rochester* they told the whole story of the flight in a few sentences.

Weather conditions had been excellent — a strong wind following, which had gradually fallen as the sun sank until the landing was accomplished almost in dead calm.

The motors functioned perfectly — not a single miss on the whole voyage, and for that matter not on the trip from Newfoundland to the Azores either.

The passage had been so smooth that the crew actually had a comfortable shave in the final hour. Only the start had been difficult — difficult and anxious. With bitterness they described the seven days' wait for the wind to fall that was sending rollers ten to fifteen feet high right into the mouth of the tiny harbor of Ponta Delgada.

"There was no room to rise in smooth water," said Read. "We simply had to wait for a calm or buck those rollers."

In point of fact, they did the latter. The sea had fallen slightly this morning, but it was still dangerously high. But they could bear it no longer.

"We just gave her a run and pulled her nose up," said Pilot Hinton, "and she rose like a bird. It was right at the harbor mouth, and believe me, it was rocky there among those waves. But our luck held all right, and after that it was easy."

Though the sky was cloudless, a haze had prevented them from seeing the patrol boats until they were almost atop of them; nevertheless they hardly varied from their course.

"As long as there are no clouds it's all right," said Read. "You can just sit still and let her go. The first land we sighted was the sandbanks off the mouth of the Tagus, shining golden at the dead low tide in the setting sun. Then we met the Portuguese planes, and picked up the hills north and south of the river, then the river mouth itself, and the city, and the steam cloud between the masts of the *Rochester*, and the *Shawmut's* searchlights."

"How did you feel when you sighted land?" we asked.

The reply was typical in its simplicity. "Well, we felt pretty good." That was all.

The airmen complained of deafness as the result of the ten hours' thundering of the motors. They were not tired,

they said — although more than one face looked haggard under its tan — but they were hungry.

"We ate some chocolate and sandwiches during the trip," said one, "but will be glad of a square meal."

Just abeam the *Shawmut*, which was lined with cheering jackies, the men were transferred to Admiral Plunkett's launch and slid downstream in state past the water front with its twinkling lamps, and the hill-set city, which stood out like a vision of fairy palaces against pink western sky. In the launches and in the cabin I talked with Engineer Lieutenant James Breese, whom I had not seen since ten years ago, when, as a college boy, he used to dash about the Long Island roads near his family place at East Hampton, in a high-powered racing car. His first words were about mutual friends in America, and it was all I could do to bring him back to talk of the flight.

"There is little to say," he declared. "Everything went so smoothly. There won't be any more knocks for Liberty motors now."

"What about the start?" I asked.

"She pitched a good deal, but made it all right," he replied, "though I can't tell you much about that, because I was down below in the cockpit with the hatches closed to keep out the water. We were rather anxious."

Brief as were his words, they gave a glimpse of how tense those moments of anxiety must have been. Breese added that his deafness was wearing off, but that at first it had been extreme.

"The only thing we heard during the whole flight," he said, "besides the motors, was the thunder of the salute fired by the American and Portuguese warships, and even that was muffled."

When the launch glided up to the *Rochester's* gangway there came a scene which in beauty and impressiveness proved a fitting climax to the high adventure. As the crew stepped aboard amid deafening cheers Commander Towers shook them by the hand.

Then they stood on the quarter-deck, where the Portuguese Ministers of War and Marine, Admiral Plunkett, Minister Birch, Attachés General Brainerd and Dorsey, and leaders of Lisbon society were waiting to receive them.

Suddenly there was a dead silence as the band struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

It was a wonderful picture. In the foreground was the little group who had done what no man had ever done before, standing stiffly at salute in the dazzling brightness of a searchlight. Beyond them were rows of naval and military officers in uniform, and a dark mass of civilians, splashed with the color of the women's dresses.

On the left was the witchery of colored lights gleaming amid the bright-hued flags, and in the center and on the right background were sailors' faces - - grave and reverent in homage to their country's national hymn — rising tier upon tier until lost in the darkness overhead.

— *The New York Times.*

1. What is the "news" reported in this story? Write your answer in a single sentence. If the facts can be reported thus briefly, why draw the story over several pages? What in the narrative makes it thrilling? Why is the event of moment?

2. How would the story differ had it been written from the point of view of Lieutenant Read?

3. Sketch the route of the NC-4 from Long Island to Lisbon.

4. What other thrilling flights or voyages would make or would have made good newspaper stories? Why?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, GREAT AMERICAN CITIZEN

This is a good illustration of effective editorial writing — a brief but sincere tribute to Roosevelt, just after his death. In connection with this you should examine your home papers for similar editorials. Classify the editorials in a given day's issue with respect to subject matter. Define an editorial. How does it differ from a news story?

NOT that he had been touched deeply by greatness and wore the mark of it with unconcern; not that he was the noblest friend of honesty and common sense and the ruthless foe of cant, unfairness, untruth, and un-Americanism; not that he took always the most dangerous part for himself; not that he was a man of splendid human qualities; not for anything that can be set down in words, but for something to which his deeds and attributes and heroism all pertained — for himself, we loved him.

Farewell, mighty hunter! You were the swiftest, cleanest, and most valorous of your tribe. You pressed the hunt fearlessly and to its logical ends, not in fantasy through the clouds, but in fact on this earth, where the consequences are. Innumerable and precious are the trophies. We place them at your side. Would that there were demons of doubt and darkness and unrighteousness in the path you are now on. For you would slay them all and like it more.

Farewell! O rare American!

— *New York Tribune.*

THE SINKING OF THE *TITANIC*

By Harold Bride

On Sunday night, April 14, 1912, one of the worst tragedies of the sea occurred. The *Titanic*, of the White Star Line, sailing on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York, struck an iceberg and sank four hours after the collision. Of the 2,200 people aboard, 1,500 perished. Following is a matter-of-fact but very forceful story of the disaster as seen by the assistant wireless operator.

TO BEGIN at the beginning, I was born at Nunhead, England, twenty-two years ago, and joined the Marconi forces last July. I first worked on the *Haverford*, and then on the *Lusitania*. I joined the *Titanic* at Belfast.

I didn't have much to do aboard the *Titanic* except to relieve Phillips from midnight until some time in the morning when he should be through sleeping. On the night of the accident I was not sending, but was asleep. I was due to be up and relieve Phillips earlier than usual. And that reminds me — if it hadn't been for a lucky thing, we never could have sent any call for help.

The lucky thing was that the wireless broke down early enough for us to fix it before the accident. We noticed something wrong on Sunday, and Phillips and I worked seven hours to find it. We found a "secretary" burned out, at last, and repaired it just a few hours before the iceberg was struck.

Phillips said to me as he took the night shift, "You turn in, boy, and get some sleep, and get up as soon as you can and give me a chance. I'm all done for."

There were three rooms in the wireless cabin. One was a sleeping room, one a dynamo room, and one an operating room. I took off my clothes and went to sleep in bed. Then I was conscious of waking up and hearing Phillips sending to Cape Race. I read what he was sending. It was traffic matter.

I remembered how tired he was, and I got out of bed without my clothes on to relieve him. I didn't even feel the shock. I hardly knew it had happened until the captain had come to us. There was no jolt whatever.

I was standing by Phillips, telling him to go to bed, when the captain put his head in the cabin.

"We've struck an iceberg," the captain said, "and I'm having an inspection made to tell what it has done for us. You'd better get ready to send out a call for assistance. But don't send it until I tell you."

The captain went away and in ten minutes, I should estimate the time, he came back. We could hear a terrible confusion outside, but there was not the least thing to indicate that there was any trouble. The wireless was working perfectly.

"Send the call for assistance," ordered the captain, barely putting his head in the door.

"What call should I send?" Phillips asked.

"The regulation international call for help. Just that."

Then the captain was gone. Phillips began to send "C Q D." He dashed away at it and we joked while he did so. All of us made light of the disaster.

We joked that way while he flashed signals for about five minutes. Then the captain came back.

"What are you sending?" he asked.

"C Q D," Phillips replied.

The humor of the situation appealed to me. I cut in with a little remark that made us all laugh, including the captain.

"Send 'S O S,'" I said. "It's the new call, and it may be your last chance to send it."

Phillips with a laugh changed the signal to "S O S." The captain told us we had been struck amidships, or just back of amidships. It was ten minutes, Phillips told me, after he had noticed the iceberg that the slight jolt that was the collision's only signal to us occurred. He thought we were a good distance away.

We said lots of funny things to each other in the next few minutes. We picked up first the steamship *Frankfurt*. We gave her our position and said we had struck an iceberg and needed assistance. The *Frankfurt* operator went away to tell his captain.

He came back, and we told him we were sinking by the head. By that time we could observe a distinct list forward.

The *Carpathia* answered our signal. We told her our position and said we were sinking by the head. The operator went to tell the captain, and in five minutes returned and told us that the captain of the *Carpathia* was putting about and heading for us.

Our captain had left us at this time and Phillips told me to run and tell him what the *Carpathia* had answered. I did so, and I went through an awful mass of people to his cabin. The decks were full of scrambling men and women. I saw no fighting but I heard tell of it.

I came back and heard Phillips giving the *Carpathia* fuller directions. Phillips told me to put on my clothes. Until that moment I forgot that I was not dressed. I went to my cabin and dressed. I brought an overcoat to

Phillips. It was very cold. I slipped the overcoat on him while he worked.

Every few minutes Phillips would send me to the captain with little messages. They were merely telling how the *Carpathia* was coming our way, and gave her speed.

I noticed as I came back from one trip that they were putting off women and children in lifeboats. I noticed that the list forward was increasing.

Phillips told me the wireless was growing weaker. The captain came and told us our engine rooms were taking water and that the dynamos might not last much longer. We sent that word to the *Carpathia*.

I went out on deck and looked around. The water was pretty close up to the boat deck. There was a great scramble aft; how poor Phillips worked through it I don't know.

He was a brave man. I learned to love him that night, and I suddenly felt for him a great reverence to see him standing there, sticking to his work while everybody else was raging about. I will never live to forget the work of Phillips for the last awful fifteen minutes.

I thought it was about time to look about and see if there was anything detached that would float. I remembered that every member of the crew had a special life belt and ought to know where it was. I remembered mine was under my bunk. I went and got it. Then I thought how cold the water was.

I remembered I had some boots, and I put those on, and an extra jacket, and I put that on. I saw Phillips standing out there still sending away, giving the *Carpathia* details of just how we were doing.

We picked up the *Olympic* and told her we were sinking by the head and were about all down. As Phillips was

sending the message I strapped his life belt to his back. I had already put on his overcoat.

I wondered if I could get him into his boots. He suggested with a sort of laugh that I look out and see if all the people were off in the boats, or if any boats were left, or how things were.

I saw a collapsible boat near a funnel and went over to it. Twelve men were trying to boost it down to the boat deck. They were having an awful time. It was the last boat left. I looked at it longingly a few minutes. Then I gave them a hand, and over she went. They all started to scramble in on the boat deck, and I walked back to Phillips. I said the last raft had gone.

Then came the captain's voice: "Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin. Now it's every man for himself. You look out for yourselves. I release you. That's the way of it at this kind of a time. Every man for himself."

I looked out. The boat deck was awash. Phillips clung on, sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes, or maybe fifteen minutes, after the captain had released him. The water was then coming into our cabin.

While he worked something happened I hate to tell about. I was back in my room getting Phillips's money for him, and as I looked out the door I saw a stoker, or somebody from below decks, leaning over Phillips from behind. He was too busy to notice what the man was doing. The man was slipping the life belt off Phillips's back.

He was a big man, too. As you can see, I am very small. I don't know what it was I got hold of. I remembered in a flash the way Phillips had clung on — how I had to fix that life belt in place because he was too busy to do it.

I knew that man from below decks had his own life belt and should have known where to get it.

I suddenly felt a passion not to let that man die a decent sailor's death. I wished he might have stretched rope or walked a plank. I did my duty. I hope I finished him. I don't know. We left him on the cabin floor of the wireless room, and he was not moving.

From aft came the tunes of the band. It was a ragtime tune, I don't know what. Then there was *Autumn*. Phillips ran aft, and that was the last I saw him alive.

I went to the place I had seen the collapsible boat on the boat deck, and to my surprise I saw the boat, and the men still trying to push it off. I guess there wasn't a sailor in the crowd. They couldn't do it. I went up to them and was just lending a hand when a large wave came awash of the deck.

The big wave carried the boat off. I had hold of an oarlock, and I went off with it. The next I knew I was in the boat.

But that was not all. I was in the boat, and the boat was upside down, and I was under it. And I remember realizing that I was wet through, and that whatever happened I must not breathe, for I was under water.

I knew I had to fight for it and I did. How I got from under the boat I do not know, but I felt a breath of air at last.

There were men all around me — hundreds of them. The sea was dotted with them, all depending on their life belts. I felt I simply had to get away from the ship. She was a beautiful sight then.

Smoke and sparks were rushing out of her funnel. There must have been an explosion, but we had heard none. We

only saw the big stream of sparks. The ship was gradually turning on her nose — just like a duck does that goes down for a dive. I had only one thing on my mind — to get away from the suction. The band was still playing. I guess all of the band went down.

They were playing *Autumn* then. I swam with all my might. I suppose I was 150 feet away when the *Titanic*, on her nose, with her after quarter sticking straight up in the air, began to settle — slowly.

When at last the waves washed over her rudder there wasn't the least bit of suction I could feel. She must have kept going just as slowly as she had been.

I forgot to mention that, besides the *Olympic* and *Carpathia*, we spoke some German boat, but I don't know which, and told them how we were. We also spoke the *Baltic*. I remembered those things as I began to figure what ships would be coming toward us.

I felt, after a little while, like sinking. I was very cold. I saw a boat of some kind near me and put all my strength into an effort to swim to it. It was hard work. I was all done when a hand reached out from the boat and pulled me aboard. It was our same collapsible. The same crowd was on it.

There was just room for me to roll on the edge. I lay there, not caring what happened. Somebody sat on my legs. They were wedged in between slats and were being wrenched. I had not the heart to ask the man to move. It was a terrible sight — men swimming and sinking.

I lay where I was, letting the man wrench my feet out of shape. Others came near. Nobody gave them a hand. The bottom-up boat already had more men than it would hold and it was sinking.

At first the larger waves splashed over my clothing. Then they began to splash over my head, and I had to breathe when I could.

As we floated around on our capsized boat, and I kept straining my eyes for a ship's light, somebody said, "Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?" The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Presbyterian.

It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer. We spoke it over in chorus, with the man who first suggested that we pray as the leader.

Some splendid people saved us. They had a right-side-up boat, and it was full to capacity. Yet they came to us and loaded us all into it. I saw some lights off in the distance and knew a steamship was coming to our aid.

I didn't care what happened. I just lay and gasped when I could and felt the pain in my feet. At last the *Carpathia* was alongside and the people were being taken up a rope ladder. Our boat drew near and one by one the men were taken off it.

One man was dead. I passed him and went to the ladder, although my feet pained terribly. The dead man was Phillips. He had died on the raft from exposure and cold, I guess. He had been all in from work before the wreck came. He stood his ground until the crisis had passed, and then he had collapsed I guess.

But I hardly thought that then. I didn't think much of anything. I tried the rope ladder. My feet pained terribly, but I got to the top and felt hands reaching out to me. The next I knew a woman was leaning over me in a cabin and I felt her hand waving back my hair and rubbing my face.

I felt somebody at my feet and felt the warmth of a jolt of liquor. Somebody got me under the arms. Then I was hustled down below to the hospital. That was early in the day, I guess. I lay in the hospital until near night, and they told me the *Carpathia's* wireless man was getting "queer," and would I help.

After that I never was out of the wireless room, so I don't know what happened among the passengers. I saw nothing of Mrs. Astor or any of them. I just worked wireless. The splutter never died down. I knew it soothed the hurt and felt like a tie to the world of friends and home.

— *The New York Times.*

April 28, 1912

1. This has all the marks of a good interview story — a story told by a participant to a reporter. It is straightforward, conversational, and personal. How does it differ in its manner of telling from "The NC-4 Arrives"?

2. It is difficult to present a tragedy without dwelling on the gruesome elements in it. Where would these naturally come into this story? How are they kept out?

3. The character of Phillips is briefly but well sketched. Describe the kind of man he was. Describe also the character of the author. In each case prove your statements from something the character said, did, or caused to be done.

4. Bring to class a brief story clipped from a newspaper, in which a tragic situation is treated. Use good taste in choosing it, making sure that it is not morbid. Wherein does your clipping differ from Harold Bride's story?

5. Bring several kinds of newspapers to class. Where are the "ads"? The timely local news? The foreign news? The editorials?

CASEY AT THE BAT

By Ernest Lawrence Thayer

In 1888 Mr. E. L. Thayer, then on the staff of the *San Francisco Examiner*, published in that paper "Casey at the Bat," one of the most popular bits of humorous newspaper verse ever produced. It has been read, recited, and laughed over by hundreds of thousands of people.

THE outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play;
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Burrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought, if only Casey could but get a whack, at that,
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball,
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Jimmy safe on second, and Flynn a hugging third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain top, and rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a watching it, in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But a scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched
in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it
go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining
bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts
are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children
shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty Casey has
struck out.

— *San Francisco Examiner.*

1. Draw a diagram showing the position of Blake and Flynn when Casey came to bat. What was the score? What inning was it? Why did the success of the Mudville team depend on Casey?

2. At exactly what point in the story did you begin to suspect Casey's ability to hit? Are you glad he struck out? Give reasons for your answer.

3. Observe your home papers for humorous verse. Make a collection of the best of it for a class portfolio.

4. Relate any similar incident which you have read about or witnessed.

5. Sports play an important part in the daily news. How many kinds are represented in your local paper?

DON'T DIE ON THIRD

By W. J. Cameron

This is an adaptation of a long editorial from *The Detroit News*, that has enjoyed much popularity. An editorial may be a brief abstract essay on any subject; but it should be based on a current event. Mr. Cameron in this one took an actual happening on the ball field and deduced a fine teaching from it.

THE Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland. Around the chalk-lined arena 18,000 persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuttled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up at their benches, for the decisive moment had come.

Moriarty was on third.

He got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a long fly advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain, and his running legs.

If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for home. In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed forgetful to blow.

Moriarty was on third.

Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third-base runs never raised a pennant. Third base is not the home plate, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and die. The 18,000 spectators that kept silent at that moment could be changed into a great cheer or into a groan by the kind of work a man did between third and home.

The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place — he can get it, but if you get safely home no one can take that glory. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get home by your own quick brain and legs.

Moriarty was on third.

It was ninety feet from third to home. Sometimes that ninety feet is a mile. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your weakness; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on cutting down that ninety feet instead of lengthening it.

How many things converged in the few moments he stood there! He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher — he gathered that they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher wind up his arm in a certain way. He knew also that pitchers have a way of winding up when they don't intend to throw the ball. More than that he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when

winding up. That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making.

There was another consideration, too — Mullin was up to bat. Moriarty knows that Mullin has a batting average of something like .250, which means that Mullin hits safely about one in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullin missed, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning.

There was only one thing to do — make home between the time the pitcher wound up his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove — make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity.

It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm, and the 170-pound body of Moriarty. That was something of a contest.

All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He sees the Cleveland pitcher winding up his arm — round and round it swings — he poises himself — there is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall the pitch. Moriarty is crouched like a tiger about to spring — Now! Now!

There is a white streak across the field!

A cloud of dust at the home plate!

The umpire stands with his hands extended, palms down.

A great cheer echoes and reëchoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

Moriarty is home!

You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached First — completed the primary school. It may be that by the fair promise of your own good gifts you have reached the sixth grade and are on Second. Then, by the sacrifices of your parents, you are going to graduate — have advanced to Third.

Don't die on Third.

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing to get away from Third? Are you waiting for some one to bat you in? Suppose he misses; his miss is yours too. If you depend on some one else, his failure will be yours.

What are you doing on Third? Waiting for something to turn up? Don't. Nothing turns up; but the thumbs of thousands of men who watch you may turn down and make you a failure forever. Moriarty would not have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball, and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in a fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very often measured in seconds. A few months more of school might bring you to business — enable you to score!

Don't die on Third.

— *The Detroit News.*

1. How did Moriarty reach third base? What was the next thing for him to do? Is the editorial well named?

2. How did Moriarty score? What elements enabled him to "steal" home? Contrast Moriarty's performance with Casey's.

3. Explain the reference in lines 16–18, page 76.

4. Give the point or purpose of this editorial.

THE LOST BATTALION

By Wilbur Forrest

During the fall of 1918, the American and Allied troops were pushing the German armies out of Belgium and France, by hitting a succession of hard, quick blows from Switzerland to the coast. Bitter as was the fighting in most places, none was more trying than that which the American troops met in the Argonne Forest. The Argonne was the strategic front: success there meant German retreat or surrender.

AFTER seven days and nights of continuous fighting in the wild tangled underbrush of the Argonne Forest — a type of fighting that compared with the struggles of our American forefathers against the redskins, except for modern weapons which made it more terrible — the 77th Division on the early morning of October 2 ran flush against a system of German defense, feverishly built of wire and trenches, studded with machine guns, and flanked by artillery. Here the enemy made a desperate fight and the division halted in its advance, for breath. This halt for breath, however, was not for long, because at 12:50 o'clock that same afternoon another American attack was launched in *liaison* with French forces on the left.

In the forefront of the attack was the force commanded by Major Charles S. Whittlesey, under orders to break through and hold at any cost. The force composed elements of two battalions of the 308th Infantry, accompanied by sections from Companies C and D of the 306th Machine Gun Battalion. They forged ahead through the underbrush behind a powerful artillery barrage, smashing into

and through the German wire defense, suffering about ninety casualties themselves, and capturing two officers and twenty-eight men and three machine guns. Sending the prisoners to the rear and continuing ahead, Whittlesey's men encountered the ravine destined for their heroic defense and quickly filtered into it. This was their objective previously planned and they settled down to hold it until elements behind could come up. That night Company K of the 307th Regiment succeeded in joining Whittlesey, but they were all, for elements on the right and left of the Whittlesey force had not advanced so far as Whittlesey in the general attack, and the Germans were able to refilter in behind Whittlesey, joining up their line where he had broken it and cutting him off from the rear.

Imagine a small ditch such as a plow might make, with broken, irregular sides and at the bottom a trickling, muddy stream, and then magnify that in the imagination perhaps a million times, with scraggly but thick brushwood on the slopes, and you have some idea of the ravine of death where the "Lost Battalion" experienced its six-day nightmare. The ravine proper was perhaps 500 yards long, plugged at the upper end by another slope which made it actually not a ravine at all but a sort of gigantic V-shaped blind alley, the lower end of which sloped out into a flat stretch of marshy ground, interrupted quite some distance beyond by another wooded hill.

On the northern slope of the V-shaped blind ravine a wagon road leads into the rocky soil, leaving a steep slope upward from the trickling stream, fed by a spring somewhere in the hills, to the road. Then upward from the road again is almost a perpendicular rocky wall to the crest some twenty feet above.

It was on the northern slope and into the sides of the rocky wall along the road — the Viergette-Binarville road it is called — that most of Whittlesey's men dug their fox holes for the night.

Machine guns were posted to sweep the valley and protect the flanks, and, though no man had carried either blanket, pack, or overcoat, all were fairly comfortable and unmolested by the enemy.

Each man had carried but one day's rations and at daybreak the following morning, October 3, small bodies of men were sent toward the rear for food. Two companies of the battalion, possibly at reduced strength numbering 250 men, had dug in on the opposite side of the ravine for the night. Consequently one company, in command of Lieutenant Wilhelm, was sent back to attack toward the rear, thus aiding the other two companies to advance.

Patrols were sent out in other directions with the mission of ascertaining the strength and position of the enemy. They returned one by one, with reports of Germans everywhere. No *liaison* was possible.

Later Lieutenant Lenke returned with eighteen men from the company that had been ordered to attack toward the rear with the report that the company had been surrounded by the Germans. A little later Lieutenant Wilhelm returned with a few men, making the same report.

Shells had now been falling in the ravine position for some time but doing small damage. The men were well protected in their fox holes, on the slope. The two companies across the ravine had joined the main body when a German trench mortar opened fire at close range.

A number of men were sent out to locate and destroy the trench mortar, but they returned to report that heavy

machine-gun fire balked their mission. They, however, brought back a prisoner who verified for the first time that the enemy in strength had taken up positions between Whittlesey's battalion and the rear. This meant that the men sent back for food would not return. Further information told that the *liaison* posts — small groups of men dropped from time to time by any advancing troops to carry out communication with the rear — had been broken up.

It was as plain as day that the battalion was surrounded.

It was then that a hollow square was formed, a fringe of men on all four sides of this boxed-in ravine, to ward off attack from all directions. A carrier pigeon was loosed to report the situation to regimental headquarters. This bird was the "Lost Battalion's" only *liaison* — the only hope for what proved during the next five days to be an island of heroic grit, completely surrounded by savage enemies.

As darkness settled down that night, enemy voices were heard. Dark forms were seen flitting through the undergrowth around the sides of the hollow square. It was evident that the enemy was binding his hold on the position by bringing up reënforcements, and men in our ranks who understood German ascertained from the gutturals that the enemy was preparing to attack.

It was from the crest above the Viergette-Binarville roadway that much of the talking came through the darkness. From this point it appeared that action was coming. And it came, after two or three guttural commands, in the form of scores of hand grenades thrown from above into the fox holes on the slope below. The fusillade continued for some time. The Americans, under orders passed down

the line, remained steady, but each man was ready, with his rifle loaded and finger on the trigger. Many had been wounded and some killed in the hand-grenade attack, but the former as effectively as the latter stilled their tongues. Emboldened by the inactivity on the American side, the Germans began to prepare for another attack. This time they came out of their cover, their forms silhouetting hazily over the top of the ridge. Suddenly an order was given on the American side, and every rifle cracked. Howls of anguish were heard from above, and it was evident that the enemy's boldness had been the undoing of at least several of his number.

The stabs of light from the American rifles was a signal awaited by the enemy machine gunners on the opposite side of the ravine. They cut loose viciously, attempting to sweep clean every yard of ground from which the flashes came. Nine men of two relief parties that left battalion headquarters at the head of the ravine fell before they reached the scene of action. But eventually the machine gunners ceased fire, except for occasional bursts, and the night passed without further startling incident for the beleaguered men.

Daylight, October 4, brought realization to all that the situation was desperate. Famine began to stalk within the ranks. It was too plain that starvation stared all in the face. Patrols sent from time to time into the German lines had all failed to pass through. The total strength of the American force, 679 at the beginning, had dwindled to 520.

Heavy German trench-mortar shells fell into the ravine at intervals. Bursts of machine-gun fire continued. The Germans resorted to tricks. English-speaking Germans

sent a fake message into the American line that a general retirement had been ordered. One man actually arose from his fox hole and started to retire. An officer stopped him. His move had been the move that German "cleverness" had dictated for the entire American force. A German plan, once laid in the methodic German mind, cannot fail. Therefore the move made by the credulous soldier was the move which the Germans expected every man to make, and when sufficient time had elapsed for all the Americans to be standing, hell broke loose.

Over the cliff in front, hand grenades rained, as on previous occasions, and from the two sides and rear, machine guns opened up as if by a given signal. But for the steadiness of officers and men, who saw through the fake retirement order, many would have been standing erect, easy targets for that fusillade of lead and high explosives.

Later a false gas-mask order was shouted from the left. It was so obviously of German pronunciation that the nearest doughboy fired, and judging from a howl that came back through the brushwood, he got his man.

Throughout that night sniping and grenade throwing were the general order. Machine guns occasionally burst forth in answer to the flash of an American soldier's rifle. It was the same hollow square of Americans but a rapidly thinning square, fighting, surrounded, without much hope, against a horde of Teutonic savages who sought by every means to destroy them. A rustle in the underbrush was answered by the "ping" of an American rifle. This brought down fire from all directions on the American, who crouched lower in his fox hole.

Jeers in broken English reached the ears of the officers and men. They yelled back their answers in plainer

English — an expressive English or, more typically American, an English that seldom appears in print.

Daylight came and went. Chilly rain fell. We lost all track of time. Many a fox hole sheltered a dead man. Others lay sprawling in grotesque attitudes on the hillside, literally blown from their shelters by the big trench-mortar shells which the enemy threw into the position at intervals night and day. Those who lived, lived in agony. Of food there was none. Water existed, but it trickled fiendishly and tantalizingly in that swampy little creek at the bed of the ravine, and to reach it meant death by day. At night the enemy sprayed this creek and the water-filled shell holes below with machine-gun fire, and to get water at night meant death in the majority of cases.

Many of the brave youths crept from their fox holes after darkness and wormed their way slowly down the ravine side. Some returned with their canteens full, which they shared with their nearest comrades, but others paid with their lives, and daylight saw them down there stark and stiff in death on the edge of that devilish stream.

Throughout those last few days the officers and men suffered all the tortures of hell and worse. Chilled through and without any sort of covering, weakened physically from lack of food and water, subjected to bursts of hateful fire which seemed to rake every yard of ground they occupied, all suffered torture. The man killed outright by a bullet or shell fragment was envied by his comrade who was struck and lived. Bandages were exhausted early, and it was necessary for the two remaining members of the medical detachment to search the dead for their emergency dressings. They did this, heroically crawling from corpse to corpse until they found sufficient material, then back to

the wounded to dress their hurts, sometimes gaping shell wounds which they knew it was useless to touch.

On October 5, an American airplane circled high over the ravine. White panels had been placed on the ground near Major Whittlesey's shelter, but through the trees it seemed improbable that the aviator might see them. Some time later, however, American artillery fire from guns miles away began to crash on the ridge of the hill to the south, and creeping slowly down the slope the barrage plainly caught a mass of the enemy gathered there, presumably for an attack. Their bodies and pieces thereof were hurled into the air and wild screams sounded in the din of the explosives. It was a cheering but equally anxious moment for the survivors of the "Lost Battalion" huddled there on the opposite slope.

The barrage, which played stationary for some time in the enemy position, moved forward down toward the bottom of the ravine, and it appeared that it would mount the opposite slope into the American fox holes. But something intervened at that moment. The barrage lifted as if guided by an unseen hand, and "hopping" the northern slope completely, came down again with a multitude of crashes on the crest of the northern slope. Here again it caught the enemy — the jeering grenade throwers atop the cliff — and it scattered them as it crept northward. Their howls were heard for some time afterward in the American line, and these were the howls of agony and death.

Even now it is still unknown to survivors of the "Lost Battalion" here whether that American airplane saw and reported their exact position, or whether it was just plain Providence which directed that marvelous barrage.

On the previous night a faint ray of hope sprang into the breasts of the beleaguered men as they distinguished the faint "tat-tat-tat" of Chauchats — the light machine gun adopted from the French — somewhere to the south. The Chauchat has a distinctive sound, a different "crack" from other machine guns, and these sounds seemed to tell that a relieving force might be on its way. But by daylight the crack of Chauchats died away and no reënforcements came.

Following their experience in the American barrage, the Germans moved scores of additional machine guns to the southern ridge and started a barrage of bullets across the ravine into the American position which seemed intent on wiping out all life. Showers of leaden pellets chewed up the rocky soil, searching almost every foot, penetrating the shelters, killing and wounding many.

That night weakened men, further weakened by wounds, filled the darkness with uncanny moans — they couldn't help it. Things seemed to be nearing the end. Ammunition, like food, was practically exhausted. Men were beginning to take desperate chances for food. One crawled into the enemy line and came back with a morsel of black bread he had taken from an enemy corpse. Another found a strip of bacon rind in his pocket which he had carried to soften some scratches on his hand. He divided it with a companion and they ate their first bite in several days. Others dug roots from the hard soil and tried to get nourishment from them.

October 6 dawned with an overcast sky and eventually rain. It was Sunday. No one knew it was Sunday, but it was a day of near despair, when it took strong men to believe that anything remained but death. From information

I have gathered here in Château Villain, however, I am convinced that not one man thought of surrender.

The firing from the south seemed a trifle nearer that day, but there were many things to indicate that reënforcements could never arrive in time. American airplanes loomed over the ravine occasionally, dropping parcels of food, but never in the ravine itself. With terrible regularity these parcels fell in the enemy lines, and it was too plain that the aviators were mistaking the Germans' position for American. They were feeding the Boche. Starving Americans were being denied American food!

Heavy trench-mortar shells continued to fall in the ravine. German machine guns redoubled their firing. This firing deprived the "Lost Battalion" of the last two officers of the machine-gun detachment. Both were killed. It was discovered that but one of the nine American machine guns remained in action. Ammunition for this remaining gun was all but gone. Dead men lay unburied almost everywhere within the hollow square. The moans of the wounded had almost ceased. Most of them were dead. About 275 pitiful survivors existed from among nearly 700 who advanced into the ravine some days before. But the survivors, every man, realized why they advanced into the "ravine of death" — to take and hold it, and they were doing just that.

On the morning of October 7, Monday, nine men had slipped out into the German lines in a desperate effort to collect one of the food parcels dropped by the airplanes. They had encountered a German outpost and five were killed, the remainder wounded or captured. During the afternoon a figure, dirty and bedraggled, carrying an unloaded rifle to which a white rag had been tied was

brought before Major Whittlesey. The battalion commander was conferring with Captain McMurtry and Captain Holderman at the time. The man was a survivor of the food patrol and he bore a message from the German commander:

To the Commanding Officer,——Infantry, 77th American Division:

Sir: The bearer of this present, Private ——, has been taken prisoner by us. He refused to give the German intelligence officer any answer to his questions and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

He has been charged against his will, believing that he is doing wrong to his country, to carry forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the battalion of the 77th Division with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more, in view of the present conditions.

The suffering of your wounded men can be heard over here in the German lines and we are appealing to your humane sentiments to stop. A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat Private —— as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

The German Commanding Officer

Whittlesey read the note and passed it to McMurtry. The latter read and passed it to Holderman. No one spoke. Whittlesey passed out of the dugout and picked up some white panels placed on the ground to attract American airplanes. White flags were repulsive. He reentered the dugout. Still no one spoke. Clearly the appeal to "humane sentiments" hadn't penetrated. . . . Later in the day something that put more life into the heroic band of survivors than anything they had experienced was the growing sound of machine-gun and rifle fire, unmistakably American, coming from the south. Men wept and set their jaws firmer together.

Evidently the Germans heard these sounds, too. And they played their last card — liquid fire. This was the height of "humane sentiment" against men they knew had fought a heroic battle and were brave enough to fight it out until none remained, if need be.

Jets of liquid flame, accompanied by steady streams of machine-gun and rifle bullets, and grenades, struck at the American left flank. With oaths too terrible and weird to repeat, the survivors rushed to the defense of the menaced side of the hollow square and fought like supermen. The remaining machine gun poured its leaden streams into the fire bearers at point-blank range. Rifles wo ked as fast as cartridges could be pumped into the chambers. The attack failed. The enemy withdrew, but in almost every case the flame throwers remained dead upon the ground, with their "humane" weapons shooting flame, weaker and weaker, harmlessly into the brush, into the air.

An officer later that night reported to Major Whittlesey. He was a strange officer, unknown to the battalion. He was of the 307th Infantry Regiment, which had fought its way first to the relief of the "Lost Battalion." His men were lying in the woods on the right flank. A brief time afterward elements of the 308th Regiment came through from the south. They carried food and ammunition. An effort was made by Major Whittlesey to keep the full news of the relief from all his men. The Germans still occupied the northern cliff. But the news spread, and by morning the relief was complete, without further opposition from the enemy, who now, placed on a more equal basis, had skulked off through the wood to the north.

The following morning 252 men, some sick or wounded, filed down toward the south for proper care and rest.

They were the survivors of the "Beleaguered Battalion." No one here in the 77th Division to-day will admit of the expression "Lost Battalion." They say it was "beleaguered," but never "lost."

— *New York Tribune.*

March 2, 1919

1. This is only one of many capital newspaper articles written about the World War. From your histories find out about the general movement of American and Allied troops in the fall of 1918. When did hostilities cease on the German front?

2. Describe the fighting the "Beleaguered Battalion" did. How long were they beleaguered? Why did reënforcements not come earlier? Describe the nature of the battlefield.

3. How did assistance finally come? Rescue?

4. What were some of the other famous battles of the World War in which Americans took part? Find, if you can, a good story of one of these battles, and report it briefly to the class.

PUNCH'S APOLOGY FOR ILL TREATMENT OF LINCOLN

By Tom Taylor

Punch, a famous English journal, constantly made fun of President Lincoln through cartoons, verses, and editorials. Following Lincoln's death, however, the following apology appeared.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace
Broad, for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
  His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
  Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
  Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
  Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain;

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
  The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil and confute my pen,
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
  This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
  Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true,
  How, ironlike, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
  How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful, he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work — such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand —

As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights —

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's ax,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear —
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture — but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it, four long-suffering years:
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed —
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The old world and the new, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

— *Punch.*

May 6, 1865

1. In the same issue of the journal was a cartoon by Tenniel in which Britannia was pictured as placing a wreath on Columbia's bier. Show that both poem and cartoon were timely.

2. To whom does the "you" throughout refer? Explain "scurril jester," line 12, page 90.

3. Read the poem stanza by stanza and interpret the sense of each to your classmates.

4. How would you rank this tribute with some other tribute that has been paid Lincoln?

ADRIFT IN A BLIZZARD

By F. F. Van de Water

This is a "human interest" story of a kind that depends peculiarly on its dramatic presentation for its success in the daily press. Why is it interesting?

THREE big navy tugs, the *Wyossing*, *Aurora*, and *Seabright*, hurriedly slipped their moorings just before noon yesterday and went charging out to sea through the storm, full speed ahead.

The wireless at the Brooklyn Navy Yard had picked up a call from the Sandy Hook lightship. Over miles of wind-torn water came the sputter of the electric spark:

"Five barges with men, women, and children aboard passed here, driving out to sea. Hurry."

The tugs hurried, for a ninety-mile wind on which a blizzard was riding was pushing five chalk-laden barges with five men, five women, and fifteen children further away from land and hope of rescue each moment.

Late last evening they returned, buffeted and battered by the tremendous seas. Only four of the barges came back with them. The Atlantic had overwhelmed the fifth, but the five men, the five women, and the fifteen children were safe, thanks to the courage and seamanship of Lieutenant Harry Denyse, who commanded the rescuing tugs.

The wind that had been freshening all night became a gale at dawn yesterday. Three Pennsylvania barges, one New York Central, and one Jersey Central, had tugged at their anchors all night long off Stapleton, Staten Island. At six

yesterday morning the wind tore them loose, and aided by the waves and tide, began to drive them out to sea.

By the time the barge captains and their families learned what had occurred, the swirling snow clouds had cut them off from land. The blast of the wind swept away the feeble voices of their horns and bells.

Down through the Narrows the barges swept as though riding a mill race, and then land dropped away entirely, and they were driving out onto the Atlantic on the shoulders of the worst storm of the year.

There was nothing that they could do except fly pitiful signals of distress that the snow made invisible at a hundred yards. The barges, heavily laden, lurched and wallowed through the great waves and began to take in water. Twenty-four hours at most would be their life.

And then something that the bargemen and their wives and children swear was not just chance drove one of the five close to the lightship that stands sentinel in all weather at the harbor's gates.

Men of the lightship saw a dark clumsy shape go staggering past, half buried in foam, and caught the words that set the wireless operator hammering frantically on his key.

When they reached the open sea, the powerful tugs had rough weather of it, for the waves were growing larger almost momentarily, and the search for the barges in the middle of the blinding snowstorm called for much turning and twisting, quartering the heaving sea like hunting dogs.

At last, to the bellowing of their sirens, there came a thin shout in answer, and four of the barges loomed out of the storm, splintered and leaking, but still riding the waves. To these the *Wyossing* and *Seabright* passed lines and

headed back for the harbor, and the *Aurora* went on alone through the darkening world of water and snow, on the trail of the missing Jersey Central barge, on which a man, his wife, and four children were drifting out into the night.

Dusk was falling and the *Aurora's* crew had almost given up hope, when they finally found the missing barge, twenty miles off the lightship and leaking badly. The tug passed her a hawser and turned her own bow toward shore. Her engines strained desperately, but with the water-logged weight at her stern she could make no headway.

No small boat could have lived in the turmoil of wind and wave. There was only one thing to do — run the *Aurora* as close as possible to the foundering barge and let the barge captain and his family jump for it.

Accordingly the little group, the captain, his wife, and four small children, scrambled to the bow of their sinking craft and stood there while the *Aurora* watched for a quiet moment when she might run in close.

This came at last. For a moment the tug's and the barge's decks hung on a level and the man caught up his wife and threw her into the arms of the bluejacket at the tug's bow. Four times he threw a child to safety. Then he jumped.

The *Aurora* turned her head into the storm once more, and the sinking barge dropped behind as the tug came plowing her way home, while in her cabin a man, his wife, and four children cried, and then laughed, then cried again.

— *New York Tribune.*

March 29, 1919

1. Bring to class stories clipped from your home papers that feature the "human interest" element. Rewrite the story above as a straight news article. One paragraph will suffice.

THE LANDING OF THE R-34

The R-34, a British dirigible, left East Fortune, Scotland, July 2, 1919, and landed at Mineola, Long Island, July 6, after a nonstop flight of 3,200 miles. This was the first crossing of the Atlantic in a lighter-than-air machine, and also the first east-to-west crossing of any kind of flying machine. The following is a news story of her arrival at the flying field.

FOR 3,000 miles the giant British dirigible R-34 gamely fought her way against head winds, fogs, and thunder storms which threatened her. Then when less than 200 miles from Mineola, the one place where she could land with fair safety in this country, it seemed that her brave struggle against the elements was futile, not because her weary, red-eyed crew was weakening, but because her petrol supply was almost gone.

But suddenly, just before daybreak yesterday, as if weary of the struggle against the aërial cruiser and her undaunted crew, the wind suddenly shifted to a following breeze and the R-34 floated triumphantly in off the Atlantic to Roosevelt Field, Mineola, after 108 hours and 12 minutes in the air, more than four and a half days. Her mooring rope struck the soil of the field at 9:52 A.M.

During all her vicissitudes, despite her calls for ships to stand by, the R-34 had accepted no offer of a tow and it was her own five engines which brought her across. The time of this aërial liner, which carried thirty-one passengers and members of the crew, was more than an hour faster than the fastest eastward passage of the record-holding

Mauretania, despite the fact that the airship traveled about a thousand miles farther.

Weary, and a bit stiff and creaky after thedays and nights of unceasing vigilance and heavy-weighted responsibility, Major G. H. Scott, commander of the ship, was nevertheless quick to defend his craft, despite her failure to arrive on the Fourth of July, as originally scheduled.

"We'll go back to England in seventy hours or less," he declared, and there was quiet determination amounting almost to absolute confidence in his voice. "The start will probably be made an hour before dawn, Tuesday. We're here under our own power, and we're going home that way."

The coming of the R-34, an event which has brought visitors to the gates of the three flying fields at Mineola — Roosevelt, Mitchel, and Hazelhurst — for some days, was unexpected by the navy authorities in charge of the handling of the R-34 and also by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Lucas, the Royal Air Force man who is here to look after the preparations for her reception.

All Saturday night and early yesterday morning the radio stations and telephones of the three fields were busy relaying messages from and to the great dirigible, which was then slowly, almost imperceptibly, fighting her way down the coast from Newfoundland. Many were the reports received and many the plans discussed for aiding the slow-moving airship or supplying her with fuel.

To the unofficial watchers at the field the word was flashed by telephone from excited Long Islanders who sighted the monster craft along the north shore. As the dirigible suddenly loomed up over the houses and trees to the northeast of Mitchel Field about 9 o'clock, streams of people in automobiles and on foot came from all directions toward

Roosevelt Field, where it was known the dirigible would land. The R-34 sailed over the field at a height of two thousand feet after circling about in the light southeast wind, the wind which had turned disaster into victory for her.

The dirigible came closer to the ground. From the height of about 1,500 feet a black dot suddenly shot out from the silver mass of the dirigible. It dropped and then abruptly resolved itself into the figure of a man clinging to a parachute. The aëronaut and his silken life-saver dropped in front of the grand stand erected for the convenience of a few possessors of passes on Roosevelt Field. The man was Major John Edward M. Pritchard of the British Air Force. Despite his parachute he landed in a huddled mass and it was seen that he had been somewhat entangled in the ropes of the device.

Major J. N. Barney, of Ambulance 7, Mitchel Field, rushed up to him.

"Are you hurt, sir?" the doctor asked.

The British visitor carefully untangled himself from the ropes, prodded himself tentatively, and then said: "No," smiling broadly and glancing about him at his surroundings.

"What kind of a trip did you have?" the doctor asked, his curiosity overcoming his medical instincts.

"Rather dry," answered the visitor, and before he could explain to the doctor how four and a half days in the first transatlantic dirigible could be dull, he was whisked off to Colonel Archie Miller, with whom he conferred concerning the landing arrangements. Apparently they satisfied him, for he signaled to the dirigible. Three times the big craft circled around the field as if casting a cautious eye on her berth and then, her blunt nose shining with a white crown of conventional pattern, dived gracefully downward.

For six hundred feet she seemed to slide down an invisible chute in the air and then, easily, came to an even keel once more. From the bow gondola, the largest of the four slung beneath her vast envelope, a rope dropped suddenly to the field. Instantly there was a wild rush of khaki- and blue-clad forms to grasp it. With an enthusiasm that made the proceeding like a hard-fought football game, the soldiers and "gobs" grabbed the rope. It was pulled through the stanchion on one of the huge concrete anchors sunk into the field, and the R-34 was a prisoner.

—*The Sun* (New York).

July 7, 1919

1. This news story should be compared with "The NC-4 Arrives" (page 53) as to vividness of narration, general effect on the reader, and new information carried.

2. When did this article appear in print? Was it news at the time? Prove your answer. On which page of a daily paper would you have run this story at the time it appeared? How would you change the story if you wished to use it in a current issue of a newspaper?

THE END OF THE WAR

A GRAY-HAIRED woman ran up Fifth Avenue, twirling a baby's rattle in each hand, and shouting at every glance, "They didn't have any whistles." A half dozen working girls romped by, using porcelain ware taken from the wholesale stock as cymbals. A thousand automobiles, crammed between the curbs by thousands of shouting men, women, and children, blew their horns incessantly, drowning out the shrill sirens let loose all over the city. Down from hundreds of high office buildings fluttered

millions of bits of paper, sparkling in the sun - - waste baskets emptied out of windows, canceled checks, odds and ends of advertising, newspapers cut into small pieces, confetti, tissue paper of all sorts. Crowds plowed through them as they whitened the streets. Everywhere the impromptu holiday poured merrymakers out into the streets.

Noise was the first requisite for these celebrants, color the next. Rattles, horns, bugles, whistles, tin pans, backfiring automobiles, vocal efforts, all augmented the honking automobiles and shrieking sirens. Anything at hand served for color; a red-paper Christmas bell, a Japanese fan, long clusters of confetti, red, white, and blue paper hats, a Bersaglieri hat made hurriedly from pink pasteboard, flowers, bunting, flags of a hundred sizes but only a few colors—the red, white, and blue of America and Britain and France, the deep yellow and black of Belgium, the green of Italy; all mingled in a moving mass of shouting, laughing, sometimes weeping people of all nationalities.

The khaki was there, and the sailor's blue, cheered on all sides, lifted to shoulders and showered with confetti, driven to the roofs of motor cars, leading an unending chorus of "three cheers." Up past 36th Street, grinning with joy, a French sailor was carried on workmen's shoulders, the center of a hoarse, red-faced group of revelers, every man and woman of them sober, but every one wild with the excitement inherent in that word "peace."

Directly in front of the Waldorf was enacted probably the most significant scene of all. Standing on the shining black roof of a large limousine, whose seats were occupied by a half dozen women, was an English officer. In his left hand were the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes; stuck in his collar at the right was the tricolor of France and at

the left the banner of Belgium. His right hand held a rattle, and at brief intervals, with that rattle, he led the cheering of the throngs that moved along up the Avenue, one piece with the machine. A pause. An English officer from another auto roof comes over and joins him. Up from the crowd is pushed an American soldier, then a jackie, and Fifth Avenue never heard such cheering as broke loose then. Slowly they rode up the Avenue, looking for a French fighter, and an Italian, to complete the circle.

A thousand and one incidents flashed across the view, all a part of the unity expressed by this spontaneous people's celebration. No carnival was ever like it. The individual was kin to the whole mass. *Camaraderie* ran rampant, yet restrained. The man with the cotton flag two inches long laughingly held it alongside the larger one of silk. No face frowned when a storm of confetti burst over it. When, at 23d Street, four soldiers in an automobile scooped up two ruddy-cheeked girls and drove into the crowd with them, all who saw it cheered, and the girls, without a struggle, continued to blow their horns. One man leaped out of the barber's chair, hurriedly whipped off the lather, and rushed out to join an impromptu parade, although one cheek was still unshaven.

These parades sprouted out of the pavement and merged, in full bloom, into the throngs which blocked the traffic. Each parade needed only a leader, and it soon got recruits who carried improvised signs, such as "Peace at last," "Join us," "Good-by, Kaiser," as well as flags and instruments of noise. A half dozen men and women, carrying a large flag parallel with the roadway, paused for no man, but lifted the flag above whoever got in the way.

Another group of marchers followed a cage in which an

effigy of the Kaiser smoldered. Drums, though present sometimes, were not essential. Wash boilers and tin pans were just as inspiring to the feet.

And so it went, along all the main arteries of the city, all afternoon, all evening. It was a people fused in the unity of a common joy. It was brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers of men who would not have to fight to-morrow. It was the people's way of expressing a prayer of gratitude for the great fact that, for the first time in more than four years, men were not killing each other every moment of the day. It was victory marshaling the one great family of home folks.

But of all the inspiration the day and night gave forth, none was more poignant than the very first act of the drama. The sirens had not been at work more than ten minutes before Liberty Altar, in Madison Square, was swarming with people. And out of the crowd, mounting above the rest, rose a little boy, waving a flag. And he led that throng in the singing of *The Star-Spangled Banner.*

At about the same time a man turning the corner of 12th Street was accosted by a youngster on a tricycle, asking, "What's it all for?" The man patted him on the head and replied, "We're going to have peace, sonny," and a woman overhearing the dialogue, added, also patting the boy's cap, "Yes, and my boys are coming home."

—Abridged from *The Christian Science Monitor.*
November, 1918

1. What kind of newspaper article is this — editorial, news, or literary?

2. How was Armistice Day celebrated in your community? When does it come? Sketch any one of the groups described in the above article.

HAIRPINS

Some clever essays on matters of everyday human interest are to be found in our daily, weekly, or monthly press. The following treatment of a homely subject depends on its gentle irony for its success.

THE comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to all observant men. Its special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in *American Medicine.* It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, compress blood vessels, use it "to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage" and as a curette for scraping away soft material. And no doubt the women doctors can do a great deal more with that most gifted and versatile of human implements. Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. It keeps civilization together. In the hands of girls entirely great it is much mightier than the sword or, for that matter, the plow. What is the plow but a development of the forked stick, and what is the forked stick but a modification of the hairpin? If there was any necessity, a woman could scratch the ground successfully now. In fact, there is no work or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women aren't so inventive as men, don't take out so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver,

fasten a door, hang up a plate or a picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, fish hook, an awl, a gimlet, or a chisel, a paper cutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, calk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit, and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument.

If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe line she would build a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of a hairpin. She will revolutionize surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male chirurgeons are doing the best they can; but it is not to be believed that they have mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.

—*The Sun* (New York).

1. What do you enjoy about this presentation? Why, do you think, did the editor of *The Sun* publish this story?

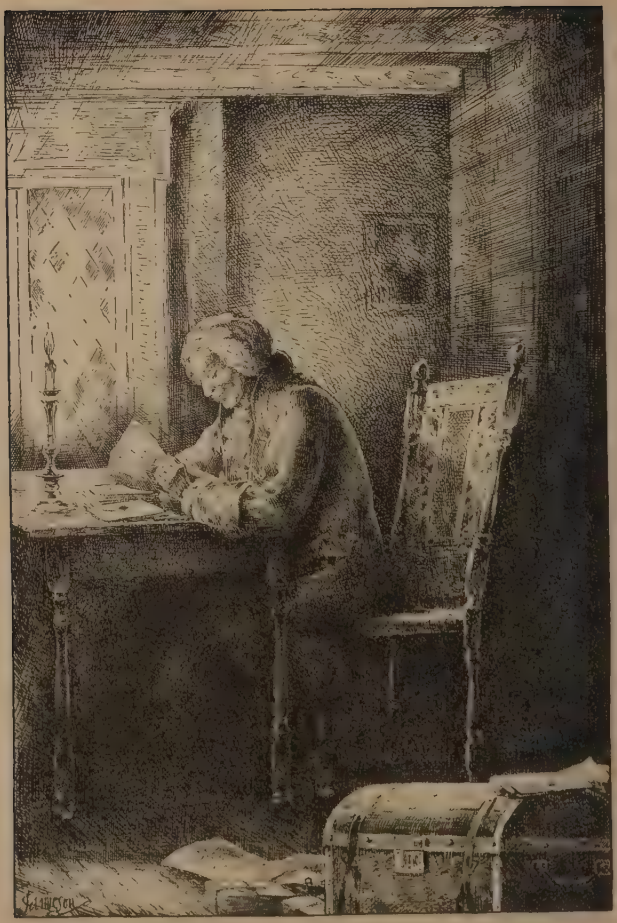
2. Of the various uses of a hairpin, mentioned in the second paragraph, how many are real? What is the effect of including some real or near uses of the implement?

A PACKET OF LETTERS

The letters in this section are of varied types — friendly and formal, ironic and affectionate, whimsical and didactic. They are written by philosophers and poets, story-writers, statesmen, and soldiers.

In reading them you will find them more or less delightful as you are able to enter more or less fully into the minds of their writers; as you can picture sedate young Mr. Gray making merry in Rheims, or General Washington laughing at his campaign fare, or Irving watching the Spanish children dancing in the moonlight. For the quality in all these letters that makes them worth your reading is the personality they express — the little glimpses they give you into the mind of their writer. You must read with your imagination wide awake if you are to get your full due of enjoyment.

And remember, too, that your own letters will be delightful just in proportion to their simplicity, their candor, and their directness in expressing the thing you have to say.



Old Letters

LETTERS

By Donald G. Mitchell

BLESSED be letters! — they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart talkers! Your speech, and your friends' speeches, are conventional; they are molded by circumstances; they are suggested by the observation, remark, and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed, or by whom it may be overheard.

Your truest thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual; it is not integral: it is social and mixed, — half of you, and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires, and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens.

But it is not so of letters. There you are, with only the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance, — no scowl to scare; nothing it presents but you and your thought.

Utter it then freely — write it down — stamp it — burn it in the ink! — There it is, a true soul print!

Ah, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip talk in the world. Do you say it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic?

Let me see it then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstance, and I will tell you if it be studied or real, — if it be the merest lip slang put into words, or heart talk blazing on the paper.

I have a little packet, — not very large, — tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sorrow and such joy as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and honester man.

There are in this little packet of letters in the familiar hand of a mother — what gentle admonition — what tender affection! God have mercy on him who outlives the sentiment that such admonitions and such affection kindle! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister — written when she and you were full of glee and the best mirth of youthfulness; does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? Or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

Let me gather up these letters carefully, to be read when the heart is faint, and sick of all that there is unreal and selfish in the world. Let me tie them together with a new and longer bit of ribbon — not by a love knot, that is too hard — but by an easy-slipping knot, that so I may get at them the better. And now they are all together, a snug packet, and we will label them, not sentimentally (I pity the one who thinks it!), but earnestly, and in the best meaning of the term — *souvenirs du cœur*.

— *Reveries of a Bachelor.*

1. Study the picture on page 106. Does it interpret the sentiment of this introductory essay?

JOSEPH ADDISON TO CHAMBERLAIN DASHWOOD

Addison had undertaken his travels in Europe to fit himself for political advancement at home. He had lived at Blois, in France, in order to learn French perfectly; he had then traveled through Italy, and was at Geneva in Switzerland when he wrote this graceful letter acknowledging a gift. (See page 209 for further comments on Addison.)

Geneva, July, 1702.

Dear Sir:

About three days ago Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honor for. You did not probably foresee that it would draw on the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part, I can no more accept of a snuffbox without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last, I must own to you, is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were I not in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have since the beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable,

or, to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuffbox,

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, pray, sir, do me the justice to esteem me

Your most, etc.

1. What does Addison's name stand for in literature?

2. What is snuff? How was it used? The Latin quotation means, "Not everybody has a nose"; that is, a nose for wit.

3. Tell what you think is good about the letter. What about it do you not like?

THOMAS GRAY TO HIS MOTHER

When this letter was written to his mother, Gray (1716–1771) was traveling in Europe with Horatio Walpole, the son of the prime minister of England. Contrast the sprightliness of the letter with his "Elegy" (page 411).

Rheims, June 21, 1739.

We have now been settled almost three weeks in this city, which is more considerable upon account of its size and antiquity than from the number of its inhabitants or any advantages of commerce. There is little in it worth a stranger's curiosity besides the cathedral church, which is a vast Gothic building of a surprising beauty and lightness, all covered over with a profusion of little statues and other ornaments. It is here the kings of France are crowned by the Archbishop of Rheims, who is the first peer, and the primate of the kingdom. The holy vessel made use of on that occasion, which contains the oil, is kept in the church

of St. Nicasius hard by, and is believed to have been brought by an angel from heaven at the coronation of Clovis, the first Christian king. The streets in general have but a melancholy aspect, the houses all old; the public walks run along the side of a great moat under the ramparts, where one hears a continual croaking of frogs; the country round about is one great plain covered with vines, which at this time of year afford no very pleasing prospect, as being not above a foot high.

What pleasures the place denies to the sight, it makes up to the palate; since you have nothing to drink but the best champagne in the world, and all sorts of provisions equally good. As to other pleasures, there is not that freedom of conversation among the people of fashion here that one sees in other parts of France; for though they are not very numerous in this place, and consequently must live a good deal together, yet they never come to any great familiarity with one another.

As soon as you enter, the lady of the house presents each of you a card, and offers you a party at quadrille; you sit down, and play forty deals without intermission, excepting one quarter of an hour, when everybody rises to eat of what they call the *goûter*, which supplies the place of our tea, and is a service of wine, fruits, cream, sweetmeats, crawfish, and cheese. People take what they like, and sit down again to play; after that, they make little parties to go to the walks together, and then all the company return to their separate habitations. Very seldom any suppers or dinners are given; and this is the manner they live among one another; not so much out of any aversion they have to pleasure, as out of a sort of formality they have contracted by not being much frequented by people who have lived

at Paris. It is sure they do not hate gaiety any more than the rest of their country people, and can enter into diversions that are once proposed with a good grace enough; for instance, the other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town to walk; when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, "Why should not we sup here?" Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up; after which another said, "Come, let us sing"; and directly began herself. From singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a round; when somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered. Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country-dances, which held till four o'clock next morning; at which hour the gayest lady there proposed that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city, and waked everybody in it. Mr. Walpole had a mind to make a custom of the thing, and would have given a ball in the same manner next week; but women did not come into it, so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dull cards and usual formalities. We are not to stay above a month longer here, and shall then go to Dijon, the chief city of Burgundy, a very splendid and very gay town; at least such is the present design.

1. Gray is rated as a very excellent writer of letters. What qualities does this letter have that make it likable? If it were not in letter form, what title would you give it?

2. Select five words from the letter for the class to define.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

Lord Chesterfield (1694–1773) spent his life at the English court and in diplomatic service abroad. His letters to his son give his idea of the accomplishments and conduct of a gentleman, and incidentally a picture of the manners and morals of the time.

This letter is in effect a little essay on education. You will observe that, like most other writings of the eighteenth century, it is stilted and formal and cold.

London, July 26th, 1748.

Dear Boy:

There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling, frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of anything, but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and everything worth knowing or having is attended with some), stops short, contents itself with easy, and consequently superficial, knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance to a small degree of trouble. These people either think or represent most things as impossible, whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take everything in the light in which it first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views, and, in short, never think it through. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects

before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion. Do not, then, be discouraged by the first difficulties but resolve to go to the bottom of all those things which every gentleman ought to know well. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and, for you particularly, the constitution, and the civil and military state, of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble; which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid by. Read only useful books, and never quit a subject till you are thoroughly master of it, but read and inquire on till then. When you are in company, bring the conversation to some useful subject. Never be ashamed nor afraid of asking questions; for if they lead to information, and if you accompany them with some excuse, you will never be reckoned an impertinent or rude questioner. Adieu.

1. How old do you think Chesterfield's son was when this letter was written? What subjects did his father think he should know? What subjects are considered necessary to-day for the training of a well-bred man?

2. Observe the dates on the successive letters you read in this section. How many are culled from the eighteenth century? How many are from more modern writers? Note the difference in style.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

Samuel Johnson (1709–1784) was a commanding figure in eighteenth-century English literature. He dedicated the plan of his *Dictionary of the English Language* to Chesterfield; but his lordship ignored the struggling author. Seven years later Chesterfield tried to make amends by reviewing the dictionary in a flattering way. Thereupon Johnson wrote this letter — a masterpiece of courteous, dignified rebuke.

My Lord:

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. . . . Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help?

The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been

delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, . . . till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity . . . to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favor of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less.

1. This is the same Lord Chesterfield whose letter appears on pages 113–114. Contrast the two letters.
2. What is a patron? Define: repulsed, verge, cynical asperity.
3. Point out the passages that express irony.

LAFAYETTE TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

After having served for two years as a volunteer with the American forces under Washington, Lafayette returned to France on a visit in 1779. Congress voted him a sword, which Franklin, our representative in France, presented to the marquis by messenger upon Lafayette's arrival at Havre. Among its decorations, the sword showed a young warrior dealing a deathblow to the British lion.

Havre, 29th August, 1779.

Sir:

Whatever expectations might have been raised from the sense of past favors, the goodness of the United States to me has ever been such that on every occasion it far surpasses any idea I could have conceived. A new proof of that flattering truth I find in the noble present which Congress has been pleased to honor me with, and which is offered in such a manner by Your Excellency as will exceed everything but the feelings of my unbounded gratitude.

In some of the devices I cannot help finding too honorable a reward for those slight services, which in concert with my fellow soldiers, and under the godlike American hero's orders, I had the good fortune to render. The sight of these actions, where I was a witness of American bravery and patriotic spirit, I shall ever enjoy with that pleasure which becomes a heart glowing with love for the nation, and the most ardent zeal for its glory and happiness. Assurances of gratitude, which I beg leave to present to Your Excellency, are much too inadequate to my feelings, and nothing but such sentiments can properly acknowledge your kindness toward me. The polite manner in which Mr. Franklin was pleased to deliver that inestimable sword, lays me under great obligations to him, and demands my particular thanks.

With the most perfect respect, I have the honor to be, etc.

Lafayette.

1. Where was Lafayette when this letter was written? What occasioned its writing? Who was the warrior engraved on the sword?

2. Find from your histories the engagements in which Lafayette took part in our Revolutionary War.

3. It was Franklin's grandson who took the sword to Havre and presented it, along with a very complimentary letter, to Lafayette. What two references in the letter show Lafayette's appreciation of these courtesies?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

Franklin enjoyed in Europe almost as great respect and appreciation as he here promises to Washington. He was a member of many learned societies, was honored with degrees from famous and ancient universities, and was the personal friend of many of the witty and notable men and women of the time. During his long stay in France (1777–1785) he lived at Passy, a suburb of Paris, where he found time for the pleasures of social life as well as for the business incident to his position as America's representative.

Passy, 5 March, 1780.

Sir:

I have received but lately the letter Your Excellency did me the honor of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de Lafayette. His modesty detained it long in his own hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honor of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that Your Excellency's letter would have done, had it been immediately delivered to me.

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see Your Excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side of the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavoring to cast over living merit. Here you would know

and enjoy what posterity will say of Washington, for a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years. The feeble voice of those groveling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance.

At present I enjoy that pleasure for you, as I frequently hear old generals of this martial country, who study the maps of America and mark upon them all your operations, speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age. I must soon quit this scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over; like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discolored, and which in that weak state, by a thunder gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigor, and delights the eye, not of its owner only, but of every observing traveler.

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honor, and happiness, ever attend you from

Yours, etc.,
B. Franklin.

1. What military operations was Washington engaged in at the time of this letter? Why is this letter a peculiarly pleasant and tactful one?

2. How old was Franklin in 1780? What references does he make to his age? How old was Washington?

3. What prophecy concerning our country does Franklin make? How has it been fulfilled?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO NOAH WEBSTER

Noah Webster (1758–1843) was born at West Hartford, Conn., and graduated from Yale. In 1783–85 he published *A Grammatical Institute of the English Language*, a reading book, grammar, and spelling book for elementary schools, which for years was almost the only book of its sort used throughout the country. He also edited several magazines, wrote articles, and practiced law. In 1828 he finished his *Dictionary*.

His *Dissertations on the English Language* was a collection of his lectures. He dedicated it to Franklin, and sent him a copy of the book. This letter is Franklin's acknowledgment of compliment and gift.

Philadelphia, December 26, 1789.

Dear Sir:

I received some time since your *Dissertations on the English Language*. The book was not accompanied by any letter or message informing me to whom I am obliged for it, but I suppose it is yourself. It is an excellent work, and will be greatly useful in turning the thoughts of your countrymen to correct writing. Please to accept my thanks for the great honor you have done me in its dedication. I ought to have made this acknowledgment sooner, but much indisposition prevented me.

I cannot but applaud your zeal for preserving the purity of our language, both in its expression and pronunciation, and in correcting the popular errors several of our states are continually falling into with respect of both. Give me leave to mention some of them, though possibly they may have already occurred to you. I wish, however, in some future publication of yours, you would set a discountenancing mark upon them. The first I remember is

the word *improved*. When I left New England, in the year 1723, this word had never been used among us, as far as I know, but in the sense of ameliorated, or made better, except once in a very old book of Dr. Mather's entitled *Remarkable Providences*. . . . But when I returned to Boston in 1733, I found this change had obtained favor, and was then become common; for I met with it often in perusing the newspapers, where it frequently made an appearance rather ridiculous. Such, for instance, as the advertisement of a country house to be sold, which had been many years "improved as a tavern"; and in the character of a deceased country gentleman, that he had been for more than thirty years "improved as a justice of the peace." This use of the word *improved* is peculiar to New England and not to be met with among any other speakers of English, either on this or the other side of the water.

The Latin language, long the vehicle used in distributing knowledge among the different nations of Europe, is daily more and more neglected; and one of the modern tongues, *viz.*, the French, seems in point of universality to have supplied its place. It is spoken in all the courts of Europe; and most of the literate, those even who do not speak it, have acquired knowledge enough of it to enable them easily to read the books that are written in it. This gives a considerable advantage to that nation; it enables its authors to inculcate and spread throughout other nations such sentiments and opinions on important points as are most conducive to its interests, or which may contribute to its reputation by promoting the common interests of mankind. It is perhaps owing to its being written in French that Voltaire's treatise on *Toleration* has had so sudden and so great an effect on the bigotry of Europe.

Our English bids fair to obtain the second place. The great body of printed sermons in our language, and the freedom of our writings on political subjects, have induced a number of divines of different sects and nations, as well as gentlemen concerned in public affairs, to study it; so far, at least, as to read it. . . .

My best wishes attend you, being with sincere esteem,

Sir, etc.

B. Franklin.

1. What was the occasion of this letter? On what famous book does Noah Webster's fame chiefly rest?

2. What usage does Franklin criticize? What is the best reason for keeping the English language pure? Name some words in current use that abuse the language.

HANS ANDERSEN TO MARIE

Andersen's letters to children are made delightful by the same fanciful touches that appear in his fairy tales. Little Marie was one of the favored ones.

Dear little Marie:

Papa and Mamma can read this letter to you, as you cannot read it yourself yet; but only wait till this time four years; ah, then you'll be able to read everything, I know. I am in the country now, like you. . . . It is so nice, and I have had some strawberries — large, red strawberries, with cream. Have you had any? One can taste them right down in one's stomach. Yesterday I went down to the sea . . . and sat on a rock by the shore. Presently a large white bird that they call a gull came flying along. It flew right toward me, so that I fancied it would have slapped me

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with its wings; but, mercy on us, it said, "Mamaree!" "Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "Mamaree!" it said again, and then of course, I understood that "Ma-ma-ree" meant Marie. "Oh," said I, "then you bring me a greeting from Marie, that's what it is, eh?" "Ya-ya! Ma-ma-ree, Ma-ma-ree," it said. It couldn't say it any better than that, for it only knew the gull language, and that is not very much like ours. "Thanks for the greeting," said I, and off flew the gull. After that, as I was walking in the garden, a little sparrow came flying up. "I suppose you, now, have flown a long way?" said I. "Vit, vit," (far, far) it said. "Did you see Marie?" I asked. "Tit, tit, tit," (often, often, often) it said. "Then give my greeting to Marie, for I suppose you are going back?" I said. "Lit, lit," (a little, little) it replied. If it has not come yet, it will come later on, but first I'll send you this letter. You may feed the little bird, if you like, but you must not squeeze it. Now greet from me all good people, all sensible beasts, and all the pretty flowers that wither before I see them. Isn't it nice to be in the country, to paddle in the water, to eat lots of nice things, and to get a letter from your sweetheart?

H. C. Andersen.

1. With what writings of Andersen are you familiar? What other selection of his is in this book? Find something of interest about his life.

2. What is clever about this letter? What characteristics of it are also common to his stories you have read?

GEORGE WASHINGTON TO DR. JOHN COCHRAN

This is one of the rare writings of Washington that show him in a humorous mood. What was the military situation when he wrote it?

West Point, 16 August, 1779.

Dear Doctor:

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies; of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron — not become so by the labor of scouring — I shall be happy to see them.

ROBERT BURNS TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN

This letter accompanied a copy of Burns's poem, "Bruce's Address to his Troops at Bannockburn." To understand its allusions fully you should find and read the poem itself and an account of Bruce's life.

Dumfries, 12th January, 1794.

My Lord:

Will Your Lordship allow me to present you with the inclosed little composition of mine, as a small token of gratitude for the acquaintance with which you have been pleased to honor me? Independent of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman, I have rarely met with anything in history which interests my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand, a cruel but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country or perish with her.

Liberty! thou art a prize truly and indeed invaluable; for never canst thou be too dearly bought!

Robert Burns.

1. Report to the class on the life and writings of Burns. Give the name of the book from which you secured your information.

WASHINGTON IRVING TO MRS. PARIS

This letter to his sister Catharine was written while Irving was American minister to Spain. His first visit there, some years before, had been very pleasant; he had made many friends, had lived for a time in the picturesque Alhambra, and had collected materials for his books, *The Conquest of Granada*, *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, and *The Alhambra*. During this later visit he was, as the letter shows, rather lonely and anxious to be back in his own home.

Madrid, 1845.

My evening drives, though lonely, are pleasant. You can have no idea of the neighborhood of Madrid from that of other cities. The moment you emerge from the gates you enter upon a desert; vast wastes as far as the eye can reach on, undulating, and in part hilly country, without trees or habitation, green in the early part of the year and cultivated with grain, but burnt by the summer sun into a variety of browns, some of them rich, though somber. A long picturesque line of mountains closes the landscape to the west and north, on the summits of some of which the snow lingers even in midsummer. The road I generally take, though a main road, is very solitary. Now and then I meet a group of travelers on horseback, roughly clad, with muskets slung behind their saddles, and looking very much like the robbers they are armed against; or a line of muleteers from the distant provinces, with their mules hung with bells and tricked out with worsted bobs and tassels; or a goatherd driving his flock of goats home to the city for the night, to furnish milk for the inhabitants. Every group seems to accord with

the wild, half-savage scenery around; and it is difficult to realize that such scenery and such groups should be in the midst of a populous and ancient capital. Some of the sunsets behind the Guadarrama mountains, shedding the last golden rays over this vast melancholy landscape, are really magnificent.

I have had much pleasure in walking on the Prado on bright moonlight nights. This is a noble walk within the walls of the city, and not far from my dwelling. It has alleys of stately trees, and is ornamented with five fountains, decorated with statuary and sculpture. The Prado is the great promenade of the city. One grand alley is called the saloon, and is particularly crowded. In the summer evening there are groups of ladies and gentlemen seated in chairs, and holding their *tertulians*, or gossiping parties, until a late hour. But what most delights me are the groups of children, attended by their parents or nurses, who gather about the fountains, take hands, and dance in rings to their own nursery songs. They are just the little beings for such a fairy moonlight scene. I have watched them night after night, and only wished I had some of my own little nieces or grandnieces to take part in the fairy ring. These are all the scenes and incidents I can furnish you from my present solitary life.

I am looking soon for the return of the Albuquerques to Madrid, which will give me a family circle to resort to. Madame Albuquerque always calls me uncle, and I endeavor to cheat myself into an idea that she is a niece: she certainly has the kindness and amiableness of one, and her children are most entertaining companions for me.

Your letter from the cottage brings with it all the recollections of the place — its trees and shrubs, its roses

and honeysuckles and humming birds. I am glad to find that my old friend the catbird still builds and sings under the window. You speak of Vaney's barking, too; it was like suddenly hearing a well-known but long-forgotten voice, for it has been a long time since any mention was made of that most meritorious little dog.

1. Describe the two Spanish scenes that Irving pictures. What makes the picture in the last paragraph especially vivid?

2. Where was Irving's home in this country? Why was he in Spain? What are his famous writings?

3. Explain: undulating, habitation, muleteers, promenade, meritorious.

HAWTHORNE TO HIS DAUGHTER ROSE

Hawthorne's little daughter was at Lisbon, with her mother, who was staying there for her health. Hawthorne was in England, where he was American consul at Liverpool.

My dear Little Rosebud:

I have put a kiss for you in this nice clean paper. I shall fold it up carefully, and I hope it will not drop out before it gets to Lisbon. If you cannot find it, you ask Mamma to look for it. Perhaps you will find it on her lips. Give my best regards to your Uncle John and Aunt Sue, and to all your kind friends, not forgetting your nurse.

Your affectionate father,

N. H.

TO THOMAS CARLYLE FROM NERO, THE DOG

55 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
Tuesday, January 20, 1859.

Dear Master:

I take the liberty to write to you myself (my mistress being out of the way of writing to you, she says) that you may know that Columbine [the cat] and I are quite well, and play about, as usual. There was no dinner yesterday to speak of; I had for my share only a piece of biscuit that might have been round the world; and if Columbine got anything at all, I didn't see it. I made a grab at one of two "small beings" on my mistress's plate; she called them heralds of morn; but my mistress said, "Don't you wish you may get it?" and boxed my ears. I wasn't taken to walk on account of its being wet. And nobody came but a man for "burial rate"; and my mistress gave him a rowing, because she wasn't going to be buried here at all. Columbine and I don't mind where we are buried. This is a fine day for a run; and I hope I may be taken to see Mohe and Dumm. They are both nice, well-bred dogs, and always so glad to see me, and the parrot is great fun when I spring at her; and Mrs. Lindsay has always such lots of bones, and doesn't mind Mohe and Dumm and me eating them on the carpet. I like Mrs. Lindsay very much.

Your obedient little dog,
Nero.

1. Who do you guess is the real author of this letter?

WASHINGTON IRVING TO HIS BROTHER

In 1815 Irving embarked for England to visit his brother Peter. He intended staying only a short time; but business difficulties and his determination to make his way with his pen altered his plans. For seventeen years he was abroad — in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain, and Germany. During this period he produced *The Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, Tales of a Traveler, Life and Voyages of Columbus,* and *The Conquest of Granada,* and his literary fame was secure. One of his great joys abroad was his association with the authors of Europe. At the time of this letter, Scott was at the height of his popularity as a writer of romance.

Abbotsford, Sept. 1, 1817.

My dear Brother,

. . . On Friday, in spite of sullen, gloomy weather, I mounted the top of the mail coach and rattled off to Selkirk. It rained heavily in the course of the afternoon, and drove me inside. On Saturday morning early I took chaise for Melrose; and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in my letter of introduction with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here have I been ever since.

I cannot tell how truly I have enjoyed the hours I have passed here. They fly by too quick, yet each is loaded with story, incident, or song; and when I consider the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been crowded upon

my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should only have been two days at Abbotsford. I have rambled about the hills with Scott; visited the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and other spots rendered classic by border tale and witching song, and have been in a kind of dream or delirium.

As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling, golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth picture, and a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats; everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart; but I shall say more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. I.

1. How old was Scott in 1817? Does Irving make it appear that Scott is older than he really was? How old was Irving when he visited Scott?

2. What books had Scott written prior to 1817?

3. What about this letter is especially likable?

CHARLES DICKENS TO MRS. FIELDS

This letter was written to Mrs. James T. Fields, the wife of Dickens's American publisher, on the author's return home from a reading tour in our country. Mamie is Dickens's daughter, and Georgy is his sister-in-law. Dickens liked to write letters, as is shown in the ease and vividness of this one.

Gads Hill, Higham, by Rochester, Kent.
May 25, 1868.

My dear Mrs. Fields:

As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. When I came down first, I came to Gravesend, five miles off. The two Newfoundland dogs, coming to meet me with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once canceled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket phaëton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled — a special attention which they receive from no one else. But when I drove into the stable yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited; weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back, that she might caress my foot with her great forepaws. Mamie's little dog, too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked in the greatest agitation on being called down and asked by Mamie, "Who is this?" and tore round and round me, like the dog in the Faust outlines.

You must know that all the farmers turned out on the road in their market chaises to say, "Welcome home, sir!"

and that all the houses along the road were dressed with flags; and that our servants, to cut out the rest, had dressed this house so that every brick of it was hidden. They had asked Mamie's permission to "ring the alarm bell" !) when master drove up, but Mamie, having some slight idea that that compliment might awaken master's sense of the ludicrous, had recommended bell abstinence. But on Sunday the village choir (which includes the bell ringers) made amends. After some unusually brief pious reflections in the crowns of their hats at the end of the sermon, the ringers bolted out, and rang like mad until I got home. There had been a conspiracy among the villagers to take the horse out, if I had come to our own station, and draw me here. Mamie and Georgy had got wind of it and warned me. Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss chalet (where I write), and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in, at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious. . . .

Ever, my dear Mrs. Fields, your most affectionate friend,

Charles Dickens.

1. How do you know this is in answer to another letter? Why would it be difficult to write about one's return home to a big welcome?

A BIRTHDAY LETTER BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

This letter was Riley's response to a "Riley Day" celebrated on the poet's birthday, October 6, by the school children of Indianapolis.

528 Lockerbie Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.

To the School Children of Indianapolis:

You are conspirators — every one of you, that's what you are — you have conspired to inform the general public of my birthday, and I am already so old that I want to forget all about it. But I will be magnanimous and forgive you, for I know that your interest is really friendly, and to have such friends as you are makes me — don't care how old I am! In fact it makes me so glad and happy that I feel as absolutely young and spry as a very schoolboy — even as one of you — and so to all intents I am.

Therefore let me be with you throughout the long, lovely day, and share your mingled joys and blessings with your parents and your teachers, and in the words of little Tim Cratchit: "God bless us, every one."

Ever gratefully and faithfully your old friend,
James Whitcomb Riley.

October 6, 1911.

1. In what way does this letter differ from all others in this section? Which letter is it most like?

2. Explain the reference to Tim Cratchit. Why is it a happy one here?

3. Make a list of Riley's poems with which you are familiar.

AMONG GREAT BOOKS

In Books lies the soul of the whole Past Time; the articulate, audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbors and arsenals, vast cities, high domed, many engined,— they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb, mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called up again into life.... All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

—Thomas Carlyle

THE LIGHTNING PILOT
(See opposite page)

THE LIGHTNING PILOT

By Mark Twain

Mark Twain's real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835–1910). His pen name, as may be gathered from this selection, came from a leadsman's call used in taking soundings on the Mississippi.

Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri, had a common-school education, and decided to become an expert compositor in a printing office. At the age of sixteen, however, he gave up printing and took up steamboat piloting—the profession that had appealed most to his boyish imagination. The Civil War put an end to steamboating on the Mississippi, and Clemens went West. There as a newspaper reporter he won a reputation for his ready humor and clean-cut exposition. Books, lectures, and travel abroad followed, till the name of Mark Twain came to be known and loved wherever literature is read. This extract from *Life on the Mississippi* dramatically portrays the river pilot at his best.

MY CHIEF was presently hired to go on a big New Orleans boat, and I packed my satchel and went with him. She was a grand affair. When I stood in her pilot house I was so far above the water that I seemed perched on a mountain; and her decks stretched so far away, fore and aft, below me, that I wondered how I could ever have considered the little *Paul Jones* a large craft.

There were other differences, too. The *Paul Jones* pilot house was a cheap, dingy, battered rattletrap, cramped for room; but here was a sumptuous glass temple; room enough to have a dance in; showy red-and-gold window curtains; an imposing sofa; leather cushions and a back to the high bench where visiting pilots sit to spin yarns

and "look at the river"; bright, fanciful "cuspidors" instead of a broad wooden box filled with sawdust; nice new oilcloth on the floor; a hospitable big stove for winter; a wheel as high as my head, costly with inlaid work; a wire tiller rope; bright brass knobs for the bells; and a tidy, white-aproned, black "texas tender," to bring up tarts and ices and coffee during midwatch, day and night.

Now this was "something like"; and so I began to take heart once more to believe that piloting was a romantic sort of occupation after all. The moment we were under way I began to prowl about the great steamer and fill myself with joy. She was as clean and as dainty as a drawing room; when I looked down her long, gilded saloon, it was like gazing through a splendid tunnel; she had an oil picture, by some gifted sign painter, on every stateroom door; she glittered with no end of prism-fringed chandeliers; the clerk's office was elegant, the bar was marvelous, and the barkeeper had been barbered and upholstered at incredible cost.

The boiler deck (*i.e.* the second story of the boat, so to speak) was as spacious as a church, it seemed to me; so with the forecastle; and there was no pitiful handful of deck hands, firemen, and roustabouts down there, but a whole battalion of men. The fires were fiercely glaring from a long row of furnaces, and over them were eight huge boilers! This was unutterable pomp. The mighty engines — but enough of this. I had never felt so fine before. And when I found that the regiment of natty servants respectfully "sir'd" me, my satisfaction was complete.

When I returned to the pilot house St. Louis was gone and I was lost. Here was a piece of river which was all

down in my book, but I could make neither head nor tail of it: you understand, it was turned around. I had seen it when coming upstream, but I had never faced about to see how it looked when it was behind me. My heart broke again, for it was plain that I had got to learn this troublesome river both ways.

The pilot house was full of pilots, going down to "look at the river." What is called the upper river (the two hundred miles between St. Louis and Cairo, where the Ohio comes in) was low; and the Mississippi changes its channel so constantly that the pilots used to always find it necessary to run down to Cairo to take a fresh look when their boats were to lie in port a week, that is, when the water was at a low stage.

A deal of this "looking at the river" was done by poor fellows who seldom had a berth, and whose only hope of getting one lay in being always freshly posted and therefore ready to drop into the shoes of some reputable pilot for a single trip, on account of such pilot's sudden illness or some other necessity. And a good many of them constantly ran up and down inspecting the river, not because they ever really hoped to get a berth, but because (they being guests of the boat) it was cheaper to "look at the river" than stay ashore and pay board.

In time these fellows grew dainty in their tastes, and only infested boats that had an established reputation for setting good tables. All visiting pilots were useful, for they were always ready and willing, winter or summer, night or day, to go out in the yawl and help buoy the channel or assist the boat's pilots in any way they could. They were likewise welcome because all pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only

about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.

We had a fine company of these river inspectors along, this trip. There were eight or ten; and there was abundance of room for them in our great pilot house. Two or three of them wore polished silk hats, elaborate shirt fronts, diamond breastpins, kid gloves, and patent-leather boots. They were choice in their English, and bore themselves with a dignity proper to men of solid means and prodigious reputation as pilots. The others were more or less loosely clad, and wore upon their heads tall felt cones that were suggestive of the days of the Commonwealth.

I was a cipher in this august company, and felt subdued, not to say torpid. I was not even of sufficient consequence to assist at the wheel when it was necessary to put the tiller hard down in a hurry; the guest that stood nearest did that when occasion required — and that was pretty much all the time — because of the crookedness of the channel and the scant water. I stood in a corner; and the talk I listened to took the hope all out of me. One visitor said to another:

"Jim, how did you run Plum Point, coming up?"

"It was in the night, there, and I ran it the way one of the boys on the *Diana* told me; started out about fifty yards above the woodpile on the false point, and held on the cabin under Plum Point till I raised the reef, — quarter less twain, — then straightened up for the middle bar till I got well abreast the old one-limbed cottonwood in the bend, then got my stern on the cottonwood and head on

the low place above the point, and came through a booming — nine and a half."

"Pretty square crossing, ain't it?"

"Yes, but the upper bar's working down fast."

Another pilot spoke up and said:

"I had better water than that, and ran it lower down; started out from the false point — mark twain — raised the second reef abreast the big snag in the bend, and had quarter less twain."

One of the gorgeous ones remarked:

"I don't want to find fault with your leadsmen, but that's a good deal of water for Plum Point, it seems to me."

There was an approving nod all around as this quiet snub dropped on the boaster and "settled" him. And so they went on talk-talking. Meantime, the thing that was running in my mind was: "Now if my ears hear aright, I have not only to get the names of all the towns and islands and bends, and so on, by heart, but I must even get up a warm personal acquaintanceship with every old snag and one-limbed cottonwood and obscure woodpile that ornaments the banks of this river for twelve hundred miles; and more than that, I must actually know where these things are in the dark, unless these guests are gifted with eyes that can pierce through two miles of solid blackness; I wish the piloting business was in Jericho and I had never thought of it."

At dusk Mr. Bixby tapped the big bell three times (the signal to land), and the captain emerged from his drawing room in the forward end of the texas and looked up inquiringly. Mr. Bixby said:

"We will lay up here all night, captain."

"Very well, sir."

That was all. The boat came to shore and was tied up for the night. It seemed to me a fine thing that the pilot could do as he pleased, without asking so grand a captain's permission. I took my supper and went immediately to bed, discouraged by my day's observations and experiences. My late voyage's "notebooking" was but a confusion of meaningless names. It had tangled me all up in a knot every time I had looked at it in the daytime. I now hoped for respite in sleep: but no, it reveled all through my head till sunrise, again a frantic and tireless nightmare.

Next morning, I felt pretty rusty and low-spirited. We went booming along, taking a good many chances, for we were anxious to "get out of the river" (as getting out to Cairo was called) before night should overtake us. But Mr. Bixby's partner, the other pilot, presently grounded the boat, and we lost so much time getting her off that it was plain the darkness would overtake us a good long way above the mouth. This was a great misfortune, especially to certain of our visiting pilots, whose boats would have to wait for their return, no matter how long that might be. It sobered the pilot-house talk a good deal. Coming upstream, pilots did not mind low water or any kind of darkness; nothing stopped them but fog. But downstream work was different; a boat was too nearly helpless, with a stiff current pushing behind her; so it was not customary to run downstream at night in low water.

There seemed to be one small hope, however; if we could get through the intricate and dangerous Hat Island crossing before night, we could venture the rest, for we would have plainer sailing and better water. But it would

be insanity to attempt Hat Island at night. So there was a deal of looking at watches all the rest of the day, and a constant ciphering upon the speed we were making; Hat Island was the eternal subject; sometimes hope was high, and sometimes we were delayed in a bad crossing and down it went again.

For hours all hands lay under the burden of this suppressed excitement; it was even communicated to me, and I got to feeling so solicitous about Hat Island, and under such an awful pressure of responsibility, that I wished I might have five minutes on shore to draw a good, full, relieving breath, and start over again. We were standing no regular watches. Each of our pilots ran such portions of the river as he had run when coming upstream, because of his greater familiarity with it; but both remained in the pilot house constantly.

An hour before sunset, Mr. Bixby took the wheel and Mr. W— stepped aside. For the next thirty minutes every man held his watch in his hand and was restless, silent, and uneasy. At last somebody said, with a doomful sigh, —

"Well, yonder's Hat Island — and we can't make it."

All the watches closed with a snap, everybody sighed and muttered something about its being "Too bad, too bad — oh, if we could only have got here half an hour sooner!" and the place was thick with the atmosphere of disappointment. Some started to go out, but loitered, hearing no bell tap to land. The sun dipped behind the horizon, the boat went on.

Inquiring looks passed from one guest to another; and one who had his hand on the door knob and had turned it, waited, then presently took away his hand and let the

knob turn back again. We bore steadily down the bend. More looks were exchanged, and nods of surprised admiration — but no words. Insensibly the men drew together behind Mr. Bixby, as the sky darkened and one or two dim stars came out.

The dead silence and sense of waiting became oppressive. Mr. Bixby pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the big bell floated off on the night. Then a pause, and one more note was struck. The watchman's voice followed, from the hurricane deck:

"Labboard lead, there! Stabboard lead!"

The cries of the leadsmen began to rise out of the distance, and were gruffly repeated by the word passers on the hurricane deck.

"M-a-r-k three! . . . M-a-r-k three! . . . Quarter less three! . . . Half twain! . . . Quarter twain! . . . M-a-r-k twain! . . . Quarter less —"

Mr. Bixby pulled two bell ropes, and was answered by faint jinglings far below in the engine room, and our speed slackened. The steam began to whistle through the gauge cocks. The cries of the leadsmen went on — and it is a weird sound, always, in the night. Every pilot in the lot was watching now, with fixed eyes, and talking under his breath. Nobody was calm and easy but Mr. Bixby. He would put his wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as the steamer swung into her (to me) utterly invisible marks — for we seemed to be in the midst of a wide and gloomy sea — he would meet and fasten her there. Out of the murmur of half-audible talk, one caught a coherent sentence now and then, such as:

"There; she's over the first reef all right!"

After a pause, another subdued voice:

"Her stern's coming down just exactly right, by George!"

"Now she's in the marks; over she goes!"

Somebody else muttered:

"Oh, it was done beautiful — beautiful!"

Now the engines were stopped altogether, and we drifted with the current. Not that I could see the boat drift, for I could not, the stars being all gone by this time. This drifting was the dismalest work; it held one's heart still. Presently I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us. It was the head of the island. We were closing right down upon it. We entered its deeper shadow, and so imminent seemed the peril that I was likely to suffocate; and I had the strongest impulse to do something, anything, to save the vessel. But still Mr. Bixby stood by his wheel, silent, intent as a cat, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back.

"She'll not make it!" somebody whispered.

The water grew shoaler and shoaler, by the leadsman's cries, till it was down to "Eight and a half! . . . E-i-g-h-t feet! . . . E-i-g-h-t feet! . . . Seven and —"

Mr. Bixby said warningly through his speaking tube to the engineer:

"Stand by, now!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Seven and a half! Seven feet! Six and —"

We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. Bixby set a lot of bells ringing, shouted through the tube, "Now, let her have it — every ounce you've got!" Then to his partner, "Put her hard down! snatch her! snatch her!"

The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex of disaster a single tremendous instant, and then over she went! And such a shout as

went up at Mr. Bixby's back never loosened the roof of a pilot house before!

There was no more trouble after that. Mr. Bixby was a hero that night; and it was some little time, too, before his exploit ceased to be talked about by rivermen.

Fully to realize the marvelous precision required in laying the great steamer in her marks in that murky waste of water, one should know that not only must she pick her intricate way through snags and blind reefs, and then shave the head of the island so closely as to brush the overhanging foliage with her stern, but at one place she must pass almost within arm's reach of a sunken and invisible wreck that would snatch the hull timbers from under her if she should strike it, and destroy a quarter of a million dollars' worth of steamboat and cargo in five minutes, and maybe a hundred and fifty human lives into the bargain.

The last remark I heard that night was a compliment to Mr. Bixby uttered in soliloquy and with unction by one of our guests. He said:

"By the shadow of Death, but he's a lightning pilot!"

—*Life on the Mississippi.*

1. What was the pilot's duty on a steamboat? Which was the superior officer—captain or pilot? Who were the "inspecting" pilots?

2. Describe the new boat and life aboard it. Try to get some of Twain's humor in your description.

3. What is the exciting incident related? Who is the hero? What part does the cub pilot play in the incident? Read aloud the paragraphs that portray the action at its highest point.

4. Explain: imposing, roustabout, reputable, yawl, prodigious, torpid, texas, weird, imminent, unction.

5. Other books of Mark Twain's that you should read: *Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, Roughing It.*

WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING

The Book of Job, from which this chapter is taken, is one of the poetical books of the Bible. It is really a dramatic poem, with a prose introduction and conclusion. Job had been rich and prosperous; but suddenly wealth, family, and health were snatched from him. Notwithstanding his suffering and deprivation, Job came to a full appreciation of the necessity of accepting his lot graciously; of playing the man, without complaining; of bowing down to a wisdom beyond his own.

This selection is a part of Job's speech to his friends. In it he sets forth his faith in the wisdom and justice of God; tells where they are not to be found; and defines wisdom and understanding.

SURELY there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it.

Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone.

He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection: the stones of darkness, and the shadow of death.

The flood breaketh out from the inhabitants; even the waters forgotten of the foot: they are dried up, they are gone away from men.

As for the earth, out of it cometh bread: and under it is turned up as it were fire.

The stones of it are the place of sapphires: and it hath dust of gold.

There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen:

The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.

He putteth forth his hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots.

He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing.

He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and the things that is hid bringeth he forth to light.

But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven:

To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder:

Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

— *The Bible: Job, xxviii.*

1. In what part of the Bible is the Book of Job to be found? What is meant by the *Old Testament?* The *New Testament?* Who are some of the authors of each?

2. What elements of poetry are present in the selection? Does it lack any elements, in your opinion? If so, what?

3. What is the purpose of the first twenty-four lines of the selection? What does the remainder contribute?

4. Take the reading passage by passage and interpret it.

5. What animals are mentioned? What minerals? What precious stones? What is the purpose of referring to any of these things?

6. What is understanding? What is wisdom?

7. Make a short list of interesting readings from the Bible and tell which one you prefer.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

By Miguel de Cervantes

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616) was born at Alcalá in Spain. He went to Italy as a soldier and on his way home was captured by pirates and kept five years a prisoner in Algiers. After his return he married, got a small government office, and began writing.

The Adventures of Don Quixote (kwĭk'sōt), one of the great books of the world, was written to poke fun at the long tales of impossible adventure with knights, giants, and enchanters, then very popular.

Don Quixote was a tall, thin, middle-aged gentleman in reduced circumstances, who lived in a country village. He read books of knight-errantry until he came to fancy that the world was really such a place as they described. At last he polished up his great-grandfather's armor, mending the helmet with pasteboard and string; mounted his old farm horse, which he now called by the romantic name of Rozinante; persuaded a fat farmer named Sancho Panza to come with him as his squire; and set off along the country roads seeking adventure. This extract relates their first encounter.

AS DON QUIXOTE and his squire were riding along and talking of the adventures they were to have and the conquests they were to make, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills which are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them he said to his squire: "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired. Look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay; and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves, for it is lawful war and doing God good service to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some giants are wont to have arms almost two leagues in length."

"Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants but windmills. And what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go."

"It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat."

So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills and not giants. But he was so fully possessed with the notion that they were giants that he neither heard the outcries of his squire, Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on, crying out aloud, "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs, for it is a single knight who assaults you!" The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move; upon which Don Quixote called out, "Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it!"

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady, Dulcinea, and beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop and attacked the first mill before him. The fury of his onslaught drove his lance into the sail, which the wind whirled about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after

it and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as the donkey could carry him; and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in their fall.

"God save me!" cried Sancho. "Did I not warn you, sir, to have a care what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. For now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the magician Freston, who stole away my study and my books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me. But his wicked arts will avail but little against my sword."

"God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza. Then, helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

Conversing upon the late adventure they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice; because there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was much frequented. He was, however, much concerned at the loss of his lance.

"I remember having read that a certain Spanish knight, having broken his sword in battle, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was ever afterwards called 'The Bruiser.' I speak of this now, because from the first oak we meet I mean to tear a limb at least as good as that; and with that limb I purpose and resolve to perform such feats that

thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate in having been thought worthy to behold them."

"Heaven's will be done!" quoth Sancho. "I believe it all, just as you say, sir. But pray set yourself more upright in your saddle, for you seem to me to be riding sideling — owing, very likely, to the bruises from your fall."

"It is certainly so," said Don Quixote, "and if I do not complain of the pain it is because no knight-errant is allowed to complain of any wound whatever."

"If so, I have nothing more to say," quoth Sancho, "but, all the same, I should be glad to have your worship complain when anything ails you. And for my own part, I shall always take care to complain of the least pain I feel — unless, indeed, this business of not complaining extend also to the squires of knights-errant?"

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him that he might complain whenever he pleased, for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

— *Adventures of Don Quixote.*

1. The interest of *Don Quixote* is in the absurd scrapes the hero gets into through his makebelieve; the lifelike sketches of the people of the time whom he meets in his wanderings; and the contrasting characters of the knight and his squire. Which of these do you find illustrated in this extract?

2. Look up "quixotic" in the dictionary. What is the origin of the word? Exactly what does it mean? Explain by an example. Look up the origin of "vulcanize," "macadamize," "gasconade."

3. Explain: Don, Briareus, setting his lance in the rest, metamorphosed, Moors, knight-errant.

4. Hoping to cure him of his foolish ideas, Don Quixote's friends had burned all his books of knight-errantry. What did he think had happened to them? Why could Sancho not convince him that the windmills were real?

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

By Sir Walter Scott

King James IV of Scotland, at the behest of France, made war on England, to whose throne Henry VIII had recently succeeded. On Flodden Field the Scottish army under James and the English army under Surrey met, and the Scots were completely defeated. The narrative poem, *Marmion*, is a tale of the times of James IV, with Flodden Field as the climax. Marmion is a fictitious ambassador from the English to the Scottish court, sent to find out the reasons for the Scottish call to arms. On his return trip to join the English army he is assigned to Douglas's castle for entertainment. Douglas, knowing something of Marmion's private life, treats his guest coldly. The following stirring episode results.

Read the selection aloud to get the thrill of the challenges that Marmion and Douglas hurl at each other.

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said.
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? —
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms, — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

— *Marmion.*

1. What is the historical situation upon which *Marmion* is built?

2. Relate in your own words what happens between Marmion and Douglas. Describe the character of each man.

3. You will be interested to know that Marmion was slain on Flodden Field, in the hour of English victory. The whole of the poem can be read in an evening. If you have the opportunity, read the entire poem and tell its story briefly to the class.

4. Other books of Scott that you will enjoy are *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth.*

FIRST DAYS AT WAKEFIELD

By Oliver Goldsmith

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774) was the son of a poor clergyman in Ireland. After his graduation from Trinity College, Dublin, Oliver first tried the study of medicine, then traveled on the Continent, and finally settled in London to write. Two of his poems, *The Traveler* and *The Deserted Village*, were very successful. His best play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, is still acted. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, from which this extract is taken, was the best novel of his time, and still holds a high place in literature because of its ease and grace of narrative, its touches of humor, and the simplicity and kindliness of its characters. The story is told by the Vicar himself (perhaps modeled on the author's father), who had lost his small fortune and has settled in the village of Wakefield where he can eke out his living by farming.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue.

They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve.

Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, I having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty.

My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, — one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, and the third with two beds for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner. By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony — for I always thought fit to keep up

some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship — we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day.

This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal and an hour for dinner, which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation.

The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lesson of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behavior served to

mortify me; I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendor; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind and rustling at every motion.

I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now."

"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."

"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."

"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness but frippery. These rufflings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich,

if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

— *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

1. Describe (*a*) the village people; (*b*) the Vicar's house and farm; (*c*) the daily routine of the family; (*d*) their visitors.

2. With which of the festivals mentioned are you familiar? Look up the others. What other customs for these days do you know? What other days have special customs associated with them?

3. What would be done nowadays to welcome a new minister to a country village? What are a pipe and a tabor?

4. Describe the events of the first Sunday in Wakefield. What do you think of the girls and their mother? Was the Vicar right?

5. What do you gather from the story about the character of the Vicar? Read extracts to illustrate what you say.

6. Find a picture of a lady of Washington's time or a little earlier; then you will see what the Vicar meant by his lecture on dress.

7. Do you think you would like to live in a household like the Vicar's? Why or why not?

8. Explain: tilled, opulence, superfluity, primeval, frugal, temperance, wrought, festivals, apprised, prattling, predecessor, hedgerows, inexpressible, thatch, coppers, scoured, republic, apartment, mechanical, philosophical, sumptuary edicts, bugles, catgut, paduasoy, mortify, pomatum, their faces patched to taste, exigence, frippery, indigent, curtailing.

9. Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, R. B. Sheridan, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were all friends of Goldsmith. Tell what each of these names stands for.

D'ARTAGNAN

By Alexandre Dumas

Alexandre Dumas (1802–1870) is one of the great French novelists, and his romances have been read all over the world. He planned to relate the history of France in a series of historical novels, and actually wrote about one hundred volumes of them. Some of these rank among the best stories of romantic adventure in all literature, with their splendid noblemen, brave soldiers, and beautiful ladies who go from one exciting intrigue and dashing adventure to another. The history is not always accurate, but it is always interesting.

The best-known of Dumas' stories are *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers*. The following selection from the latter shows D'Artagnan (där-tä-nyän), one of the most famous adventurers of literature, setting out to seek his fortune. His ambition to become a Musketeer of the King was realized after many perils, which he shared with three of the Musketeers whom he met in Paris.

A YOUNG man — his portrait can be sketched at a stroke. Picture an eighteen-year-old Don Quixote; a Don Quixote minus his corselet, his coat of mail, his cuisses; one clothed in a doublet of wool, whose blue color has degenerated into an unnamed hue somewhere between wine dregs and blue of heaven; long, brown face; high cheek bones, denoting sagacity; the abnormal maxillary development by which a Gascon may always be recognized, even when not wearing a cap — and this young man wore a cap in which was stuck a sort of feather; an open, intelligent eye; an aquiline but well-chiseled nose. The subject of our portrait was, as to age, too grown for a youth, yet not sufficiently grown for a man. Except for his sword,

he might have been taken for a farmer's son on a journey; but from his leathern baldric there swung a long sword, which struck the calf of his leg when he walked and hit against the side of his horse when he rode.

Yes, our young man rode a steed, the cynosure of all eyes. It was a Béarn pony, twelve to fourteen years of age, hide yellow, tail entirely hairless, windgalls on his legs. This horse required no martingale, as he traveled with head lower than his knees, in spite of which he covered his eight leagues daily. Unfortunately, the virtues of this steed were so completely hidden under his extraordinary yellow hide and his peculiar gait, that although at the period of which we write everybody was a judge of horseflesh, his appearance at Meung produced an antagonistic attitude which included the rider as well.

And young D'Artagnan (the name of the Don Quixote of this second Rozinante) was all the more painfully aware of this unfavorable impression because he was forced to admit the absurd appearance which he made with his steed, in spite of his good horsemanship. He had therefore, when receiving the pony as a gift from M. d'Artagnan, his father, sighed sadly. He was aware that the animal was worth at least twenty livres, and the words accompanying the gift were priceless.

"My son," the old Gascon gentlemen had said, in that Béarn patois which clung to Henri IV to the end, "my son, about thirteen years ago this horse was born in the house of your father; it has been with us ever since, for which you ought to love it. Never sell it; permit it to die in peace and honor, of old age, and if you should go through a campaign with it, treat it with the care you would bestow on an old servant. If ever you have the honor to go to court,

an honor to which your ancient nobility entitles you, uphold worthily your name of *gentleman*, which for five hundred years your ancestors have sustained unblemished — do this for your own sake as well as for the sake of those who belong to you, your relatives and friends. Submit to nothing from anyone except Monsieur the Cardinal and the king. Note well that nowadays a gentleman can make his way by his courage — by his courage alone. A second's hesitation may lose you the chance that Providence holds out to you. You are young. You have two reasons for being brave: the first, you are a Gascon; the second, you are my son. Seek adventures, and fear no quarrels. I have taught you the handling of the sword; you have muscles of iron, a wrist of steel. Fight on every occasion. Duels being forbidden, fight them all the more, since thus they require twice as much courage. All I have to give you, my son, is fifteen crowns, my horse, and the counsels I have just uttered. To these, your mother will add a recipe for a particular balsam, which she got from a Bohemian; this balsam has the miraculous virtue of curing all wounds that do not attain the heart. Profit by all of this, and you will live long and happily.

"There is one word I wish to add and that is to suggest an example to you — not myself, for I have never appeared at court and have fought in religious wars only, as a volunteer; but I refer to M. de Tréville, formerly my neighbor, and who, as a child, had the honor to be the playmate of Louis XIII, our king, whom God preserve! Their childish play sometimes developed into battles, and the king was not always the victor, which greatly augmented his esteem and friendship for M. de Tréville. Later, M. de Tréville had other fights; five in his first journey to Paris; between

the death of the late king and the becoming of age of the new one, he had seven fights, besides engaging in wars and sieges; and from that time till the present day, probably one hundred! So now, in spite of laws and ordinances and edicts, he is captain of the Musketeers; in other words, head of a legion of Cæsars, greatly esteemed by the king, and dreaded by the Cardinal, who, it is said, dreads nothing. Furthermore, M. de Tréville makes ten thousand crowns a year and is therefore a great noble.

"M. de Tréville began as you are beginning. Take this letter to him; and make him your example so that you may follow in his footsteps."

M. d'Artagnan then girded his sword round his son, kissed him tenderly on both cheeks, and gave him his blessing.

After leaving M. d'Artagnan the elder, our young man sought his mother, who awaited him with the miraculous balsam, of which he would have ample need if he followed the counsels just given him by his father. In this case the farewells were more extended and more tender, — not that the father did not love this his only son, but being a man he deemed it unworthy his sex to express his feelings; but Madame d'Artagnan was a woman and a mother. She wept freely, and be it said to the honor of her young son, that notwithstanding all his efforts to remain unmoved, as became a prospective Musketeer, he gave way to his feelings and shed many tears, only half of which he managed to conceal.

And on that same day our young man set out on his journey, armed with the three paternal gifts — consisting, as we know, of fifteen crowns, a horse, and a letter to M. de Tréville — to say nothing of the paternal counsels.

With this *vade mecum* D'Artagnan was a perfect replica of Don Quixote, physically and morally. The latter mistook windmills for giants and sheep for armies; our D'Artagnan considered every smile an offense and every glance a provocation — with the result that on the road from Tarbes to Meung he was incessantly doubling his fist or reaching for his sword; however, the fist did not come in contact with any jaw, nor did the sword emerge from its scabbard. To be sure the singular pony caused many a smile on the faces of the spectators, but as a sword of decided length hung from his side, and as this was supplemented by a ferocious eye gleaming above, all signs of amusement were carefully smothered, or where hilarity became irrepressible, it was expressed, as on the masks of the ancients, on one side only. Therefore, D'Artagnan, in majestic and unsullied dignity, arrived at this ill-omened city of Meung.

Here, however, as he was dismounting at the gate of *The Merry Miller*, with no one, neither host, hostler, nor waiter, offering to hold his stirrup, our hero beheld through an open window on the ground floor of the inn a well-made gentleman of good bearing though of stern visage, whose conversation was receiving the respectful attention of his listeners. As usual, D'Artagnan assumed that he was the topic of conversation, and listened. And he was only partially mistaken this time; if he was not the subject, his horse was. The gentleman who was speaking seemed to be enumerating all the pony's qualities; and as his audience regarded him with all deference, they received his account with frequent bursts of laughter. Now, as a mere smile was quite sufficient to rouse the pugnacity of the young man, the ire awakened in him by this hilarity can be imagined.

However, D'Artagnan wished first to note the appearance of this offensive personage who ridiculed him. Fixing his proud gaze upon the gentleman, he observed him to be between forty and forty-five years of age, with piercing black eyes, pallid complexion, a strong nose, and shapely black mustache. He wore violet-colored doublet and hose, with aiguillettes to match, ornamented only by the slashes then in fashion, through which the shirt was seen. Although evidently new, the doublet and hose were creased, as if they had been packed for a long time in traveling. All these details D'Artagnan grasped instantaneously, in the manner of a keen observer, and probably from an intuitive belief that this stranger was to have a great influence over his life.

Just at the moment when D'Artagnan was fixing his eye upon the unknown in the violet doublet, the latter made a particularly striking comment on the poor Béarnese pony, and not only did his two auditors burst into louder laughter than previously, but he himself permitted a pale smile (if such an expression is permissible) to appear upon his countenance — an unusual occurrence. Doubt was impossible; D'Artagnan was being insulted. Thoroughly convinced, he drew his cap down over his eyes, and imitating certain court manners which he had picked up from traveling noblemen in Gascony, he placed one hand on the hilt of his sword and the other on his hip, and advanced. As he approached, his fury increased at each step, so that in place of the dignified and proud speech he had planned to make as an introduction to his challenge, he was able to utter only a common personality aggravated by his furious gestures.

"Say, you, sir, concealing yourself there behind the

shutter — tell me what is amusing you and we shall laugh together!"

Slowly the gentleman shifted his gaze from the steed to its cavalier, as if he must have time to determine if such strange words could really have been addressed to him; when doubt was quite impossible, he lowered his eyebrows slightly and said to D'Artagnan in a tone of indescribable sarcasm and insolence, "I was not speaking to you."

"But I am speaking to you!" replied the young man, increasingly infuriated by this exhibition of insolence and manners, irony and poise.

The stranger looked at D'Artagnan with a slight smile, and disappearing from the window, he came out of the hostelry very deliberately, stationing himself before the horse, two paces from D'Artagnan. His auditors, who remained at the window, were doubly amused by the calm manner and ironical expression of the unknown.

As he advanced, D'Artagnan drew his sword a foot from its scabbard.

"Decidedly, this animal is, or was in his youth, a buttercup," continued the stranger, resuming the conversation he had begun, and addressing the persons at the window, without paying the slightest attention to the fury of D'Artagnan, who stepped between him and them. "This color is quite common in botany, but up to the present time has been considered very rare among horses."

"There are those who ridicule the horse that would not dare laugh at the master," cried the young disciple of the renowned Tréville.

"As you may observe from my countenance," replied the unknown, "I do not laugh frequently; but I do reserve the privilege of laughing when I please."

"As for me," cried D'Artagnan, "I permit no man to laugh when it displeases me."

"Indeed," said the unknown, more quietly than ever; "quite so!" and turning on his heel, was about to reënter the hostelry by the great gate, at which D'Artagnan, upon his arrival, had seen a saddled horse.

But D'Artagnan was not the man to permit the escape of one who had had the temerity to laugh at him. He drew his sword out entirely, and following the stranger, cried, "Turn about, Master Jester, or I shall strike you from behind!"

"Strike me!" said the other, turning, and regarding the young man with surprise and contempt. "Why, my good fellow, you must be mad!" Then, in an undertone, as if speaking to himself, "How annoying! But what a treasure he would be for His Majesty, who is seeking everywhere for recruits for his brave Musketeers!"

Scarcely had he finished these words when D'Artagnan made such a furious thrust at him that if he had not sprung back promptly, he probably would never have jested again. Seeing now that the matter had gone beyond a joke, the unknown drew his sword, saluted his opponent, and seriously placed himself on guard. Just then his two auditors of the window, with the host, attacked D'Artagnan with sticks, shovels, and tongs, thus making such a complete change in the attack that while D'Artagnan met this new assault the unknown sheathed his sword with the same calm deliberateness and changed from an actor into a spectator of the fight — playing this rôle with his customary imperturbability; muttering, however, "A plague on these Gascons! Put him on his orange horse and let him be off!"

"Not before I have killed you, coward!" shouted

D'Artagnan, making the best of his position and refusing to retreat before his three assailants, who still showered blows upon him.

"Another gasconade!" said the gentleman. "Upon my word, these Gascons are incorrigible! Go on, then, if you prefer. When he is exhausted, perhaps he will say he has had enough."

Which shows that the unknown did not know the temper of his man; D'Artagnan would never ask for quarter. So the fight continued a few seconds longer, but at length D'Artagnan's sword, broken in half by a blow from a stick, fell. At the same time, another blow full on the forehead of the young man forced him to the ground, covered with blood and fainting.

From all quarters the people now came flocking to the scene of action. The host, fearing consequences, carried the wounded man to the kitchen, where he received some slight care.

Returning to his place at the window, the unknown surveyed the crowd, who to his evident annoyance refused to disperse.

Hearing the host return from the kitchen, the stranger demanded, "And how is this madman?"

"Your Excellency is safe and sound?" asked the host.

"Oh, yes! perfectly, my good man; but I should like to know what has happened to our young madcap."

"He is recovering," said the host; "he fainted away, but before he lost consciousness he gathered all his strength to challenge and defy you."

"Why he must be the Devil himself," exclaimed the unknown.

"Oh, no, Your Excellency, he is not the Devil," replied

the host with a contemptuous grin; "while he lay there, we went through his valise and found only a clean shirt and twelve crowns — in spite of which he said, while fainting, that if this had happened in Paris, you would have been made to repent it immediately, whereas here your repentance would have to come at a later time."

The unknown said calmly to this, "Then he must be a prince in disguise. Did he name no one in his excitement?"

"Yes; he put his hand to his pocket and said, 'We shall see what M. de Tréville has to say to this insult to a *protégé* of his.'"

"M. de Tréville?" said the unknown. "Now, my dear host, surely while our young man was unconscious you did not fail to learn what that pocket contained."

"There was a letter addressed to M. de Tréville, captain of the Musketeers."

"Indeed!"

The host, not a very observant person, did not note the effect which his words had on the countenance of the unknown, who, knitting his brows like a man in perplexity, now rose from the front of the window.

"*Diable!*" he muttered. "Can Tréville have set this Gascon youth upon me? To be sure he is quite young, but a sword thrust is a sword thrust, and a youth would rouse less suspicion than an older assailant. A slight obstacle will sometimes overthrow a great plan." And he fell into a long reverie.

"Host," said he at last, "can you not manage to get rid of this wild boy for me? I cannot, in conscience, kill him; and yet," this with a menacing frown, "he annoys me. Respectable people cannot put up with a disturbance like this in a hostelry. Make out my bill and call my servant."

"What, Your Excellency, you are leaving so soon?"

"You know very well I am; did I not order my horse saddled? Have I not been obeyed?"

"It is done; your horse is in the great gateway, ready for your departure, as Your Excellency may have observed."

"Very well; do as I have ordered, then."

"Well!" said the host to himself. "Is it possible he fears the boy?"

— *The Three Musketeers.*

1. Describe D'Artaghan and his horse. Look up Don Quixote (page 150) to help out details and to get a hint at his character.

2. What directions did his father give D'Artagnan about the pony? What did the rest of his advice amount to? What seems to have been the most important accomplishment of gentlemen of that day? On page 113 you will find the advice of another father to his son. Lord Chesterfield came about a hundred years later than D'Artagnan. What change do you notice in the tone of the advice?

3. What happened at Meung? Describe the stranger. What do you think of him? The traveler was really Richelieu, the great cardinal, a man with more influence in France than the king. M. de Tréville belonged to the party opposed to this great statesman. What did Richelieu suspect when he heard that D'Artagnan had mentioned his enemy? What did he ask the host to do? What did he do himself? What circumstances about him make you think as you read that he is more than an ordinary traveler? Later in the story D'Artagnan became involved in intrigues in opposition to the Cardinal; but the Cardinal made him an officer of the Musketeers. What hint of this are you given?

4. Gascony, of which Béarn is a district, was an old province of the southwest of France. Define "gasconade"; compare "quixotic."

5. Explain: corselet, coat-of mail, cuisses, doublet, abnormal maxillary development, aquiline, baldric, cynosure, martingale, Rozinante, livres, balsam, Bohemian, virtue, augmented, Cæsars, *vade mecum*, replica, hilarity, ill omened, aiguillettes, auditors, ironical, temerity, servitors, tongs, rôle, incorrigible, *protégé*, hostelry.

THE SCHOOL IN AN UPROAR

By Charles Dickens

David Copperfield, as a child, was sent away to a boy's boarding school, largely because his stepfather and his stepfather's sister wished to be rid of him. This particular school was in charge of a Mr. Creakle, an ignorant and violent man whose chief interest was in the profits derived from the institution. The teaching was delegated to subordinates, among whom was Mr. Mell, a gentle-mannered man whose poverty had forced him to place his mother in a charity home. The most prominent character in the school at this time was James Steerforth, an older pupil and a natural leader among the boys. This selection is remarkable for its presentation of a dramatic situation and its clear-cut character drawing.

ONE day when Mr. Creakle kept the house from indisposition, which naturally diffused a lively joy through the school, there was a good deal of noise in the course of the morning's work. The great relief and satisfaction experienced by the boys made them difficult to manage; and though the dreaded Tungay brought his wooden leg in twice or thrice and took notes of the principal offenders' names, no great impression was made by it, as they were pretty sure of getting into trouble to-morrow, do what they would, and thought it wise, no doubt, to enjoy themselves to-day.

It was properly a half holiday, being Saturday. But as the noise in the playground would have disturbed Mr. Creakle and the weather was not favorable for going out walking, we were ordered into school in the afternoon and set some lighter tasks than usual, which were made for the

occasion. It was the day of the week on which Mr. Sharp went out to get his wig curled; so Mr. Mell, who always did the drudgery, whatever it was, kept school by himself.

If I could associate the idea of a bull or a bear with anyone so mild as Mr. Mell, I should think of him in connection with that afternoon, when the uproar was at its height, as of one of those animals baited by a thousand dogs. I recall him bending his aching head, supported on his bony hand, over the book on his desk, and wretchedly endeavoring to get on with his tiresome work amidst an uproar that might have made the Speaker of the House of Commons giddy. Boys started in and out of their places, playing at puss in the corner with other boys; there were laughing boys, singing boys, talking boys, dancing boys, howling boys; boys shuffled with their feet, boys whirled about him, grinning, making faces, mimicking him behind his back and before his eyes; mimicking his poverty, his boots, his coat, his mother, everything belonging to him that they should have had consideration for.

"Silence!" cried Mr. Mell, suddenly rising up and striking his desk with the book. "What does this mean? It's impossible to bear it. It's maddening. How can you do it to me, boys?"

It was my book that he struck his desk with; and as I stood beside him, following his eye as it glanced round the room, I saw the boys all stop, some suddenly surprised, some half afraid, and some sorry perhaps.

Steerforth's place was at the bottom of the school, at the opposite end of the long room. He was lounging with his back against the wall and his hands in his pockets, and looked at Mr. Mell with his mouth shut up as if he were whistling, when Mr. Mell looked at him.

"Silence, Mr. Steerforth!" said Mr. Mell.

"Silence, yourself," said Steerforth, turning red. "Whom are you talking to?"

"Sit down!" said Mr. Mell.

"Sit down yourself," said Steerforth, "and mind your business."

There was a titter and some applause; but Mr. Mell was so white that silence immediately succeeded: and one boy, who had darted out behind him to imitate his mother again, changed his mind and pretended to want a pen mended.

"If you think, Steerforth," said Mr. Mell, "that I am not acquainted with the power you can establish over any mind here," he laid his hand, without considering what he did (as I supposed), upon my head, "or that I have not observed you, within a few minutes, urging your juniors on to every sort of outrage against me, you are mistaken."

"I don't give myself the trouble of thinking at all about you," said Steerforth coolly; "so I'm not mistaken as it happens."

"And when you make use of your position of favoritism here, sir," pursued Mr. Mell, with his lips trembling very much, "to insult a gentleman —"

"A what? Where is he?" said Steerforth.

Here somebody cried out, "Shame, J. Steerforth! Too bad!" It was Traddles; whom Mr. Mell instantly discomfited by bidding him hold his tongue.

"To insult one who is not fortunate in life, sir, and who never gave you the least offense, and the many reasons for not insulting whom you are old enough and wise enough to understand," said Mr. Mell, with his lip trembling more and more, "you commit a mean and base action. You

can sit down or stand up as you please, sir. Copperfield, go on."

"Young Copperfield," said Steerforth, coming forward up the room, "stop a bit. I tell you what, Mr. Mell, once for all. When you take the liberty of calling me mean or base or anything of that sort, you are an impudent beggar. You are always a beggar, you know; but when you do that, you are an impudent beggar."

I am not clear whether he was going to strike Mr. Mell or Mr. Mell was going to strike him or there was any such intention on either side. I saw a rigidity come upon the whole school as if they had been turned into stone, and found Mr. Creakle in the midst of us, with Tungay at his side, and Mrs. and Miss Creakle looking in at the door as if they were frightened. Mr. Mell, with his elbows on his desk and his face in his hands, sat for some moments quite still.

"Mr. Mell," said Mr. Creakle, shaking him by the arm — and his whisper was so audible now, that Tungay felt it unnecessary to repeat his words — "you have not forgotten yourself, I hope?"

"No, sir, no," returned the master, showing his face, and shaking his head and rubbing his hands in great agitation. "No, sir, no. I have remembered myself. I — no, Mr. Creakle, I have not forgotten myself, I — I have remembered myself, sir. I — I could wish you had remembered me a little sooner, Mr. Creakle. It — it would have been more kind, sir, more just, sir. It would have saved me something, sir."

Mr. Creakle, looking hard at Mr. Mell, put his hand on Tungay's shoulder and got his feet upon the form close by and sat upon the desk. After still looking hard at Mr. Mell

from this throne, as he shook his head and rubbed his hands and remained in the same state of agitation, Mr. Creakle turned to Steerforth, and said:

"Now, sir, as he don't condescend to tell me, what is this?"

Steerforth evaded the question for a little while, looking in scorn and anger on his opponent, and remaining silent. I could not help thinking even in that interval, I remember, what a noble fellow he was in appearance, and how homely and plain Mr. Mell looked opposed to him.

"What did he mean by talking about favorites, then?" said Steerforth at length.

"Favorites?" repeated Mr. Creakle, with the veins in his forehead swelling quickly. "Who talked about favorites?"

"He did," said Steerforth.

"And pray, what did you mean by that, sir?" demanded Mr. Creakle, turning angrily on his assistant.

"I meant, Mr. Creakle," he returned in a low voice, "as I said; that no pupil had a right to avail himself of his position of favoritism to degrade me."

"To degrade you?" said Mr. Creakle. "My stars! But give me leave to ask you, Mr. What's-your-name," and here Mr. Creakle folded his arms, cane and all, upon his chest, and made such a knot of his brows that his little eyes were hardly visible below them, "whether, when you talked about favorites, you showed proper respect to me? To me, sir," said Mr. Creakle, darting his head at him suddenly and drawing it back again, "the principal of this establishment, and your employer."

"It was not judicious, sir, I am willing to admit," said

Mr. Mell. "I should not have done so, if I had been cool."

Here Steerforth struck in:

"Then he said I was mean, and then he said I was base, and then I called him a beggar. If I had been cool, perhaps I shouldn't have called him a beggar. But I did and I am ready to take the consequences of it."

Without considering, perhaps, whether there were any consequences to be taken, I felt quite in a glow at this gallant speech. It made an impression on the boys, too, for there was a low stir among them, though no one spoke a word.

"I am surprised, Steerforth — although your candor does you honor," said Mr. Creakle, "does you honor, certainly — I am surprised, Steerforth, I must say, that you should attach such an epithet to any person employed and paid in Salem House, sir."

Steerforth gave a short laugh.

"That's not an answer, sir," said Mr. Creakle, "to my remark. I expect more than that from you, Steerforth."

If Mr. Mell looked homely, in my eyes, before the handsome boy, it would be quite impossible to say how homely Mr. Creakle looked.

"Let him deny it," said Steerforth.

"Deny that he is a beggar, Steerforth?" cried Mr. Creakle. "Why where does he go a begging?"

"If he is not a beggar himself, his near relation's one," said Steerforth. "It's all the same."

He glanced at me, and Mr. Mell's hand gently patted me upon the shoulder. I looked up with a flush upon my face and remorse in my heart, but Mr. Mell's eyes were fixed on Steerforth. He continued to pat me kindly on the shoulder, but he looked at him.

"Since you expect me, Mr. Creakle, to justify myself," said Steerforth, "and to say what I mean — what I have to say is that his mother lives on charity in an almshouse."

Mr. Mell still looked at him and still patted me kindly on the shoulder and said to himself in a whisper, if I heard right, "Yes, I thought so."

Mr. Creakle turned to his assistant with a severe frown and labored politeness:

"Now you hear what this gentleman says, Mr. Mell. Have the goodness, if you please, to set him right before the assembled school."

"He is right, sir, without correction," returned Mr. Mell in the midst of a dead silence; "what he has said is true."

"Be so good, then, as declare publicly, will you," said Mr. Creakle, putting his head on one side and rolling his eyes round the school, "whether it ever came to my knowledge until this moment?"

"I believe not directly," he returned.

"Why, you know not," said Mr. Creakle. "Don't you, man?"

"I apprehend you never supposed my worldly circumstances to be very good," replied the assistant. "You know what my position is and always has been here."

"I apprehend, if you come to that," said Mr. Creakle, with his veins swelling again bigger than ever, "that you've been in a wrong position altogether and mistook this for a charity school. Mr. Mell, we'll part, if you please. The sooner the better."

"There is no time like the present," answered Mr. Mell, rising.

"Sir, to you!" said Mr. Creakle.

"I take my leave of you, Mr. Creakle, and all of you,"

said Mr. Mell, glancing round the room and again patting me gently on the shoulder. "James Steerforth, the best wish I can leave you is that you may come to be ashamed of what you have done to-day. At present I would prefer to see you anything but a friend to me or to anyone in whom I feel an interest."

Once more he laid his hand upon my shoulder; and then taking his flute and a few books from his desk, and leaving the key in it for his successor, he went out of the school with his property under his arm.

— *David Copperfield.*

1. It was through young Copperfield that Steerforth accidentally learned about Mr. Mell's mother. How do you suppose Copperfield felt during this uproar? Re read the selection for proof of your answer.

2. The three chief actors are strikingly presented Creakle, Mell, and Steerforth. Rate them in the order of their manhood and defend your rating. What about Mr. Mell impresses you most favorably? Is Steerforth strictly honorable? Why did he report all he knew about Mr. Mell's affairs?

3. In what minor characters are you interested? Why? Would this incident make a good moving picture scene? Discuss.

4. Suggested books for reading: Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Oliver Twist;* Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster;* Churchill's *The Crisis;* Wister's *The Virginian;* Stockton's *Rudder Grange;* Atkinson's *Greyfriars Bobby;* Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda;* Thackeray's *Henry Esmond.*

THE KNIGHT OF THE CLOAK

By Sir Walter Scott

The interest of *Kenilworth* depends upon the opposition of two powerful houses: the Earl of Leicester (pronounced Lester) and the Earl of Sussex. Leicester was a gallant courtier; Sussex was a blunt warrior. Queen Elizabeth played the one against the other although her affections were centered on Leicester.

Just prior to the scene below, which was enacted by and on the Thames River near Sussex's castle, young Raleigh had refused the queen's own doctor admittance to Sussex. Raleigh's excuse was that Sussex was too ill. The queen was furious at the discourtesy. Accordingly the followers of Sussex were in bad standing with the queen till Raleigh suddenly turned the tables by his gallantry.

AT THIS moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After these came the queen, amid a crowd of lords and ladies.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. Unbonneting, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. The night had been rainy, and just where the young

gentleman stood, a little pool of muddy water interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please follow me."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind. The young cavalier was guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition, at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. At length one of the attendants, apparently by the queen's

order, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping to the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mud-dyed cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, though the manner of offering it was unusual and somewhat bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"Well, young man," said the queen, "your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to replace the suit which you cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit and that of the newest cut, I promise thee on the word of a princess."

"May it please Your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of Your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him. "I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and

then modestly assured her that gold was still less his wish than the raiment Her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" rejoined the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is't thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When Your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please Your Grace, sent hither, with his master of horse, upon a message to Your Majesty."

In a moment the gracious expression which Elizabeth's face had hitherto maintained gave way to an expression of haughtiness and severity.

"My Lord Sussex," she said, "has taught us how to regard his messages by the value he places upon ours. We sent but this morning the physician in ordinary of our chamber, and that at no usual time, understanding His Lordship's illness to be more dangerous than we had before apprehended. He found the gate of Say's Court defended by men with culverins, as if it had been on the borders of Scotland, not in the vicinity of our court; and when he

demanded admittance in our name, it was stubbornly refused. For this slight of a kindness, which had but too much of condescension in it, we will receive — at present at least — no excuse; and some such we suppose to have been the purport of my Lord of Sussex's message."

This was uttered in a tone and with a gesture which made Lord Sussex's friends who were within hearing tremble. He to whom the speech was addressed, however, trembled not; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the queen's passion gave him opportunity, he replied: "So please your most gracious Majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex."

"With what were you then charged, sir?" inquired the queen, with the impetuosity which, amid noble qualities, strongly marked her character. "Was it with a justification or with a defiance?"

"Madam," said the young man, "my Lord of Sussex knew the offense approached toward treason, and could think of nothing save of securing the offender, and placing him in Your Majesty's hands and at your mercy. The noble earl was fast asleep when your most gracious message reached him, a potion having been administered to that purpose by his physician; and His Lordship knew not of the ungracious repulse Your Majesty's most comfortable message had received, until after he awoke this morning."

"And which of his domestics, then, presumed to reject my message?" asked the queen, much surprised.

"The offender, madam, is before you," replied Walter, bowing very low. "The full and sole blame is mine; and my lord has most justly sent me to abide the consequences of a fault of which he is as innocent as a sleeping man's dreams can be of a waking man's actions."

"What! Was it thou — thou thyself — that repelled my messenger and my physician from Say's Court?" said the queen. "What could occasion such boldness in one who seems devoted to his sovereign?"

"Madam," answered the youth, "we say in our country that the physician is for the time the liege sovereign of his patient. Now, my noble master was then under dominion of a leech, who had issued his commands that his patient should not be disturbed on the peril of his life. This morning my master awakened, much refreshed and strengthened, from the only sleep he hath had for many hours."

The queen answered hastily, and without affecting to disguise her satisfaction, "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert overbold to deny the access of my Doctor Masters. Young man, what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Hark ye, Master Raleigh," said the queen, "see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

— *Kenilworth.*

1. Dramatize this selection. How many acts will you have? Scenes? Who will be the chief figure?

2. What was the situation in Elizabeth's court? On whose side was Raleigh? What had happened to make the queen angry? Why was she taken with Raleigh? What is the significance of Blount's name?

3. Suggested reading: Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and *Quentin Durward;* Kingsley's *Westward Ho!;* Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities.*

THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE

By George Eliot

George Eliot, whose real name was Mary Ann Evans (1819–1880), was an English novelist. The setting of the tale, *Silas Marner*, is the countryside where she was born and brought up, and all the characters are country people. Silas came to Raveloe, where the main action takes place, from the manufacturing districts farther north. This selection is the story of the fatality that forced him to leave his home and friends and settle among strangers. The people of Raveloe looked upon the newcomer with suspicion. Cut off thus from other persons, he centered his life on the hoarding of the gold pieces in which he was paid for his weaving. The novel goes on to tell how this gold was stolen, and its place in Marner's affection taken by a little girl.

IT WAS fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent, short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience; but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle, it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North'ard."

So had his way of life; he invited no comer to step across his doorsill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the *Rainbow*, or to gossip at the wheelwright's; he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge one of them to accept him against her will, — quite

as if he had heard them declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again.

This view of Marner's personality was not without another ground than his pale face and unexampled eyes; for Jem Rodney averred that, one evening as he was returning homeward, he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back, instead of resting the bag on the stile, as a man in his senses would have done; and that, on coming up to him, he saw that Marner's eyes were set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him, and shook him, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutched the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he had made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he came all right again, like as you might say, in the winking of an eye, and said, "Good-night," and walked off. Some said that Marner must have been in a "fit," but the argumentative Mr. Macey shook his head, and asked if anybody were ever known to go off in a fit and not fall down. A fit was a stroke, wasn't it? And it was no stroke that would let a man stand on his legs, like a horse between the shafts, and then walk off as soon as you can say "Gee!"

It was partly to a vague fear of him that Marner was indebted for protecting him from the persecution that his singularities might have drawn upon him, but still more to the fact that, the old linen weaver in the neighboring parish being dead, his handicraft made him a highly welcome settler to the richer housewives of the district, and even to the more provident cottagers, who had their little stock of yarn at the year's end.

And the years had rolled on without producing any change in the impressions of the neighbors concerning

Marner, except the change from novelty to habit. At the end of fifteen years the Raveloe men said just the same things about Silas Marner as at the beginning; they did not say them quite so often, but they believed them much more strongly when they did say them. There was only one important addition which the years had brought: it was that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up "bigger men" than himself.

But while opinion concerning him had remained nearly stationary, and his daily habits had presented scarcely any visible change, Marner's inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis, as that of every fervid nature must be when it has fled, or been condemned, to solitude.

Fifteen years ago, in the town whence he had come to Raveloe, Marner was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as the Church Assembling in Lantern Yard; he was believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith; and a peculiar interest had been centered in him ever since he had fallen, at a prayer meeting, into a mysterious rigidity and suspension of consciousness, which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death.

Among the members of his church there was one young man, a little older than himself, with whom he had long lived in such close friendship that it was the custom of their Lantern Yard brethren to call them David and Jonathan. The real name of the friend was William Dane, and he, too, was regarded as a shining instance of youthful piety, though somewhat given to overseverity toward weaker brethren, and to be so dazzled by his own light as to hold himself wiser than his teachers. But whatever

blemishes others might discern in William, to his friend's mind he was faultless; for Marner was one of those impressible, self-doubting natures which, at an inexperienced age, admire imperativeness and lean on contradiction.

The expression of trusting simplicity in Marner's face was strongly contrasted by the self-complacent suppression of inward triumph that lurked in the narrow, slanting eyes and compressed lips of William Dane.

It had seemed to the unsuspecting Silas that the friendship had suffered no chill even from his formation of another attachment of a closer kind. For some months he had been engaged to a young servant woman, waiting only for a little increase to their mutual savings in order to their marriage; and it was a great delight to him that Sarah did not object to William's occasional presence in their Sunday interviews.

It was at this point in their history that Silas's cataleptic fit occurred during the prayer meeting; and amidst the various queries and expressions of interest addressed to him by his fellow members, William's suggestion alone jarred with the general sympathy toward a brother thus singled out for special dealings. He observed that, to him, this trance looked more like a visitation of Satan than a proof of divine favor, and exhorted his friend to see that he hid no accursed thing within his soul. Silas, being bound to accept rebuke and admonition as a brotherly office, felt no resentment, but only pain, at his friend's doubts concerning him; and to this was soon added some anxiety at the perception that Sarah's manner toward him began to exhibit a strange fluctuation between an effort at an increased manifestation of regard, and involuntary signs of shrinking and dislike. He asked her if she wished

to break off their engagement, but she denied this. Their engagement was known to the church, and had been recognized in the prayer meetings; it could not be broken off without strict investigation, and Sarah could render no reason that would be sanctioned by the feeling of the community.

At this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and, being a childless widower, he was tended night and day by some of the younger brethren or sisters. Silas frequently took his turn in the night watching with William, the one relieving the other at two in the morning. The old man, contrary to expectation, seemed to be on the way to recovery, when one night Silas, sitting up by his bedside, observed that his usual audible breathing had ceased. The candle was burning low, and he had to lift it to see his patient's face distinctly. Examination convinced him that the deacon was dead — had been dead for some time, for the limbs were rigid. Silas asked himself if he had been asleep, and looked at the clock; it was already four in the morning. How was it that William had not come? In much anxiety he went to seek for help, and soon there were several friends assembled in the house, the minister among them, while Silas went away to his work, wishing he could have met William to know the reason of his non-appearance.

But at six o'clock, as he was thinking of going to seek his friend, William came, and with him the minister. They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, "You will hear." Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him

represented God's people, fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocketknife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife. Silas said he did not know that he had left it anywhere outside of his own pocket; but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin, but confess and repent.

The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside, — found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment; then he said, "God will clear me; I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling; you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months." At this William groaned, but the minister said, "The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body."

"I must have slept," said Silas. Then, after a pause, he added, "Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else."

The search was made, and it ended in William Dane's

finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of reproach on him, and said, "William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me to tell a lie? But God will clear me."

"Brother," said William, "how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?"

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously when he seemed checked again by some inward shock that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William: "I remember now — the knife wasn't in my pocket."

William said, "I know nothing of what you mean." The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation; he only said, "I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me."

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church; prosecution was held by them to be forbidden to Christians, even if it had been a case in which there was no scandal to the community. But they were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him, even then — that his trust in

man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money; only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the fold of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when everyone rose to depart, he went toward William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation:

"The last time I remember using my knife, was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that; there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent."

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, "I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas."

Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul, — that shaken trust in God and man, — which is little short of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, "*She* will cast me off too." And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith must be upset as his was.

Marner went home, and a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, without any impulse to go to Sarah and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief by getting into his loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came

to him with the message from Sarah that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time, Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

— *Silas Marner.*

1. Read the first two paragraphs carefully and then describe Silas upon his arrival at Raveloe. What was unusual in his appearance? In his habits? What was his occupation of "exceptional nature"?

2. How had Silas's old friends regarded his strange attacks? How had his friend William explained them? What would make you think that Sarah agreed with the Raveloe lasses about them? What would have been the sensible thing to do about them?

3. Why does William Dane's action seem so peculiarly mean? Where do you first begin to suspect his dishonesty? Did any of the Lantern Yard people suspect him? Explain how the bag came to be in Silas's room. How do you account for the result of the lottery?

4. Tell what happened at the deacon's house from the following points of view: Silas's; William's; the minister's after the lots were cast.

5. When did Silas begin to suspect William? Why did he finally accuse William? Why are William's last words to Silas so very wicked?

6. George Eliot was more interested in what people think and feel than in what they do. Give proof of this statement from this selection. In what ways does her presentation differ from Scott's?

7. Suggested reading: Gaskell's *Cranford;* Austen's *Pride and Prejudice.*

A LONG ACCOUNT SETTLED

By R. D. Blackmore

Lorna Doone appeared in 1869, and has won thousands of readers because of its quaint simplicity of style, kindly humor, and fine character drawing. Its author, R. D. Blackmore (1825–1900), was an English scholar and country gentleman.

The Doones were an outlawed family, living in a wild valley among the Exmoor hills of southern England. From their natural stronghold they made forays on their neighbors, stealing, burning, and killing at will. The entire novel is in the first person, the speaker being John Ridd, whose father had been a victim of the Doones. John was a man of powerful strength, as the Doones had reason to know. He had rescued Lorna, a stolen girl, from the Doones, and in this late chapter leads a little army of neighbors against the enemy.

HAVING resolved on a night assault (as our undisciplined men, three fourths of whom had never been shot at, could not fairly be expected to march up to visible musket mouths), we cared not much about drilling our forces, only to teach them to hold a musket, so far as we could supply that weapon to those with the cleverest eyes, and to give them familiarity with the noise it made in exploding. And we fixed upon Friday night for our venture, because the moon would be at the full and our powder was coming from Dulverton on the Friday afternoon.

Uncle Reuben did not mean to expose himself to shooting, his time of life for risk of life being over, and the residue too valuable. But his counsels, and his influence, and above all his warehousemen, well practiced in beating carpets, were of true service to us. His miners also did

great wonders, having a grudge against the Doones; as indeed who had not, for thirty miles round their valley?

It was settled that the yeomen, having good horses under them, should give account with the miners' help of as many Doones as might be dispatched to plunder the pretended gold. And as soon as we knew that this party of robbers, be it more or less, was out of hearing from the valley, we were to fall to, ostensibly at the Doone gate, which was impregnable now, but in reality upon their rear, by means of my old water slide. For I had chosen twenty young fellows, partly miners, and partly warehousemen and sheep farmers, and some of other vocations, but all to be relied upon for spirit and power of climbing. And with proper tools to aid us, and myself to lead the way, I felt no doubt whatever but that we could all attain the crest, where first I had met with Lorna.

Upon the whole, I rejoiced that Lorna was not present now. It must have been irksome to her feelings to have all her kindred and old associates (much as she kept aloof from them) put to death without ceremony, or else putting all of us to death. For all of us were resolved this time to have no more shilly-shallying, but to go through with a nasty business in the style of honest Englishmen when the question comes to "your life, or mine."

There was hardly a man among us who had not suffered bitterly from the miscreants now before us. One had lost a wife perhaps, another had lost a daughter — according to their ages; another had lost his favorite cow; in a word, there was scarcely anyone who had not to complain of a hayrick: and what surprised me then, not now, was that the men least injured made the greatest push concerning it. But be the wrong too great to speak of or

too small to swear about, from poor Kit Badcock to rich Master Huckaback, there was not one but went, heart and soul, for stamping out these firebrands.

The moon was lifting well above the shoulder of the uplands when we, the chosen band, set forth, having the short cut along the valleys to foot of the Bagworthy water; and therefore, having allowed the rest an hour to fetch round the moors and hills, we were not to begin our climbing until we heard a musket fired from the heights on the left-hand side, where John Fry himself was stationed, upon his own and his wife's request, to keep him out of combat. And that was the place where I had been used to sit and to watch for Lorna. And John Fry was to fire his gun with a ball of wool inside it as soon as he heard the hurly-burly at the Doone gate beginning; which we, by reason of water-fall, could not hear, down in the meadows there.

We waited a very long time, with the moon marching up heaven steadfastly, and the white fog trembling in chords and quavers, like a silver harp of the meadows. And then the moon drew up the fogs, and scarfed herself in white with them; and so being proud, gleamed upon the water like a bride at her looking-glass; and yet there was no sound of either John Fry or his blunderbuss.

I began to think that the worthy John, being out of all danger, and having brought a counterpane (according to his wife's direction, because one of the children had a cold), must veritably have gone to sleep, leaving other people to kill or be killed, as might be the will of God, so that he were comfortable. But herein I did wrong to John and am ready to acknowledge it: for suddenly the most awful noise that anything short of thunder could make, came down among the rocks.

"The signal, my lads!" I cried, leaping up and rubbing my eyes; for even now, while condemning John unjustly, I was giving him right to be hard upon me. "Now hold on by the rope, and lay your quarterstaffs across, my lads; and keep your guns pointing to heaven, lest haply we shoot one another."

"Us shan't never shutt one another, wi' our goons at that mark, I reckon," said an oldish chap, but as tough as leather, and esteemed a wit for his dryness.

"You come next to me, old Ike; you be enough to dry up the waters: now, remember, all lean well forward. If any man throws his weight back, down he goes, and perhaps he may never get up again; and most likely he will shoot himself."

I was still more afraid of their shooting me; for my chief alarm in this steep ascent was neither of the water nor of the rocks, but of the loaded guns we bore. If any man slipped, off might go his gun; and however good his meaning, I being first, was most likely to take far more than I fain would apprehend.

For this cause, I had debated with Uncle Ben and with Cousin Tom as to the expediency of our climbing with guns unloaded. But they, not being in the way themselves, assured me that there was nothing to fear, except through uncommon clumsiness; and that as for charging our guns at the top, even veteran troops could scarce be trusted to perform it properly in the hurry, and the darkness, and the noise of fighting before them.

However, thank God, though a gun went off, no one was any the worse of it, neither did the Doones notice it, in the thick of the firing in front of them. For the order to those of the sham attack, conducted by Tom Faggus, was to

make the greatest possible noise, without exposure of themselves, until we in the rear had fallen to, which John Fry was again to give signal of.

Therefore we, of the chosen band, stole up the meadow quietly, keeping in the blots of shade and hollow of the watercourse. And the earliest notice the Counselor had, or anyone else, of our presence, was the blazing of the log-wood house where lived that villain Carver. It was my especial privilege to set this house on fire; upon which I had insisted, exclusively and conclusively. No other hand but mine should lay a brand or strike steel on flint for it; I had made all preparations carefully for a good blaze. And I must confess that I rubbed my hands with a strong delight and comfort when I saw the home of that man, who had fired so many houses, having its turn of smoke, and blaze, and of crackling fury.

We took good care, however, to burn no innocent women or children in that most righteous destruction. For we brought them all out beforehand; some were glad, and some were sorry, according to their dispositions. For Carver had ten or a dozen wives; and perhaps that had something to do with his taking the loss of Lorna so easily. One child I noticed, as I saved him; a fair and handsome little fellow, beloved by Carver Doone as much as anything beyond himself could be. The boy climbed on my back and rode; and much as I hated his father, it was not in my heart to say or do a thing to vex him.

Leaving these poor injured people to behold their burning home, we drew aside by my directions into the covert beneath the cliff; but not before we had laid our brands to three other houses, after calling the women forth and bidding them go for their husbands to come and fight a

hundred of us. In the smoke, and rush, and fire, they believed that we were a hundred; and away they ran, in consternation, to the battle at the Doone gate.

"All Doone town is on fire, on fire!" we heard them shrieking as they went: "a hundred soldiers are burning it, with a dreadful great man at the head of them!"

Presently, just as I expected, back came the warriors of the Doones, leaving but two or three at the gate, and burning with wrath to crush under foot the presumptuous clowns in their valley. Just then the waxing fire leaped above the red crest of the cliffs, and danced on the pillars of the forest, and lapped like a tide on the stones of the slope. All the valley flowed with light, and the limpid waters reddened, and the fair young women shone, and the naked children glistened.

But the finest sight of all was to see those haughty men striding down the causeway darkly, reckless of their end, but resolute to have two lives for every one. A finer dozen of young men could not have been found in the world, perhaps, nor a braver, nor a viler one. Seeing how few there were of them, I was very loath to fire, although I covered the leader, who appeared to be dashing Charley; for they were at easy distance, now, brightly shown by the firelight, yet ignorant where to look for us. I thought that we might take them prisoners — though what good that could be, God knows, as they must have been hanged thereafter — anyhow, I was loath to shoot, or to give the word to my followers.

But my followers waited for no word; they saw a fair shot at the men they abhorred, the men who had robbed them of home or of love; and the chance was too much for their charity. At a signal from old Ikey, who leveled

his own gun first, a dozen muskets were discharged, and half of the Doones dropped lifeless, like so many logs of firewood, or chopping blocks rolled over.

Although I had seen a great battle before, and a hundred times the carnage, this appeared to me to be horrible; and I was at first inclined to fall upon our men for behaving so. But one instant showed me that they were right: for while the valley was filled with howling, and with shrieks of women, and the beams of blazing houses fell and hissed in the bubbling river, all the rest of the Doones leaped at us like so many demons. They fired wildly, not seeing us well among the hazel bushes; and then they clubbed their muskets, or drew their swords, as might be, and furiously drove at us.

For a moment, although we were twice their number, we fell back before their valorous fame and the power of their onset. For my part, admiring their courage greatly, and counting it slur upon manliness that two should be down upon one so, I withheld my hand awhile, for I cared to meet none but Carver, and he was not among them. The whirl and hurry of this fight and the hard blows raining down -- for now all guns were empty — took away my power of seeing or reasoning upon anything. Yet one thing I saw which dwelled long with me; and that was Christopher Badcock spending his life to get Charley's.

How he had found out, none may tell, both being dead so long ago; but at any rate, he had found out that Charley was the man who had robbed him of his wife. It was Carver Doone who took her away, but Charlesworth Doone was beside him; and according to cast of dice, she fell to Charley's share. All this Kit Badcock had discovered and treasured up: and now was his revenge time.

He had come into the conflict without a weapon of any kind, only begging me to let him be in the very thick of it. For him, he said, life was no matter, after the loss of his wife and child; but death was matter to him, and he meant to make the most of it. Such a face I never saw, and never hope to see again, as when poor Kit Badcock spied Charley coming towards us.

We had thought this man a patient fool, a philosopher of a little sort, or one who could feel nothing. And his quiet manner of going about, and the gentleness of his answers — when some brutes asked him where his wife was, and whether his baby had been well trussed — these had misled us to think that the man would turn the mild cheek to everything. But I, in the loneliness of our barn, had listened and had wept with him.

Therefore was I not surprised so much as all the rest of us, when, in the foremost of red light, Kit went up to Charlesworth Doone, as if to some inheritance, and took his seisin of right upon him, being himself a powerful man, and begged a word aside with him. What they said aside, I know not; all I know is that without weapon each man killed the other. And Margery Badcock came, and wept, and hung upon her dead husband, and died that summer of heart disease.

Now for these and other things (whereof I could tell a thousand) was the reckoning come that night; and not a line we missed of it, soon as our bad blood was up. I like not to tell of slaughter, though it might be of wolves and tigers: and that was a night of fire, and slaughter, and of very-long-harbored revenge. Enough that ere the daylight broke upon that wan March morning the only Doones still left alive were the Counselor and Carver. And of all

the dwellings of the Doones, inhabited with luxury and luscious taste and licentiousness, not even one was left, but all made potash in the river.

This may seem a violent and unholy revenge upon them. And I, who led the heart of it, have in these my latter years doubted how I shall be judged, not of men — for God only knows the errors of man's judgments — but by that great God Himself, the front of whose forehead is mercy.

— *Lorna Doone.*

1. Relate the story of the fight, giving the plan of attack and the most dramatic incident.

2. The most interesting character in the book is John Ridd. What was his part in the battle? Why did he keep out of the hand-to-hand fighting? Characterize Ridd in a few well-selected adjectives or phrases. Be sure you have grounds for each of your qualifying terms.

3. *Lorna Doone* is a romance, and quite a different kind of story from *Silas Marner*, for example. How is it different? What other selections in this section do you think are from romances?

4. Explain: residue, grudge, yeoman, impregnable, shilly-shally-ing, expediency, steel on flint, covert, loath, seisin.

5. Make a list of the best books you have ever read. Which one do you rank highest? Why?

ESSAYS

The essay has a wide range of manner, of matter, and of length. A chapter in your civics, setting forth, say, a plan for the education of all citizens, is an essay; a newspaper editorial is usually a brief essay on some topic of current interest; generally, any writing that has for its chief purpose the setting forth of a point of view, seriously or humorously, may be called an essay.

The first English essays were written by Francis Bacon, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A hundred years later, Addison and Steele made the essay a popular literary form, and began its connection with the newspaper and magazine, which has lasted to the present time. In the next century, Lamb and De Quincey in England and Irving in America wrote essays which were widely read at the time and are now considered classics; and as more and more newspapers and magazines came to be published, the essay became more and more popular.

In this section you will find essays old and new, of widely differing types; a compact, formal essay by Bacon; humorous sketches by Addison and Lamb; a serious, eloquent study of character by De Quincey; a philosopher's nature study by Thoreau; a finished bit of exposition by Cardinal Newman; an essay with a moral by Elbert Hubbard; personal narratives differing widely in atmosphere; and a humorous essay from a current magazine.

JOAN OF ARC'S ENTRY INTO ORLEANS

(*See page 213*)

OF STUDIES

By Francis Bacon

Francis Bacon was a contemporary of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh and held important offices during part of the reign of King James I. Later he devoted all his time to study and took great interest in scientific experiments. His essays were written at intervals in the spare time of a very busy life and he probably thought them rather unimportant as compared with his other writings. However, they sum up his ideas of how a sensible man should live, and are interesting because they are the result of his experience and reflection—his philosophy of how to get on in the world. In reading this essay observe its brevity, the careful choice of words, and the quotable sentences.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business.

Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use: but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the

meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral [philosophy], grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

— *Essays.*

1. What does Bacon say of the purpose and use of studies? What does he mean by crafty, simple, and wise men, respectively? Why do only wise men make use of what they read? What does he say should be the object of reading?

2. What three sorts of books does Bacon mention? Name some books that you think belong in each class. Where do you find books read "by deputy" nowadays?

3. What does Bacon say of the values of reading, writing, and conference, respectively? Taking his advice, what would be a good way to prepare a history lesson? Why does a man who writes little need a good memory? How were the old ballads handed down? Why is debating and class discussion a good thing for you? Explain the last sentence of the essay.

4. What about this essay pleases or displeases you?

5. Bring to class an editorial from a newspaper, and tell why it is an essay.

THE HEADDRESS

By Joseph Addison

Joseph Addison (1672–1719) was born in Wiltshire, England. He had a brilliant career at Oxford, traveled on the Continent, and finally held a succession of important government positions. He found time, however, to write some of the finest essays in our language. It was the fashion then for the wits of London to gather in the coffee-houses and talk over the news of the day, current politics, literature, and art. In this circle Addison was easily a leader. The papers which he and his friend Steele published, the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, contained essays that reflected in serious or humorous mood the coffee-house discussions.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's headdress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that "we appeared as grasshoppers before them"; at present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five.

How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of; or whether they have cast their headdresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have

contrived this method to make themselves appear sizable, is still a secret; though I find most are of the opinion they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before.

For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women that are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans; I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex.

One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the headdress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones, or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head that a woman who was but a pigmy without her headdress appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says that these old-fashioned

fontanges rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples; and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.

The women might possibly have carried the Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man traveled from place to place, and succeeded so well, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their headdresses in the middle of the sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament that it lay under a kind of persecution; and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it.

But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "the women, that like snails in fright had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over."

It is usually observed that a good reign is the only proper time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive headdress may

be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do not therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone lace.

— *The Spectator.*

1. What is the object of this essay? Look up the pictures of the costume of the time, and of other extreme headdresses. Attempt a short essay in the style of Addison on some custom of our own that you think absurd; remember, your essay must be good-humored, clear, easy, and not very long.

2. Suggested readings in the *Spectator:* "Sir Roger at Home," "Sir Roger in Town," "Visit to Westminster Abbey," "Sir Roger at the Theater," "The Vision of Mirza."

JOAN OF ARC

By Thomas De Quincey

De Quincey is known among English writers for his prose style—what he himself called "impassioned prose": that is, prose with the richness, eloquence, and imaginative quality that are usually associated with poetry. In reading this extract, look for marks of this character; then re-read Addison's essay, or Bacon's, and make comparisons.

Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859) was born near Manchester, England, and educated at Oxford. He was an acquaintance of the poet Wordsworth and Lamb, and lived for a time near Wordsworth; but he was a lover of solitude and had few really close friends. His most famous book is his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, written in his characteristic style, and full of fantastic, terrible, or beautiful dreams.

WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that — like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea — rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender, but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of

all who saw them from a station of good will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes.

The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword among his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah.

The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was among the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee? Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead.

Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by the apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that

gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams, destined to comfort the sleep which is so long!"

This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without an end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; — these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, that she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it: but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust.

Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew — early

at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth — that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her!

1. Who is the shepherd boy referred to in the first paragraph? Read I Samuel, xvi–xvii, for the whole story. What is the victorious act referred to in line 10, page 213? What was Joan's victory? What were their respective positions "at the right hand of kings?" Compare David's after history with Joan's.

2. Joan's family were subsequently ennobled by a king of France. Where does De Quincey refer to this? Where does he refer to the great honor shown to Joan herself in recent times?

3. What does De Quincey regard as the especial sign of Joan's innocence? What does he find most pathetic about her? What is the reference in lines 15–20, page 215?

4. The lilies were the symbol of the French monarchy. What event is referred to in lines 31–32, page 215?

5. Read the account of Joan of Arc in Green's *Short History of the English People* or in an encyclopedia. With your map in hand, trace her journeys through France. Try to find several pictures of her and stories of which she is the heroine.

6. Explain: inspiration, pastoral, inaugurated, mission, good will, byword, scepter, redemption, coronets, apparitors, cite, *en contumace*, transitory, destined, prefigure, scaffold.

A GENTLEMAN

By Cardinal John Henry Newman

Cardinal John Henry Newman (1801–1890) was one of the great leaders of religious thought in England during the nineteenth century. His fine prose has the charm of beautiful rhythm and of exceptional clearness, the latter due to Newman's unusual exactness in his choice of words. As you read, look for illustrations of these qualities. Compare this essay with "Of Studies." You are probably familiar with "Lead, Kindly Light," the best known of Newman's poems.

IT IS almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and as far as it goes accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast — all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is

seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

1. State in your own words Newman's idea of a gentleman. What would be some of its practical applications in your school life? Would it be easy to put it into practice? Discuss.

2. Explain: refined, unseasonable, retort, scrupulous, slander, gossip, personalities, insinuates, sage, philosophical, bereavement, destiny, indulgence, province.

NIGHT SOUNDS

By Henry D. Thoreau

Henry D. Thoreau (1817–1862) was a native of Concord, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard. His book, *Walden*, from which this essay is taken, was written from notes made during two years when he lived alone in a house that he built for himself at the edge of Walden Pond, near Concord. In reading this essay notice the careful closeness of the observation and Thoreau's characteristic way of meditating on what he has observed—he is a philosopher as well as a naturalist.

REGULARLY at half past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridgepole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionately louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant, as if tethered by a string, when probably I was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

When other birds are still, the screech owls take up the

strain, like mourning women their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside; reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung.

They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape nightwalked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oak. Then — *that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and — *bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

I was also serenaded by a hooting owl. Near at hand you could fancy it the most melancholy sound in nature, as if she meant by this to stereotype and make permanent in her choir the dying moans of a human being — some poor, weak relic of mortality who has left hope behind, and howls like an animal, yet with human sobs, on entering the dark valley — made more awful by a certain gurgling melodiousness. I find myself beginning with the letters

gl when I try to imitate it, — expressive of a mind which has reached the gelatinous, mildewy stage in the mortification of all healthy and courageous thought. It reminded me of ghouls and idiots and insane howlings. But now one answers from far woods in a strain made really melodious by distance — *hoo-hoo-hoo, hooer-hoo;* and indeed for the most part it suggested only pleasing associations, whether heard by day or night, summer or winter.

I rejoice that there are owls. Let them do the idiotic and maniacal hooting for men. It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have. All day the sun has shone on the surface of some savage swamp, where the single spruce stands hung with lichens, and small hawks circulate above, and the chickadee lisps amid the evergreens, and the partridge and rabbit skulk beneath; but now a more dismal and fitting day dawns, and a different race of creatures awakes to express the meaning of nature there.

— *Walden.*

1. The first paragraph is simple description of what is actually seen and heard. What other elements enter into the description of the cry of the owls? What does Thoreau imagine the screech owls to be? The hooting owl? What aspects of nature does he think they express?

2. Do you like this essay? Explain your answer. Does it remind you of any other in the section? If so, what are the points of likeness?

3. Explain: vespers, ridgepole, Ben Jonsonian, hags, supernal, infernal, threnodies, serenaded, stereotype, mortality, gelatinous, ghouls, stark.

DREAMS OF A YOUTH

By Donald G. Mitchell

Donald G. Mitchell (1822–1908) was born in Norwich, Connecticut, and educated at Yale. He took a great interest in landscape gardening and farming. Under his pen name, "Ik Marvel," he wrote several volumes of essays—*English Lands, Letters, and Kings; Dream Life;* and *Reveries of a Bachelor*. His style of writing is simple and pleasant, quaintly humorous, and sentimental. This essay is a man's reminiscence of his small-boy days at school; the images and incidents come up as they might in memory, the main incident and the things immediately connected with it standing out with extra clearness. In reading it, notice where the incident that is the central point of the memory begins to be told.

THERE are some tall trees that overshadow an angle of the schoolhouse; and the larger scholars play some very surprising gymnastic tricks upon their lower limbs. One boy, for instance, will hang for an incredible length of time by his feet, with his head down; and when you tell Charlie of it at night, with such additions as your boyish imagination can contrive, the old nurse is shocked, and states very gravely that it is dangerous; and that the blood all runs to the head, and sometimes bursts out of the eyes and mouth. You look at that particular boy with astonishment afterward; and expect to see him some day burst into bleeding from the nose and ears, and flood the schoolroom benches.

In time, however, you get to performing some modest experiments yourself upon the very lowest limbs, — taking care to avoid the observation of the larger boys, who

else might laugh at you. You especially avoid the notice of one stout fellow in pea-green breeches, who is a sort of "bully" among the small boys, and who delights in kicking your marbles about, very accidentally. He has a fashion too of twisting his handkerchief into what he calls a "snapper," with a knot at the end, and cracking at you with it, very much to the irritation of your spirits and of your legs.

Sometimes, when he has brought you to an angry burst of tears, he will very graciously force upon you the handkerchief, and insist upon your cracking him in return; which, as you know nothing about his effective method of making the knot bite, is a very harmless proposal on his part.

But you have still stronger reason to remember that boy. There are trees, as I said, near the school; and you get the reputation after a time of a good climber. One day you are well in the tops of the trees, and being dared by the boys below, you venture higher — higher than any boy has ever gone before. You feel very proudly; but just then catch sight of the sneering face of your old enemy of the snapper; and he dares you to go upon a limb that he points out.

The rest say — for you hear them plainly — "It won't bear him." And Frank, a great friend of yours, shouts loudly to you, not to try.

"Pho," says your tormentor, "the little coward!"

If you could whip him, you would go down the tree and do it willingly; as it is, you cannot let him triumph. So you advance cautiously out upon the limb. It bends and sways fearfully with your weight. Presently it cracks. You try to return, but it is too late. You feel yourself

going; your mind flashes home — over your life — your hope — your fate — like lightning. Then comes a sense of dizziness — a succession of quick blows, and a dull, heavy crash!

You are conscious of nothing again, until you find yourself in the great hall of the school, covered with blood, the old Doctor standing over you with a phial, and Frank kneeling by you, and holding your shattered arm, which has been broken by the fall.

After this, come those long, weary days of confinement, when you lie still, through all the hours of noon, looking out upon the cheerful sunshine only through the windows of your little room. Yet it seems a grand thing to have the whole household attendant upon you. The doors are opened and shut softly, and they all step noiselessly about your chamber; and when you groan with pain, you are sure of meeting sad, sympathizing looks. Your mother will step gently to your side and lay her cool, white hand upon your forehead; and your sister Nelly will gaze at you from the foot of your bed with a sad earnestness and with tears of pity in her soft hazel eyes. And afterward, as your pain passes away, she will bring you her prettiest books, and fresh flowers, and whatever she knows you will love.

But it is dreadful, when you wake at night from your feverish slumber, and see nothing but the spectral shadows that the sick lamp upon the hearth throws aslant the walls; and hear nothing but the heavy breathing of the old nurse in the easy-chair, and the ticking of the clock upon the mantel! Then, silence and the night crowd upon your soul drearily. But your thought is active. It shapes at your bedside the loved figure of your mother,

or it calls up the whole company of Dr. Bidlow's boys; and weeks of study or of play group like magic on your quickened vision. Then, a twinge of pain will call again the dreariness, and your head tosses upon the pillow, and your eye searches the gloom vainly for pleasant faces.

As the days pass, you grow stronger; and Frank comes in to tell you of the school, and that your old tormentor has been expelled; and you grow into a strong friendship with Frank, and you think of yourselves as a new Damon and Pythias — and that you will some day live together in a fine house, with plenty of horses, and plenty of chestnut trees.

And with such fancies drifting on your thought, you count for the hundredth time the figures upon the curtains of your bed; you trace out the flower wreaths upon the paper hangings of your room; your eyes rest idly on the cat playing with the fringe of the curtain; you see your mother sitting with her needlework beside the fire; you watch the sunbeams as they drift along the carpet, from morning until noon; and from noon till night, you watch them playing on the leaves, and dropping spangles on the lawn; and as you watch — you dream.

— *Dream Life.*

1. Relate briefly the incident on which this essay is based. Use some incident of your own first days at school as the basis of a similar essay.

2. What is the story of Damon and Pythias here referred to?

3. Find in this section other essays where the subject is an experience of the writer's. In what respect is the treatment different in each case? Which appeals to you most strongly? On what do you think the charm of this sort of essay depends?

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

By Charles Lamb

Charles Lamb (1775–1834), was an English essayist, critic, and poet. At the age of seventeen he entered the accounting department of the East India Company, where he worked for thirty-three years. He occupied his spare time writing poetry for magazines and the famous *Essays of Elia.*

This essay is in the form of a story, just as many of Addison's *Spectator* essays are, and is a fine example of Lamb's humor. The mock-serious tone was a favorite one with Lamb, who used to talk in that way to his friends till sometimes they were not sure when he was serious and when not. As you read this, you must watch out for Lamb talking nonsense. Read the essay in the leisurely way it should be read, not too seriously, but with your mind ready to be amused.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great

lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement—which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two, at any time — as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower.

A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life

indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered, amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconvenience he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! But you must be eating fire, and I know not what - what have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since

morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord!" with suchlike barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence

was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy — against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given; to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present; without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever — they brought in a simultaneous verdict of *Not Guilty*.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days His Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus the custom of firing houses continued; till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burned as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow

degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled, but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted crackling, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat, fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna — or rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing"; it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! He hath wept out his pretty eyes, radiant jellies, shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he

lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, and an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away;

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care.

His memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon; no coal heaver boileth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

—*Essays of Elia.*

1. Tell the story of Bo-bo's discovery. Why were Ho-ti and his son brought to trial? What was the result? What are some of the humorous touches in the account of the trial?

2. What does Lamb discuss in the remainder of the essay? How does he imagine the pig being roasted? Try to find a picture of an old-fashioned kitchen.

3. Read aloud passages that appeal to your sense of humor.

4. Make a list of ten words or phrases for your classmates to explain, giving page and line numbers.

5. Suggested readings: *Essays of Elia*, *Tales from Shakespeare*.

A WHITE NIGHT

By John Masefield

John Masefield (1874–) is an English writer of poems, plays, novels, and short stories. His early experiences as a sailor gave him material for many of his finest stories and poems. In reading this essay, notice how a close observation of real things and people and a free use of actual detail is combined with a sense of dreaminess and unreality. The first paragraph gives the key to this mood, which must be kept in mind if you are to get the charm of this daydream. Notice also the extreme simplicity of the language and the style.

SOMETIMES, when I am idle, my mind fills with a vivid memory. Some old night at sea, or in a tavern, or on the roads, or some adventure half forgotten, rises up in sharp detail, alive with meaning. The thing or image, whatever it may be, comes back to me so clearly outlined, under such strong light, that it is as though the act were playing before me on a lighted stage. Such a memory always appears to me significant, like certain dreams. I find myself thinking of an old adventure, a day in a boat, a walk by still waters, the crying of curlews, or the call of wild swans — as though such memories, rather than the great events in life, were the things deeply significant. I think of the day beside a pool where the tattered reeds were shaking, and a fish leapt, making rings, as though the day were a great poem which I had written. I can think of a walk by twilight, among bracken and slowly moving deer, under a September moonrise, till I am

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almost startled to find myself indoors. For the most part my significant memories are of the sea. Three such memories, constantly recurring, appear to me as direct revelations of something too great for human comprehension. The deeds or events they image were little in themselves, however pleasant in the doing, and I know no reason why they should haunt me so strangely, so many years after they occurred.

One winter night, fourteen years ago, I was aboard a ship then lying at anchor in a great river. It was a fine night, full of stars, but moonless. There was no wind; but a strong tide was running; and a suck and gurgle sounded all along the ship's length, from the bows to the man catcher. I had been dancing below decks by lamplight with my shipmates, and had come up for a turn in the air before going to my hammock. As I walked the deck, under the rigging, with my friend, a pipe sounded from below. "Away third cutters." I was the stroke oar of the third cutter, and I remembered then that a man had been dining with the captain, and that he would be going ashore, and that he would need a red-baize cushion to sit upon, and a boat rug to cover his knees. I ran below to get these things, and to haul the boat alongside from her boom. As I stepped into her with the gear, I heard the coxswain speaking to the officer of the watch. "It's coming on very hazy, sir. Shall I take the boat's compass and the lantern?"

I noticed then that it was growing very hazy. The lights of the ship were burning dim, and I could not see a long line of lights, marking a wharf, which had shone clearly but a few moments before. I put the cushion in the stern sheets and arranged the rug for the visitor, and

then stood up in my place, holding the boat to the gangway by the manrope. The coxswain came shambling down the ladder with his lantern and compass. The officer in charge of the boat came after him, with his oil-skins on his arm. Then came the visitor, a tall, red-haired man, who bumped his hat off while coming through the entry port. I could see the ship's side and the patches of yellow light at her ports, and the lieutenant standing on the gangway with his head outlined against the light.

We got out our oars and shoved off through the haze. The red-haired man took out a cigar and tried to light it, but the head of the match came off and burned his fingers. He swore curtly. The officer laughed. "Remember the boat's crew," he said. In the darkness, amid the gurgle of the running water, over which the haze came stealthily, the words were like words heard in a dream. I repeated them to myself as I rowed, wondering where I had heard them before. It seemed to me that they had been said before, somewhere, very long ago, and that if I could remember where, I should know more than any man knew. I tried to remember where I had heard them, for I felt that there was but a vague film between me and a great secret. I seemed to be outside a door opening into some strange world. The door, I felt, was ajar, and I could hear strange people moving just within, and I knew that a little matter, perhaps an act of will, perhaps blind chance, would fling the door wide, in blinding light, or shut it in my face. The rhythm of rowing, like all rhythm, such as dancing, or poetry, or music, had taken me beyond myself. The coxswain behind the backboard, with his head nodding down over the lantern, and the two men beneath him, seemed to have become inhuman. I myself felt more

than human. I seemed to have escaped from time. We were eternal things, rowing slowly through space, upon some unfathomable errand, such as the Sphinx might send to some occult power, guarded by winged bulls, in old Chaldea.

When we ran alongside the jetty, the haze was thick behind us, like a gray blanket covering the river. I got out with the stern fast, and held the lantern for the visitor to clamber out by. The officer ran up the jetty to a little shop at the jetty head where the ship's letters were left. The visitor thanked me for my help, and said "Good night," and vanished into the mist. His steps sounded on the slippery stones. They showed us that he was walking gingerly. Once he struck a ringbolt, and swore. Then he passed the officer, and the two exchanged a few parting words. I thought at the time that the casual things in life were life's greatest mysteries. It seemed as though something had failed to happen; as though something — something beautiful — had been kept from the world by some blind chance or willful fate. Who was the red-haired man, I wondered, that we, who had come from many wanderings and many sorrows, should take him to our memories forever, for no shown cause? We should remember him forever. He would be the august thing of that white night's rowing. We should remember him at solemn moments. Perhaps as we lay a dying we should remember him. He had said good night to us and had passed on up the jetty, and we did not know who he was, nor what he was, and we should be gone in a few days' time, and we should never see him again. As for him, he would never think of us again. He would remember his dented hat, and his burnt finger, and perhaps, if it had been very good, his dinner.

When we shoved off again for the ship the haze was so thick that we could not see three feet in front of us. All the river was hidden in a coat of gray. The sirens of many steamers hooted mournfully as they passed up or down, unseen. We could hear the bell signals from the hulks, half a mile away. Voices came out of the grayness, from nowhere in particular. Men hailed each other from invisible bridges. A confused noise of many screws, beating irregularly, came over the muffled water. They might have been miles away — many miles — or hard upon us. It is impossible to judge by sound in a haze so thick. We rowed quietly into the unknown.

We were a long time rowing, for we did not know where we were, and the tide swept us down, and the bells and sirens puzzled us. Once we lay on our oars and rocked in a swell while some great steamer thrashed past, hooting. The bells beat now near, now very far away. We were no longer human beings, but things much greater or much less. We were detached from life and time. We had become elemental, like the fog that hid us. I could have stayed in the boat there, rowing through the haze, for all eternity. The grunt of the rowlocks, and the wash and drip of the oars, and the measured breath of the men behind me, keeping time to me, were a music passing harps. The strangeness and dimness of it all, and the halo round the coxswain's lantern, and the faces half seen, and the noises sounding from all sides impressed me like a revelation.

"Oars a minute," said the coxswain. "There's the fog bell."

Somewhere out of the gray haze a little silver bell was striking. It beat four strokes, paused, and then again

four strokes, and again a pause, from some place high above us. And then, quite near to us, we heard the long, shrill call of a pipe and a great stamp of feet upon hatchways.

"Good Lord! we're right on top of her," said the officer. "I see her boom. Ship ahoy!"

"Is that you, Carter?"

We bumped alongside, and held her there while the officer and coxswain ran up the gangway with the letters. We laid in the oars and unshipped the rudder, and a man came down the gangway for the red-baize cushion and the rug. "Hook your boat on," said the officer of the watch.

That is one of the memories which come back to me when I am idle, with the reality of the deed itself. It is one of those memories which haunt me, as symbols of something unimagined, of something greater than life expressed in life. Why such a thing should haunt me I cannot tell, for the words, now they are written down, seem foolish. Within the ivory gate, and well without it, one is safe; but perhaps one must not peep through the opening when it hangs for a little while ajar.

— *A Tarpaulin Muster.*

1. Put into your own words the experience described in the first paragraph.

2. Where does the narrative in the essay begin? Where does it end? How is it linked up with the introduction?

3. Divide the narrative into sections, giving in a single sentence the subject matter of each.

4. Describe the row back to the ship: the arrival.

5. What does the experience mean to the dreamer? The ivory gate mentioned in the last paragraph, is the gate through which the dreams come. According to Vergil, the Roman poet, the true dreams come through a gate of horn, the false dreams through a beautiful gate of white ivory.

THE SINGER

By Hilaire Belloc

Hilaire Belloc (1870–) is a well-known modern English writer. He was educated in Oxford University, and afterward served in the French artillery. In 1906 he was elected to Parliament. Among his books are *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, *More Beasts for Worse Children*, *The Old Road*, and *Hills and the Sea*, from which the following charming essay is taken. In reading it you will observe its bell-like clarity of phrasing, its variety of vocabulary, and the perfect word sketching of a scene or a character.

THE other day as I was taking my pleasure along a river called "The River of God," from which one can faintly see the enormous mountains which shut off Spain from Europe, as I walked, I say, along the Mail, or ordered and planted quay of the town, I heard, a long way off, a man singing. His singing was of that very deep and vibrating kind which Gascons take for natural singing, and which makes one think of hollow metal and of well-tuned bells, for it sounds through the air in waves; the further it is the more it booms, and it occupies the whole place in which it rises. There is no other singing like it in the world.

He was too far off for any words to be heard, and I confess I was too occupied in listening to the sound of the music to turn round at first and notice who it was that sang; but as he gradually approached between the houses toward the river upon that happy summer morning, I left the sight of the houses, and myself sauntered nearer to him to learn more about him and his song.

I saw a man of fifty or thereabouts, not a mountaineer, but a man of the plains — tall and square, large and full of travel. His face was brown like chestnut wood, his eyes were gray but ardent; his brows were fierce, strong, and of the color of shining metal, halfway between iron and silver. He bore himself as though he were still well able to wrestle with younger men in the fairs, and his step, though extremely slow (for he was intent upon his song), was determined as it was deliberate.

I came yet nearer and saw that he carried a few pots and pans and also a kind of kit in a bag; in his right hand was a long and polished staff of ash wood, shod with iron; and still as he went he sang. The song now rose nearer me and more loud, and at last I could distinguish the words, which were, in English, these:

"Men that cook in copper know well how difficult is the cleaning of copper. All cooking is a double labor unless the copper is properly tinned."

This couplet rimed well in the tongue he used, which was not Languedoc nor even Béarnais, but ordinary French of the North, well chosen, rhythmical, and sure. When he had sung this couplet once, glancing, as he sang it, nobly upwards to the left and right at the people in their houses, he paused a little, set down his kit and his pots and his pans, and leant upon his stick to rest. A man in white clothes with a white square cap on his head ran out of a neighboring door and gave him a saucepan, which he accepted with a solemn salute, and then, as though invigorated by such good fortune, he lifted his bürdens again and made a dignified progress of some few steps forward, nearer to the place in which I stood. He halted again and resumed his song.

It had a quality in it which savored at once of the pathetic and of the steadfast; its few notes recalled to me those classical themes which conceal something of dreadful fate and of necessity, but are yet instinct with dignity and with the majestic purpose of the human will, and Athens would have envied such a song. The words were these:

"All kinds of game, izard, quails, and wild pigeon are best roasted upon a spit; but what spit is so clean and fresh as a spit that has been newly tinned?"

When he had sung this verse by way of challenge to the world, he halted once more and mopped his face with a great handkerchief, waiting, perhaps, for a spit to be brought; but none came. The spits of the town were new, and though the people loved his singing, yet they were of too active and sensible a kind to waste pence for nothing. When he saw that spits were not forthcoming he lifted up his kit again and changed his subject just by so much as might attract another sort of need. He sang — but now more violently, and as though with a worthy protest:

"Le lièvre et le lapin,
Quand c'est bien cuit, ça fait du bien."

That is: "Hare and rabbit, properly cooked, do one great good," and then added after the necessary pause and with a gesture half of offering and half of disdain: "But who can call them well cooked if the tinning of the pot has been neglected?" And into this last phrase he added notes which hinted of sadness and disillusion. It was very fine.

As he was now quite near me and ready, through the slackness of trade, to enter into a conversation, I came quite close and said to him, "I wish you good day," to which he answered, "And I to you and the company," though there was no company.

Then I said, "You sing and so advertise your trade?"

He answered, "I do. It lifts the heart, it shortens the way, it attracts the attention of the citizens, it guarantees good work."

"In what way," said I, "does it guarantee good work?"

"The man," he answered, "who sings loudly, clearly, and well, is a man in good health. He is master of himself. He is strict and well managed. When people hear him, they say, 'Here is a prompt, ready, and serviceable man. He is not afraid. There is no rudeness in him. He is urbane, swift, and to the point. There is method in this fellow.' All these things may be in the man who does not sing, but singing makes them apparent. Therefore in our trade we sing."

"But there must be some," I said, "who do not sing and who yet are good tinners."

At this he gave a little shrug of his shoulders and spread down his hands slightly but imperatively. "There are such," said he. "They are even numerous. But while they get less trade they are also less happy men. For I would have you note (saving your respect and that of the company) that this singing has a quality. It does good within as well as without. It pleases the singer in his very self as well as brings him work and clients."

Then I said, "You are right, and I wish I had something to tin; let me however tell you something in place of the trade I cannot offer you. All things are trine, as you have heard," (here he nodded), "and your singing does, therefore, not a double but a triple good. For it gives you pleasure within, it brings in trade and content from others, and it delights the world around you. It is an admirable thing."

When he heard this he was very pleased. He took off his enormous hat, which was of straw and as big as a wheel, and said, "Sir, to the next meeting!" and went off singing with a happier and more triumphant note, "Carrots, onions, lentils, and beans, depend upon the tinner for their worth to mankind."

— *Hills and the Sea.*

1. What is the object of this little essay? Read the passage which you think sums up its purpose.

2. What was remarkable about the singer? How are his first speeches like Bacon's essay? (See page 207.)

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

By Frederick Lewis Allen

F. L. Allen (1890–) has been an editor on the staffs of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Century Magazine*. He has written many articles for periodical publications. The following is a capital example of the current American humorous essay.

THE most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feeling, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones at his little mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insufferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainment, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he becomes so utterly bored

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that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

The moment I arrived at Jones's camp on Saturday afternoon, I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show me my cot. It was a frail, anemic canvas thing that screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was the open sky.

"Here," said Jones, expansively, "is where you're to sleep. This region is the most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I get actually to look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten o'clock, and don't know another thing till morning."

"You never know very much," I meditated inwardly, picking a yellow caterpillar off my cot. "How about blankets and things?" It took a vast amount of imagination to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

"Oh, I'll give you all you want, and lots of mosquito netting, too," Jones said. "You can make your bed just as you like; that's half the fun of the thing."

"Ah, yes!"

Way down in my heart I had a foreboding that it would be rather more than half the fun. "Wonderful!" I simulated. "I haven't slept outdoors for years."

"Good!" said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout heart and a cheery face; I even joked callously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked

very, very far away. Then I played three-handed auction with Jones and his wife. I was as merry as ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine forty, Jones yawned.

"Why, it's nearly ten," said Mrs. Jones. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I was just going to suggest turning in," Jones observed. "I'll get your blankets and netting, if you like."

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my hostess good night. The time had come.

Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at large.

"Nothing," I said, with fortitude. "Good night."

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat but gaudy pair of pajamas. A lamp lighted my labors. The game was on; the mosquitoes and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: Don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. If a single toe projects, the blankets will be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket into a pillow. Next came the *magnum opus* — hanging the mosquito netting.

Here I confronted several alternatives. First, there is the Romanesque style, in which one hangs the netting on

a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. This style is somewhat like sleeping with an inverted wastebasket on the face, and is based on the fallacious notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you — but never mind.

Then there is the Renaissance style. You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. This method adequately answers the question, "What shall we do with the wedding present Aunt Alice gave us?"

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic style — four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung back to the Renaissance. Securing some string, after a short, dark, and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jackstraw player. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to show that physics has a big future. I had distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless; I felt that I was being suffocated.

Isn't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and said to myself: "Oh, what wonderful air! How I shall sleep!" Yes, how?

I humped about a few times — creaking as I have never creaked before — till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitoes awhile, moved up four inches, thought about pillows, and then suddenly, with a great start, realized that I wasn't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge, staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE: YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. It was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jumping over a fence until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred and seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering laws of physics.

I. When a man lies on his side on a cot, his weight is evenly distributed between his ear and his hip bone.

II. For every dead mosquito in the hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

III. The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers an obstruction to mosquitoes. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still —

Well, to tell the truth, that's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is the loser. I blame only myself.

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din above me in the trees.

I found that four mosquitoes were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face — great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for embarrassment. Presently a friend of theirs, bloated with drink, sailed down and sat beside them, singing a triumphant blood-lust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that kills.

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival — I called him Macbeth because he murdered sleep — but he was unabashed. I even spoke to him sternly, told him to go home and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place this was for a chap with a family; I appealed to his better self. Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insolently through a tear in the netting and come straight at me.

His song of triumph rose in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was just reaching to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring myself for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave away completely and fell about my ears. Can you imagine a worse predicament than to be pinned under so much wreckage with a mosquito that you personally dislike?

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent (while Macbeth's friends got at my ankles), sneaked in under the edge again, lay down once more, and looked about warily for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery; and on the off chance slapped the back of my neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I almost wish now that I hadn't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called Insides versus Outsides. At 4 A.M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitoes, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy longlegs, two mosquitoes. A vigorous campaign then began, the Insides trying to get out, the Outsides trying to get in.

At 4:30 A.M., owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat changed, the score standing: Insides, one mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitoes, two unclassified. (Mind you, I am no etymologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

The list of dead and injured was simply appalling.

After awhile I tired of this game, but the mosquitoes were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Only when a breeze sprang up did they begin to reel home in twos and threes to sleep off their jag.

Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the "ravel'd sleave of care." It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. The sun at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones's. I hated the thought of his coming out with his wife at breakfast time and finding me dead of a sunstroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people don't die of sunstroke. They only fainted and lost their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchen pump going, and see the housemaid indoors, hiding matches and sweeping the dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately well.

Presently Jones came out in his bath robe, and asked me how I had slept. I told him that that was just what I'd been wondering myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitoes had been thick.

I said no, not too thick to get through the netting, and we both laughed and joked about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That's the way in such crises, when the terrible strain is over.

I avoided another night's excitement by telegraphing myself to come home at once on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial, and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waiting for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned idea that night is the time for sleeping, and not for hunting and recreation.

1. This is an excellent selection to read aloud. Try it. Read to the class the passage that appeals to you most.

2. Contrast the humor of this selection with that of Lamb's essay (page 226) and Addison's essay (page 200).

3. Write a short essay, relating a humorous experience of your own. Remember that your story of the incident must be told not for its own sake but to set forth a point of view. Why?

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

By Elbert Hubbard

Elbert Hubbard (1859–1915) was an American writer and lecturer. He was the founder of a colony of workers centered about the Roycroft Shop, East Aurora, New York, where beautiful handmade articles are produced, particularly books. He also published a little magazine, *The Philistine*, and wrote a series of biographical sketches under the title *Little Journeys* and a number of short essays in pamphlet form. Hubbard and his wife, who had helped in his work at East Aurora, were both lost when the *Lusitania* was sunk in 1915.

WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

(Adapted and used by special permission of Elbert Hubbard II.)

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land. It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia!"

My heart goes out to the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions and with no lurking intention of doing aught else but deliver it.

Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

1. Tell the story here related. What were some of the difficulties of delivering the message? Why would it have been of no use for Rowan to ask where Garcia was? Why does the author say Rowan's statue should be in colleges?

2. What examples do you know of in history of people who have quietly gone ahead to do their duty regardless of consequences? Of what use are such people to civilization? Why are they wanted everywhere?

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY

Sir Walter Raleigh once wrote: "History hath triumphed over Time, which, beside it, nothing but Eternity hath triumphed over."

History has not only outlived time, whose events it records, but it has also won for itself a high place among the arts. From the Greek Herodotus (B.C. 484?–425?) and the Roman Cæsar to the present day, historians appear from time to time who record past events in a manner that makes their writings literature as well as history. Macaulay and Green are two outstanding English historians; and among our American writers Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, and Parkman rank with the best.

The following extracts are, with good reason, largely culled from American history. While they are complete units in themselves, they are intended primarily to be samples of the good reading one can find everywhere in History's pages. Raleigh might have written: "You can triumph over Time by perusing the record that our historians have set down."

STORMING THE TEMPLE OF MEXICO

(*See opposite page*)

STORMING THE TEMPLE OF MEXICO

By William H. Prescott

The Spanish conquest of Mexico began in 1520, when Hernando Cortes (1485–1547) disregarded the orders of his superior and landed there with a small force. He scuttled his ships, so that his men would not want to give up, and marched into the interior. The Indians thought that his men were supernatural beings, and when he reached the city of Mexico he partly forced and partly persuaded the chief, Montezuma, to support him. His position was still uncertain when a Spanish force was sent to bring him back. He went to meet them, persuaded the men to join him, and returned to the city. His lieutenant was in trouble with the Mexicans; Montezuma was dying, and Cortes had to fight. The dramatic struggle described here took place during the next few days.

William H. Prescott (1796–1859), an American historian, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard. An accident destroyed the sight of one eye, but although not able to travel, or to work for long at a time, he wrote among other works his famous *Conquest of Mexico* and *Conquest of Peru*. Notice in his style the choice of dramatic detail.

CORTES, having cleared a way for the assault, sprang up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters,

which thundering along the stairway overturned the ascending Spaniards and carried desolation through their ranks.

The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace; where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the teocalli.

Cortes and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aërial battlefield, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the teocalli, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for more than a thousand combatants.

It was paved with broad, flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet at the further extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the Cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked

nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together.

Cortes himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors of strong muscular frames seized on him and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm! The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortes was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated, but not by contemporary history.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force rather than superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armor of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived, to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men;

and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone; the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopochtli, with his censer of smoking hearts and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore — not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the teocalli.

They then set fire to the accursed building. The flames speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac!

— *The Conquest of Mexico.*

1. Pronounce and define: arquebusiers, aërial, quarter, gore, arena, sable, parapet, mortal, temper, censer, niche, sanguinary.

2. The teocalli was a four-sided pyramid, flat on top, terraced by four ledges, each about six feet wide. At one corner were flights of steps, so arranged that it was necessary to go all the way around the pyramid to get from one flight to the next. With this in mind, and with the picture on page 254 to help you, describe the fight. What was the teocalli used for? Explain lines 17–20, page 258.

3. Why had the Spaniards no hope but in victory? What would have happened to them if they had been captured alive?

4. What do you know about the recent history of Mexico?

DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

By John Richard Green

In 1588 England, under Queen Elizabeth, was at war with Spain, ruled by King Philip. At the bottom of the trouble was a sharp difference between the religions of the two countries. Added to this were the growing difficulties over Spanish possessions in the New World, emphasized by Drake's bold privateering against Spanish vessels. Spain planned to invade England with an army under the Duke of Parma, who was at Calais and who intended to cross the English Channel under the protection of the Armada, the greatest navy that had ever been gathered together. It was the object of the English fleet, under Lord Admiral Howard, to break up the Armada and so to prevent a Spanish invasion of England.

The following description of the battle between the fleets is from *A Short History of the English People*, by John Richard Green (1837–1883), a brilliant English historian. You will observe the wealth of detail in the description and the vividness of Green's narrative.

TO SECURE a landing at all, the Spaniards had to be masters of the Channel; and in the Channel lay an English fleet resolved to struggle hard for the mastery. As the Armada sailed on in a broad crescent past Plymouth, moving towards its point of junction with Parma at Calais, the vessels which had gathered under Lord Howard of Effingham slipped out of the bay and hung with the wind upon their rear.

In numbers the two forces were strangely unequal; the English fleet counted only eighty vessels against the one hundred and forty-nine which composed the Armada. In size of ships the disproportion was even greater. Fifty of the English vessels, including the squadron of the

lord admiral and the craft of the volunteers, were little bigger than yachts of the present day. Even of the thirty queen's ships which formed its main body, there were only four which equaled in tonnage the smallest of the Spanish galleons. Sixty-five of these galleons formed the most formidable half of the Spanish fleet; and four galleys, four galleasses armed with fifty guns apiece, fifty-six armed merchantmen, and twenty pinnaces, made up the rest. The Armada was provided with 2,500 cannon and a vast store of provisions; it had on board 8,000 seamen and more than 20,000 soldiers; and if a court favorite, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, had been placed at its head, he was supported by the ablest staff of naval officers which Spain possessed.

Small, however, as the English ships were, they were in perfect trim; they sailed two feet for the Spaniard's one, they were manned with 9,000 hardy seamen, and their admiral was backed by a crowd of captains who had won fame in the Spanish seas. With him was Hawkins, who had been the first to break into the charmed circle of the Indies; Frobisher, the hero of the Northwest Passage; and above all Drake, who held command of the privateers. They had won, too, the advantage of the wind, and closing in or drawing off as they would, the lightly handled English vessels, which fired four shots to the Spaniards' one, hung boldly on the rear of the great fleet as it moved along the Channel.

"The feathers of the Spaniard," in the phrase of the English seamen, were "plucked one by one." Galleon after galleon was sunk, boarded, driven on shore; and yet Medina-Sidonia failed in bringing his pursuers to a close engagement. Now halting, now moving slowly on, the

running fight between the two fleets lasted throughout the week, till the Armada dropped anchor in Calais roads. The time had now come for sharper work if the junction of the Armada with Parma was to be prevented; for, demoralized as the Spaniards had been by the merciless chase, their loss in ships had not been great, while, though the numbers of English ships had grown, their supplies of food and ammunition were fast running out. Howard resolved to force an engagement, and lighting eight fire ships at midnight sent them down with the tide upon the Spanish line. The galleons at once cut their cables and stood out in panic to sea, drifting with the wind in a long line off Gravelines.

Drake resolved at all costs to prevent their return. At dawn the English ships closed fairly in, and almost their last cartridge was spent ere the sun went down. Three great galleons had sunk, three had drifted helplessly on to the Flemish coast; but the bulk of the Spanish vessels remained, and even to Drake the fleet seemed "wonderful great and strong." Within the Armada itself, however, all hope was gone. Huddled together by the wind and the deadly English fire, their sails torn, their masts shot away, the crowded galleons had become mere slaughterhouses. Four thousand men had fallen, and bravely as the seamen fought they were cowed by the terrible butchery. Medina himself was in despair. "We are lost, Señor Oquenda," he cried to his bravest captain; "what are we to do?" "Let others talk of being lost," replied Oquenda, "Your Excellency has only to order up fresh cartridge." But Oquenda stood alone, and a council of war resolved on retreat to Spain by the one course open, that of a circuit round the Orkneys. "Never anything pleased me better,"

wrote Drake, "than seeing the enemy fly with a southerly wind to the northwards. Have a good eye to the Prince of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we like, I doubt not, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange trees." But the work of destruction was reserved for a mightier foe than Drake. Supplies fell short and the English vessels were forced to give up the chase; but the Spanish ships which remained had no sooner reached the Orkneys than the storms of the northern seas broke on them with a fury before which all concert and union disappeared. Fifty reached Coruña, bearing 10,000 men stricken with pestilence and death. Of the rest some were sunk, some dashed to pieces against the Irish cliffs. The wreckers of the Orkneys and the Faroes, the clansmen of the Scottish Isles, the kerns of Donegal and Galway, all had their part in the work of murder and robbery. Eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets. On a strand near Sligo an English captain numbered eleven hundred corpses which had been cast up by the sea. The flower of the Spanish nobility, who had been sent on the new crusade under Alonzo da Leyva, after twice suffering shipwreck, put a third time to sea to founder on a reef near Dunluce.

— *A Short History of the English People.*

1. Sketch the course of the Spanish fleet.

2. What were the tactics of the English? What does the word "armada" mean?

3. Find out why this is listed as one of the decisive battles of the world. What are some of the others?

4. What are some of the features of Green's story that make it seem real? Contrast it with Prescott's description. (See page 255.)

RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS

By Washington Irving

Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828) is biography rather than history; but there is much intimate history of the times woven into it. Irving (1783–1859) was a master craftsman in handling biography or history and essay or story as his volumes on Columbus and Washington, his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, and *The Sketch Book* show. It was Irving who first made American literature respected abroad; and one of his character creations, Rip Van Winkle, is known the world over. (See page 331.)

The following reading describes in detail the reception of Columbus in Spain upon his return in 1493 from his first voyage across the Atlantic.

THE triumphant return of Columbus was a prodigious event in the history of the little port of Palos where everybody was more or less interested in the fate of his expedition. The most important and wealthy sea captains of the place had engaged in it, and scarcely a family but had some relative or friend among the voyagers. The departure of the ships upon what appeared a chimerical and desperate cruise had spread gloom and dismay over the place; and the storms which had raged throughout the winter had heightened the public despondency. Many lamented their friends as lost, while the imagination lent mysterious horrors to their fate; picturing them as driven about over wild and desert wastes of water without a shore; or as perishing amidst rocks, and quicksands, and whirlpools; or a prey to those monsters of the deep with which credulity, in those days, peopled every distant and unfrequented sea. There was something more awful

in such a mysterious fate than in death itself, under any defined and ordinary form.

When the news arrived, therefore, that one of the adventurous ships was standing up the river, the inhabitants were thrown into great agitation; but when they heard that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, and beheld her furling her sails in their harbor, the whole community burst forth into a transport of joy. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended: for a time there was nothing but the hurry and tumult of sudden exultation and breathless curiosity. Some were anxious to know the fate of a relative, others of a friend; and all to learn particulars of so wonderful a voyage. When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery made by the people of that place; the shallow populace forgetting, in their exultation, the thousand difficulties which they had thrown in the way of the enterprise. Wherever Columbus passed, the streets resounded with shouts and acclamations; he received such honors as are paid to sovereigns, but to him they were rendered with tenfold warmth and sincerity. What a contrast was this to his departure a few months before, followed by murmurs and execrations; or rather, what a contrast to his first arrival at Palos, a poor pedestrian, craving bread and water for his child at the gate of a convent!

Understanding that the court was at Barcelona, Columbus felt disposed to proceed thither immediately in his caravel; reflecting, however, on the dangers and disasters he had already experienced on the seas, he resolved to proceed by land. He dispatched a letter to the king and

queen, informing them of his arrival, and soon after departed for Seville to await their orders, taking with him six of the natives whom he had brought from the new world. One had died at sea, and three were left ill at Palos.

The letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event it communicated was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign; and following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of question or competition.

Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer was already advancing, the time favorable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville, or elsewhere, that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them by the return of the courier what was necessary to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the Ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indias"; at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships,

men, and munitions that would be requisite; and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the new world.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion and decorated with tropical feathers and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an

unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprises, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their

majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest, since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties.

—*Life and Voyages of Columbus.*

1. Find on your map the Spanish cities mentioned. About how long is the sea voyage from Palos to Barcelona? The land journey? What may have been another reason besides the dangers of the sea to make Columbus decide to go by land?

2. Define: prodigious, chimerical, quicksand, transport, acclamations, execrations, pedestrian, repair, hidalgos, concourse, cavalcade, signal, august, inflamed, vassalage, harbingers, saloon.

3. Explain the title given by the king and queen to Columbus. Why was his successful voyage considered such a great benefit to Spain? Why were the rulers in a hurry to send him back again? Were their expectations realized at once? Find out all you can about the Spanish conquests in America and their results to Spain.

4. Explain lines 10–12, page 265.

5. Describe the reception of Columbus at Palos; his reception at Barcelona. What similar scenes have you witnessed or read about?

THE RELIEF OF LEIDEN

By John Lothrop Motley

John Lothrop Motley (1814–1877) was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard. His enthusiasm for liberty led him to choose for a subject the struggle of the Netherlands for freedom from Spanish rule. He presents his story as a "prose epic of liberty" with William the Silent, Prince of Orange, as the heroic figure who dominates the scene. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, from which this extract is taken, was followed by other works which bring the story down to 1623. Motley's style is full of the enthusiasm which he felt for his subject. He presents historical facts accurately, but his warmly expressed sympathy for the cause of liberty never wavers.

The siege of Leiden by the Spaniards occupied a whole year, 1573–74. To enable the fleet to relieve the city, the Prince of Orange had the dikes opened, flooding the country. The relief of Leiden was the turning point in the struggle for freedom and the famous University of Leiden was founded by Holland to commemorate the event.

A VIOLENT equinoctial gale on the night between the first and second of October came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa instead of nine inches had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken

through according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed toward Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle – a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharge of the Zeelanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course.

The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path – the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly

deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zeelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boat hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave **nor took quarter,** were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long-expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leiderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind.

Meantime the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot informing them of

his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist.

"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand toward Lammen — "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?"

"We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us."

It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn.

Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leiden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights, issuing from the fort, was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between the Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from

Lammen toward the fleet, while at the same time a solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leiden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy, Gisbert Cornellisen, now waving his cap from the battlements, had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon however, became quite evident. Valdez himself, flying from Leiderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leiden was relieved:

— *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

1. What circumstances make the sea fight interesting? Could it have happened in any country except Holland? Compare this battle with the defeat of the Armada. (See page 259.)

WOLFE'S LAST BATTLE

By Francis Parkman

Francis Parkman (1823-1893) is regarded as one of the foremost American historians. He has made his own that period of American history which witnessed the conflict between the English and the French for supremacy in the Western World, and the later period of pioneering in the West. His complete mastery of detailed information and his first-hand acquaintance with places and peoples make his histories read like the report of an eyewitness. His style of writing, moreover, is brilliantly descriptive and his story travels rapidly. The following extract from *Montcalm and Wolfe* is a good example of his style.

Bougainville and Montcalm were the French defenders of Quebec, and against them the English general, Wolfe, was pitted. The battle was to be the deciding one for the control of a continent. Wolfe gained the heights near Quebec and fought a winning battle, but both he and Montcalm fell mortally wounded.

THE day had been fortunate for Wolfe. Two deserters came from the camp of Bougainville with intelligence that, at ebb tide on the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montcalm. The necessities of the camp at Beauport, and the difficulties of transportation by land, had before compelled the French to resort to this perilous means of conveying supplies; and their boats, drifting in darkness under the shadows of the northern shore, had commonly passed in safety. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence of the deserters to good account.

He was still on board the *Sutherland*. Every preparation was made, and every order given; it only remained to wait

the turning of the tide. Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised into the maintop shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the appointed signal; the boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light infantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

For fully two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate —

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination, the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp "*Qui vive!*" of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "*France!*" answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"*A quel régiment?*" (To what regiment?)

"*De la Reine*" (The Queen's), replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied in French: "Provision boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop of war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream, not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass.

In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine choked with forest trees; and in its depths ran a little brook called Ruisseau St. Denis, which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock.

Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat listening.

At length from the top came a sound of musket shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place, near the mouth of the ravine, where the foremost reached the top.

Wolfe said to an officer near him: "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abattis; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two fieldpieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of

Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload.

The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two.

When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds.

At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisburg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast.

He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same

company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There is no need," he answered; "it's all over with me."

A moment after one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep.

"The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!"

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

— *Montcalm and Wolfe.*

1. What was Wolfe's plan of attack? What were the critical moments? What circumstances helped him? What accidents might have caused failure?

2. Describe the battle. Why was it a bad plan to have the Canadian militia among the French regulars? What sort of fighting were the colonials used to? Compare this battle with others that you know about in the French and Indian wars.

3. What do the circumstances related about Wolfe's death tell you of his character? Find the line quoted on page 275, in Gray's *Elegy*. (See page 411.)

4. Explain: convoy, natural philosophy, shrouds, abattis, plateau, grapeshot, slogan, corps.

5. James Wolfe (1727–1759) was born at Westerham, England, and had his first experience of war when a boy of fifteen. He fought in Germany and Scotland and was rapidly promoted. His services at the capture of Louisburg, in 1758, were very important, and in 1759 Pitt appointed him to the command of the forces sent against Quebec.

THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS

By George Bancroft

The following extract from Bancroft's *History of the United States* not only illustrates his style but it also is interesting as a detailed account of the expulsion of the Acadians from their homeland in Nova Scotia in 1755. These Acadians were a peaceful French folk who had made of their river valleys and diked lands a perfect Land of Plenty. The English and French were at war at the time (Quebec fell in 1759); but both sides resorted to or permitted cruelties uncalled for by any code of civilized warfare.

On this occasion the English deliberately packed up a whole community and scattered its members in various places, without regard for family ties or relationships. Longfellow in his *Evangeline* depicts the outrage in the wanderings of an Acadian girl separated from her lover. (See page 399.)

Read the selection, noting particularly the carefully detailed information Bancroft supplies.

TO HUNT them [the Acadians] into the net was impracticable; artifice was therefore resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, "both old men and young men," were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September, they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the commander, placed himself in their center, and spoke:

"You are convened together to manifest to you His Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds,

and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this, his province. I am, through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in." And he then declared them the king's prisoners.

Their wives and families shared their lot; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six; in the whole, women and babes and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for that first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

The tenth of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents.

Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying and singing hymns. The seniors went next; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive.

The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food or raiment or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December with its appalling cold had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers before the last of them were removed. "The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; "the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them." Their hope was vain.

Near Annapolis a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer on this occasion, "and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will." Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi and the region south of the Restigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St. John and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages.

But seven thousand of these banished people were driven on board ships and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia — one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poorhouse as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to

reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

The wanderers sighed for their native country; but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses and more than as many barns were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials.

A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watchdog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes and desolated their meadows.

— *History of the United States.*

1. Describe, in the person of one of the Acadians, what happened at Grand Pré. Begin with a short description of the place; read "Evangeline" (page 399) for details.

2. Some of the Acadians came back to Nova Scotia after the peace was made between France and England in 1763. They settled in the western part of the province, and their descendants still live there, speaking their own language, which is taught in the schools, and preserving some of their old customs. Locate Nova Scotia on your map. What is its chief city to-day?

3. Why were the French in Nova Scotia called Acadians?

4. Explain: artifice, peremptorily, forfeited, manifest, garners, appalling, abhorring, lair, St. John.

FRONTIER LIFE

By Theodore Roosevelt

Among the virile historians of the last half century, none ranks higher than the late Theodore Roosevelt — naturalist, explorer, student and scholar, journalist and author, politician, soldier, diplomat, and statesman. Into his busy life (1858–1919) he crowded events enough to fill the biography of a half dozen unusual men.

Born in the City of New York, his poor health and his love of the outdoors early led him to the then unsettled West. In later years, his affection for the gun and trail took him to far-distant Africa and unknown recesses of South America. He was an ardent student of history, literature, and politics, and acquired an unusual proficiency in all three, as is manifested in the numerous volumes on various subjects which he found time to write in the midst of his strenuous political activities and in the quiet of later years.

During the Spanish-American War he wrote his name large in our historical annals through the leadership of his "Rough Riders" (1898) at San Juan Hill.

One of his finest achievements as a diplomat was his intervention in the Russo-Japanese War (1904–1905), leading to a peaceful settlement between these nations.

In the arena of American politics he stood supreme for many years — State legislator for New York, police commissioner for the City of New York, governor of the State of New York, Vice President of the United States, and finally President — these are his successive official preferments.

The following extract is from his *The Winning of the West* and describes graphically frontier life and manners in the clearings.

A SINGLE generation, passed under the hard conditions of life in the wilderness, was enough to weld together into one people the representatives of these numerous and widely different races; and the children of the

next generation became indistinguishable from one another. Long before the first Continental Congress assembled, the backwoodsmen, whatever their blood, had become Americans, one in speech, thought, and character, clutching firmly the land in which their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them.

They had lost all remembrance of Europe and all sympathy with things European; they had become as emphatically products native to the soil as were the tough and supple hickories out of which they fashioned the handles of their long, light axes. Their grim, harsh, narrow lives were yet strangely fascinating and full of adventurous toil and danger; none but natures as strong, as freedom loving, and as full of bold defiance as theirs could have endured existence on the terms which these men found pleasurable. Their iron surroundings made a mold which turned out all alike in the same shape. They resembled one another, and they differed from the rest of the world — even the world of America, and infinitely more the world of Europe — in dress, in customs, and mode of life.

Where their lands abutted on the more settled districts to the eastward, the population was of course thickest, and their peculiarities least. Here and there at such points they built small backwoods burgs, or towns, rude, straggling, unkempt villages, with a store or two, a tavern, — sometimes good, often a "scandalous hogsty" where travelers were devoured by fleas and everyone slept and ate in one room, — a small log schoolhouse, and a little church. However, the backwoodsmen as a class neither built towns nor loved to dwell therein. They were to be seen at their best in the vast, interminable forests that formed

their chosen home. They won and kept their lands by force, and ever lived either at war or in dread of war. Hence they settled always in groups of several families each, all banded together for mutual protection. Their red foes were strong and terrible, cunning in council, dreadful in battle, merciless beyond belief in victory. The men of the border did not overcome and dispossess cowards and weaklings; they marched forth to spoil the stout-hearted and to take for a prey the possessions of the men of might.

Every acre, every rood, of ground which they claimed had to be cleared by the ax and held with the rifle. Not only was the chopping down of the forest the first preliminary to cultivation, but it was also the surest means of subduing the Indians, to whom the unending stretches of choked woodland were an impenetrable cover, behind which to move unseen; a shield in making assaults, and a strong tower of defense in repelling counter attacks. In the conquest of the West the backwoods ax, shapely, well-poised, with long haft and light head, was a servant hardly standing second even to the rifle; the two were the national weapons of the American backwoodsman and in their use he has never been excelled.

When a group of families moved out into the wilderness they built themselves a station, or stockade fort; a square palisade of upright logs, loopholed, with strong block-houses as bastions at the corners. One side at least was generally formed by the backs of the cabins themselves, all standing in a row; and there was a great door or gate, that could be strongly barred in case of need. Often no iron whatever was employed in any of the buildings. The square inside contained the provision sheds and frequently a strong central blockhouse as well. These forts,

of course, could not stand against cannon, and they were always in danger when attacked with fire; but save for this risk of burning they were very effectual defenses against men without artillery, and were rarely taken, whether by whites or Indians, except by surprise. Few other buildings have played so important a part in our history as the rough stockade fort of the backwoods.

The families only lived in the fort when there was war with the Indians, and even then not in the winter. At other times they all separated out to their own farms, universally called clearings, as they were always made by first cutting off the timber. The stumps were left to dot the fields of grain and Indian corn. The corn in especial was the stand-by and invariable resource of the Western settler; it was the crop on which he relied to feed his family and, when hunting or on a war trail, the parched grains were carried in his leather wallet to serve often as his only food. But he planted orchards and raised melons, potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables as well; and he had usually a horse or two, cows, and perhaps hogs and sheep, if the wolves and bears did not interfere.

If he was poor his cabin was made of unhewn logs and held but a single room; if well to do, the logs were neatly hewed, and besides the large living-and-eating room with its huge stone fireplace, there was also a small bedroom and a kitchen, while a ladder led to the loft above, in which the boys slept. The floor was made of puncheons, great slabs of wood hewed carefully out, and the roof of clapboards. Pegs of wood were thrust into the sides of the house, to serve instead of a wardrobe; and buck antlers, thrust into joists, held the ever-ready rifles. The table was a great clapboard set on four wooden legs; there were

three-legged stools, and in the better sort of houses old-fashioned rocking-chairs. The couch or bed was warmly covered with blankets, bearskins, and deer hides.

These clearings lay far apart from one another in the wilderness. Up to the doorsills of the log huts stretched the solemn and mysterious forest. There were no openings to break its continuity; nothing but endless leagues on leagues of shadowy, wolf-haunted woodland. The great trees towered aloft till their separate heads were lost in the mass of foliage above, and the rank underbrush choked the spaces between the trunks. On the higher peaks and ridge crests of the mountains there were straggling birches and pines, hemlocks and balsam firs; elsewhere, oaks, chestnuts, hickories, maples, beeches, walnuts, and great tulip trees grew side by side with many other kinds. The sunlight could not penetrate the roofed archway of murmuring leaves; through the gray aisles of the forest men walked always in a kind of midday gloaming. Those who had lived in the open plains felt when they came to the backwoods as if their heads were hooded. Save on the border of a lake, from a cliff top, or on a bald knob — they could not anywhere look out for any distance.

All the land was shrouded in one vast forest. It covered the mountains from crest to river bed, filled the plains, and stretched in somber and melancholy wastes towards the Mississippi. All that it contained, all that lay hid within it and beyond it, none could tell; men only knew that their boldest hunters, however deeply they had penetrated, had not yet gone through it, that it was the home of the game they followed and the wild beasts that preyed on their flocks, and that deep in its tangled depths lurked their red foes, hawk-eyed and wolf-hearted.

Backwoods society was simple, and the duties and rights of each member of the family were plain and clear. The man was the armed protector and provider, the bread-winner; the woman was the housewife and childbearer. They married young and their families were large, for they were strong and healthy, and their success in life depended on their own stout arms and willing hands. There was everywhere great equality of conditions. Land was plenty and all else scarce; so courage, thrift, and industry were sure of their reward. All had small farms, with the few stock necessary to cultivate them; the farms being generally placed in the hollows, the division lines between them, if they were close together, being the tops of the ridges and the water courses, especially the former. The buildings of each farm were usually at its lowest point, as if in the center of an amphitheater. Each was on an average of about 400 acres but sometimes more. Tracts of low, swampy grounds, possibly some miles from the cabin, were cleared for meadows, the fodder being stacked and hauled home in winter.

Each backwoodsman was not only a small farmer but also a hunter; for his wife and children depended for their meat upon the venison and bear's flesh procured by his rifle. The people were restless and always on the move. After being a little while in a place, some of the men would settle down permanently, while others would again drift off, farming and hunting alternately to support their families. The backwoodsman's dress was in great part borrowed from his Indian foes. He wore a fur cap or felt hat, moccasins, and either loose, thin trousers, or else simply leggings of buckskin or elk hide, and the Indian breech-clout. He was always clad in the fringed hunting shirt,

of homespun or buckskin, the most picturesque and distinctively national dress ever worn in America. It was a loose smock, or tunic, reaching nearly to the knees, and held in at the waist by a broad belt, from which hung the tomahawk and scalping knife. His weapon was the long, small-bore, flintlock rifle, clumsy and ill-balanced, but exceedingly accurate. It was very heavy, and when upright, reached to the chin of a tall man; for the barrel of thick, soft iron was four feet in length, while the stock was short and the butt scooped out. Sometimes it was plain, sometimes ornamented. It was generally bored out — or, as the expression then was, "sawed out" — to carry a ball of seventy, more rarely of thirty or forty, to the pound; and was usually of backwoods manufacture. The marksman almost always fired from a rest, and rarely at a very long range; and the shooting was marvelously accurate.

— *The Winning of the West.*

1. The races mentioned as forming the backwoods population are Scotch-Irish, English, German, French, Dutch, and Swedish. The part of the frontier described is the region in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains, stretching from Pennsylvania to South Carolina. The time discussed is that just preceding the Revolution. Find other accounts of frontier life and customs and compare them with this.

2. Describe a backwoods town; a stockade fort; a clearing; a farmhouse; the forest; the backwoodsman's dress, character, and manner of living.

3. Explain: weld, Continental Congress, abutted, unkempt, tavern, interminable, spoil, rood, counter attack, palisade, bastions, effectual, leagues, aisles, somber, amphitheater, venison, breechclout, tomahawk, flintlock rifle, moccasins.

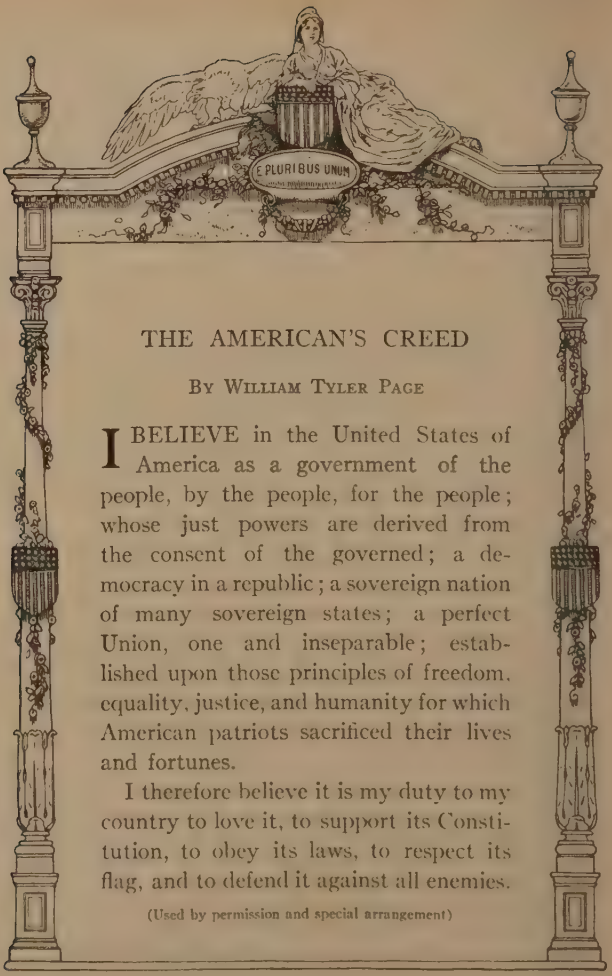
4. Write a short sketch of Roosevelt's career.

POLITICAL LITERATURE

Our political literature is extensive enough to fill a large library. The few brief extracts herein presented were selected to illustrate the variety of subject of our public speeches and state documents and to inspire increased interest in the subjects themselves.

Addresses offer the best opportunity of first-hand acquaintance with our history. In fact the addresses themselves have often been instrumental in making history. Washington's "Farewell Address," for example, has been a strong factor in determining our foreign policies. Moreover, speeches are an important form of literature. In periods of political agitation, such as our Revolutionary War, they are the largest part of the literary production, and often the finest.

The day of the old-fashioned "orator" may be gone; but the demand for men and women who can think, and can then speak what they think, has never been so keen as to-day. Many of the following selections will furnish you with desirable models to imitate in your own talks.



THE AMERICAN'S CREED

By William Tyler Page

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

By Edward Everett

Edward Everett (1794–1865) was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard. He took a prominent part in the political and educational life of his time and was especially well-known as a public speaker. This extract is taken from a speech delivered before the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on December 22, 1824, at the yearly celebration there of the landing of the Pilgrims. The speech traced the causes which led to the wonderful growth of a colony which had begun its history with so many apparent disadvantages. This extract sums up the speech and is a good example of the speaker's style of oratory.

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower* of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight

against the staggering vessel. I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all-but-desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draft of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what should be the fate of this handful of adventurers?

Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? Was it hard labor and spare meals? Was it disease? Was it the tomahawk? Was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollections of the loved and left, beyond the sea? Was it some or all of them united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious!

1. On what day did the Pilgrims land? Compare the winter climate of Massachusetts with that of Holland. What is said of the hardships of the voyage? Do you think the speaker exaggerates?

2. Would people from a city of the present day find the conditions the Pilgrims faced any more trying than they did? Discuss.

PREAMBLE TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The resolution "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," etc., was submitted to the Continental Congress on June 7, 1776, by Richard Henry Lee and seconded by John Adams. On June 10 a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston, was appointed to draw up a declaration to the same effect. On July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress and signed by John Hancock, as president.

The Declaration was written by Thomas Jefferson, who, one of his associates said, "came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent of composition." When the committee met, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were appointed to draw up the document. Each wanted the other to undertake the actual composition of a paper so important. Adams told Jefferson, "You write ten times as well as I do."

"Well," said Jefferson, "if you are decided, I will do as well as I can."

The Declaration is a forcible statement of the intentions, political principles, and grievances of the colonies.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator

with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

1. What do you mean when you say that all men are created equal? What rights of a citizen would you include under (*a*) life, (*b*) liberty, and (*c*) the pursuit of happiness, respectively?

2. Name some of the "repeated injuries and usurpations" that are referred to. Who was the king of Great Britain at this time?

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

By Daniel Webster

The speech from which this extract is taken was part of an oration delivered by Webster in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on August 2, 1826, in honor of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both of whom died on July 4, 1826. In picturing the scene in the Continental Congress when the adoption of the Declaration was under discussion, Webster imagines John Adams delivering this speech. In answer to a letter asking whether it was what Adams had actually said, Webster replied that the debates of the Congress had never been published, and that, so far as he knew, no record of Adams's speech existed; that two expressions known to have been used by Adams on the subject had been introduced; but that the rest of the speech had been written by himself.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties or security to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair — is not he, our venerable colleague, near you — are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit! Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by man, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than that one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised or to be raised for the defense of American liberty — may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than

by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated.

1. Adams was supposed to be replying to the arguments that (*a*) even such privileges as the colonies had would be forfeited if they engaged in an unsuccessful war; (*b*) the people would not see the war through; (*c*) the Declaration would change a struggle for rights into an assertion of new claims; (*d*) those who adopted the Declaration would be justly blamed for all the suffering the consequent war would bring. How is each objection answered?

2. Webster imagines himself in John Adams's place. This he does so vividly that he addresses the supposed chairman, John Hancock. Where does he do this? The "venerable colleague" was Samuel Adams. Find out something about Hancock and Adams.

3. Give a two-minute talk on Adams and Jefferson.

4. Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was born in Franklin, New Hampshire and educated at Dartmouth College. He studied law, and soon came to be known as a remarkable orator. He was one of the three dominant political men of his time. Who were the other two, and what were the questions then before the public? What other speeches of Webster's have you read?

WILLIAM PITT ON THE COLONISTS

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708–1778) was born at Westminster, England. He was called "The Great Commoner" and is famous for his brilliant oratory and for his energy as Prime Minister of England during the Seven Years' War. It was chiefly owing to Pitt's wisdom in choosing his generals that this war ended in the taking of Quebec and the establishment of the English-speaking race in North America. Like many Englishmen of the time he believed that the American colonies were being denied their rights by the home government. This extract is from one of his speeches in their behalf, opposing the hiring of foreign soldiers to fight the colonists.

THE people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do. I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an *impossibility*.

You cannot, my lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it

irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms — *never, never, never!*

1. What country did Pitt call "our inveterate enemy"? Why?

2. What did Pitt think would be the effect on the minds of the Americans of the use of foreign troops?

3. Was this speech made before or after France decided to go into the Revolutionary War? Why do you think so?

4. Did England employ foreign troops to fight the Americans; if so, of what nationality were they?

5. Explain the following terms: shambles of every German despot; impotent; mercenary; rapacity.

6. What other member of the British Parliament spoke in behalf of the colonists?

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

This is an extract from a long address composed at a time when political feeling had been running very high over questions of foreign relations and over the precise extent of the power given to the federal government by the Constitution. Washington himself had been severely criticised by extremists, and had had great difficulty in keeping one party or the other from doing something rash, as well as in maintaining the neutrality of the United States in the war then going on between France and England. Hamilton and Jefferson were the leaders of these opposing parties.

IN LOOKING forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which, not unfrequently, want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans, by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution which is the work of your hands may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

1. Explain the political situation at the time the address was delivered. What is party government? How does it work? Washington did not believe in party government. How did the make-up of his cabinet illustrate this?

2. Over how many years had Washington's public service extended? Part of it had been under the colonial government, part during the Revolution, and part during the constructive period following. What was the nature of his work during each period? What was the special importance of each period? How old was Washington at the time this speech was made? How long did he live afterwards?

3. What, do you suppose, were some of the "vicissitudes of fortune" to which Washington refers? What were some of the occasions when the passions "were liable to mislead"? What were instances of want of success?

4. It had seemed to Washington during his second administration that both parties were too extreme in their views; one too inclined to develop the Republic into an autocracy, and the other anxious to do away with government altogether. What part of his final sentence shows this feeling? What three things does he mention as especially to be desired for the country? Have Washington's hopes been fulfilled? Explain your answer.

OUR COUNTRY

By Joseph Story

Joseph Story (1779–1845) was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard. He studied law and became a justice of the United States Supreme Court. In this capacity he did important work in helping to define and develop its constitutional powers. He also wrote several authoritative books on legal subjects, and was professor of law at Harvard for a number of years. The speech of which this extract is the closing part was delivered at the request of the Essex Historical Society, on September 18, 1828, in commemoration of the first settlement of Salem, Massachusetts.

Salem was first settled in 1626, by a company of "planters" under the leadership of Roger Conant. During the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, it was a leading seaport, and during the Revolution and the War of 1812 Salem privateers were an active part of the American sea power.

WE STAND the latest, and if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World.

Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence.

The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is

free. Knowledge reaches or may reach every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breeze of both oceans. It has infused itself into the lifeblood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not"? Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression.

Death never comes too soon if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

We who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country —

> "Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
> Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms!"

1. What countries were "experiments in self-government by the people" before the United States? Which of them were failures? What are the leading countries to-day with democratic governments?

2. What have the four facts mentioned at the beginning of the third paragraph to do with the continuance of the Republic?

3. The mention of the Andes in the fourth paragraph refers to the liberation of the Spanish colonies in South America and their formation into republics, which had just been completed at the time this speech was made. The mention of Greece refers to the revolt of the Greeks against Turkish rule. The greater part of Europe between the time of the French Revolution and 1848 was more or less preparing for revolution. What had the establishment of the American Republic to do with the French Revolution?

4. What classes of people does the speaker call on to help in preserving the Republic? What is each to do?

LIBERTY AND UNION

By Daniel Webster

This extract is the peroration of the famous "Reply to Hayne," a speech delivered in the United States Senate, January 26, 1830, and said by Senator Lodge to be the highest point of Webster's attainments, "intellectually, politically, or as an orator."

WHEN my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious Union — on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is this all worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — "*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*"

1. Did Webster live to see the Civil War? What connection did the Civil War have with the question under discussion?

2. What is meant by the phrase "not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured"?

PUBLIC OFFICE IS A PUBLIC TRUST

By John C. Calhoun

John C. Calhoun (1782–1850) was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, and educated at Yale. He entered political life and became one of the leading public men of his time. This speech was part of the report to the Senate of a committee on executive patronage — that is, the custom of filling public offices from the ranks of the party in power, and dismissing those of the opposite party, regardless of fitness or unfitness.

SO LONG as offices were considered as public trusts, to be conferred on the honest, the faithful and capable, for the common good and not for the benefit or gain of the incumbent or his party, and so long as it was the practice of the government to continue in office those who faithfully performed their duties, its patronage, in point of fact, was limited, and could, of course, exercise but a moderate influence either over the body of the community or of the officeholders themselves.

But when this practice was reversed — when offices, instead of being considered as public trusts to be conferred on the deserving, were regarded as the spoils of victory to be bestowed as rewards for partisan services, without respect to merit; when it came to be understood that all who hold office hold by the tenure of partisan zeal and party service — it is easy to see that the certain, direct, and inevitable tendency of such a state of things is to convert the entire body of those in office into corrupt and supple instruments of power and to raise up a host of hungry, greedy, and subservient partisans ready for every service, however base and corrupt.

Were a premium offered for the best means of extending to the utmost the power of patronage; to destroy the love of country and to substitute a spirit of subserviency and man worship; to encourage vice and discourage virtue; and, in a word, to prepare for the subversion of liberty and the establishment of despotism, no scheme more perfect could be devised; and such must be the tendency of the practice, with whatever intention adopted or to whatever extent pursued.

1. The first two paragraphs explain two different methods of appointing public officers. Put each into your own words.

2. The third paragraph gives the speaker's opinion of the second method. What did he think?

3. What national positions are filled by appointment instead of election or civil-service qualification? What local offices? What offices are retained as long as satisfactorily filled?

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

By Henry W. Grady

Henry Woodfen Grady (1851–1889), a Southern journalist, was born in Athens, Georgia. He was one of the owners and editors of *The Atlanta Constitution*, and did much, especially by his speeches, to promote good feeling between the North and the South after the Civil War.

THE speaker has drawn for you of the North, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that

marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home? Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins; his farm devastated; his slaves free; his stock killed; his barns empty; his trade destroyed; his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain; and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a

day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, — misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering; and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

1. The speech from which this extract is taken was delivered at a dinner given by the New England Club, in New York, in 1886. It created for the speaker an instant and widespread reputation. The other speaker, referred to in the opening sentence, was Dr. Talmage, a popular preacher of the time.

2. "Reading their glory in a nation's eyes," is adapted from a line of Gray's famous *Elegy*. Find the original.

3. Explain "parole"; "battle-stained cross." Look in Scott's *Lady of the Lake* for a description of how the "fiery cross" was sent out in medieval Scotland.

4. Why is Southern society before the war called "feudal in its magnificence"?

5. Before the war the South had depended primarily on agriculture. After the war it became evident that manufacturing would also be an important industry. Moreover, the large estates had needed slave labor to exist; the new state of affairs necessitated the breaking up of these plantations into smaller farms. The Southern people had therefore to adjust themselves to an entirely new set of conditions. What are the agricultural products of the South to-day? The mineral? The manufactured goods?

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

This speech was delivered in Washington, March 4, 1865, about six weeks before Lincoln was assassinated. It has, in common with Lincoln's other utterances as President, certain features which you should learn to recognize. Notice particularly (1) the simple language and easy constructions; (2) the Biblical references; (3) the tone of fairness and decision.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of

them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe

due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace, among ourselves and with all nations.

1. What had been the state of affairs when Lincoln made his First Inaugural speech? The chief points of the First Inaugural were (*a*) reassurances to the Southern states; (*b*) denial of right of the states to secede from the Union; (*c*) statement of intention to use executive power in support of the Union; (*d*) advice to minority to submit to decision of majority; (*e*) appeal for continuance of friendly relations.

2. What was the state of the war at this time to which Lincoln refers as "reasonably satisfactory"? Is this an overstatement?

3. Cite passages from this speech that you think especially characteristic of Lincoln's public speaking. Memorize the part you think most admirable.

LESSONS OF THE WAR

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt (1859–1919) was born in New York City and educated at Harvard. He entered public life as a member of the New York legislature, fought in the Spanish-American War, and in 1900 was elected Vice President. On the death of President McKinley, Roosevelt succeeded him in office and was elected President in 1904. During the World War he was an advocate of preparedness and an exponent of uncompromising Americanism, of which this speech, delivered at Chicago, September 8, 1918, is a characteristic example.

NO MAN could fail to be thrilled by facing an audience like this, and I accept your greeting as not for me personally but for the thing for which I stand — for Americanism, one flag, one country, and an undivided loyalty from every man and woman in this land.

We have a double right and double duty in connection with Americanism. On the one hand to suffer no discrimination against any man because of his birth or his creed, and on the other hand to insist that no man has a right to live in this country if he has any of Lot's wife's attitude of looking back toward another country.

In the days of the Revolution we became a nation because Washington and the men who followed him in the field, and the men who signed the Declaration of Independence with him, because those men, although predominantly of English blood, stood straight against England and for America.

That lesson does not teach that we are to hate England. It is a mean and small soul who draws that lesson from it.

(Used by special permission of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.)

That lesson teaches that we are to love liberty and to hate wrong, and stand for the right and against the wrong in each crisis as it comes up. The men of English descent in 1776 and in 1812 fought England because England was the foe of liberty and of America. And in just the same way we have a right to demand, not as a favor but as a right, that every man of German descent now stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellow Americans against the bloody tyranny of the Prussianized autocracy of Germany.

And now in this country the events of the last three years will teach us much if we have the wit to read the lessons aright. There must be in this country one flag, only one flag; one allegiance, and only one allegiance; and one language, and that the language of the Declaration of Independence, of Washington's Farewell Address, of Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech and President Wilson's Message to Congress.

1. Explain the reference to Lot's wife (see Genesis xix, 23–26); to 1776 and 1812. What were the issues in these two wars?

2. How many of the famous political documents in English referred to in the last paragraph have you read wholly or in part? What was the date and occasion of each?

3. Notice in this speech by a modern public man how much simpler words and shorter sentences are used than in those of Washington, Webster, Calhoun, or Everett. To which group do Lincoln's speeches belong? Which style appeals to you more? Why? What do you think may be the reasons for this change in taste?

THE AMERICAS

By President Warren G. Harding

Extracts from a speech made at the unveiling of the Bolivar Monument, City of New York, April 19, 1921.

THERE is a significance in dates, as though some days were destined for a high place in the history of human progress, also an abiding place in human affections.

This day is the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, when the colonies of North America made their first sacrifice in blood for independence and new standards of freedom. On this same day, a generation later, Venezuela's struggle for freedom had its immortal beginning.

To-day, in befitting celebration of freedom's triumph, we are met to unveil this monument to Simon Bolivar, in whom the South American movement for liberty found its soul and inspiration and to whom the liberty-loving heroes of Venezuela turned for triumphant leadership just as the North American colonies pinned their faith in Washington. . . .

It is an interesting thing to compare the careers of the two great fathers of American liberty — these stalwart founders of representative democracy in the Western Hemisphere — Bolivar and Washington. Each wrought an empire of freedom and builded more vastly than he dreamed. Each was brilliant and heroic in war, but vastly more concerned with the constructiveness of peace. Their concept of liberty was not inspired in individual unrest. . . .

(Used by special permission of Mr. Harding.)

Both Bolivar and Washington were eminent in genius on the field of battle, both were rich in wisdom when it came to the more difficult problems of peace. War has its inspirations, when patriotism is aflame. Peace has its problems, where construction or reconstruction must be wrought in conviction and consecration.

Each of these national heroes, when his military tasks were finished, preferred retirement and the repose of private life. Each was promptly called to civic construction and administration, through which alone the triumphs for which men sacrifice and die may be commemorated with the outstanding monuments of permanent institutions.

It is not too much to say that out of the liberations wrought by Washington and Bolivar grew the republican constitutional system which is America's gift to mankind.

This is said with due deference to the older civilizations and the longer-established systems from which all America came and to which we may trace back the inspiration which gave conception to the institutions of freedom to which we are dedicated.

It is fine to be able to say that New World temples of liberty were not wrought in destruction of the old. We speak historically of revolution, when in reality we mean severance, and freedom for evolution. The world isn't calling to-day for destruction, it needs reconstruction, where the test of justice is applied to the things which were as well as the things which are to be. . . .

1. What is the significance of the date — April 19?

2. What South American states were liberated at about the same time as Venezuela? Which one is named for Bolivar?

3. Prepare a two-minute talk on the life and work of Bolivar. How was he like Washington?

THE SHORT STORY

While the Short Story is not strictly a new invention, as a distinct type of literature it is less than a century old. To-day most popular magazines emphasize it, largely to the exclusion of the long, leisurely tales or continued novels that the earlier journals featured. As its name suggests, the Short Story must be brief; but there is no fixed limit to its length. In the novel, plot, setting, and characters may all be equally well brought out. But the brevity of the Short Story does not permit this. One of the elements receives the emphasis. For example, most detective stories lay the stress on plot — one exciting incident follows another in rapid succession, each helping build up the interest till the solution is reached. This does not prevent one or two characters from being well presented; but there is not sufficient space to enlarge on the people in the action, else the action itself would become secondary. Finally, the best test of a Short Story is its unity of effect on the reader. There can be no shifting in its style or general tone, or its purpose.

The specimen selections included in this section were chosen from hundreds because they illustrate distinct aspects of the Short Story form and also because they rank high as permanent contributions to literature.

Rip Van Winkle Meets the Men of the Mountains
(*See page 331*)

THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

By Hans Christian Andersen

Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875) was the son of a Danish shoemaker. Through the generous aid of patrons he received a fair education, and later traveled through Europe at the expense of the state. He achieved literary success through his various travel books, but his lasting fame has come to rest upon his *Fairy Tales*.

While we might call this story a parable, it has the essential qualities of a good Short Story. It is brief but complete, fanciful but real. Above all it is true throughout to the folk-tale key in which the author has pitched it.

THERE were once five and twenty tin soldiers, all brothers, for they were the offspring of the same old tin spoon. Each man shouldered his gun, kept his eyes well to the front, and wore the smartest red-and-blue uniform imaginable. The first thing they heard in their new world, when the lid was taken off the box, was a little boy clapping his hands and crying, "Soldiers, soldiers!" It was his birthday, and they had just been given to him; so he lost no time in setting them up on the table. All the soldiers were exactly alike with one exception, and he differed from the rest in having only one leg. For he was made last, and there was not quite enough tin left to finish him. However, he stood just as well on his one leg as the others on two; in fact he is the very one who is to become famous.

On the table where they were being set up were many other toys; but the chief thing which caught the eye was a delightful paper castle. You could see through the tiny

windows, right into the rooms. Outside there were some little trees surrounding a small mirror representing a lake, whose surface reflected the waxen swans which were swimming about on it. It was altogether charming, but the prettiest thing of all was a little maiden standing at the open door of the castle. She, too, was cut out of paper, but she wore a dress of the lightest gauze, with a dainty little blue ribbon over her shoulders by way of a scarf, set off by a brilliant spangle as big as her whole face. The little maid was stretching out both arms, for she was a dancer, and in the dance one of her legs was raised so high into the air that the tin soldier could see absolutely nothing of it, and supposed that she, like himself, had but one leg.

"That would be the very wife for me!" he thought; "but she is much too grand; she lives in a palace, while I only have a box, and then there are five and twenty of us to share it. No, that would be no place for her! but I must try to make her acquaintance!" Then he lay down full length behind a snuffbox which stood on the table. From that point he could have a good look at the little lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

Late in the evening the other soldiers were put into their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Now was the time for the toys to play; they amused themselves with paying visits, fighting battles, and giving balls. The tin soldiers rustled about in their box, for they wanted to join the games, but they could not get the lid off. The nutcrackers turned somersaults, and the pencil scribbled nonsense on the slate. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and joined in, but his remarks were in verse. The only two who did not move were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She stood as stiff as ever on tiptoe,

with her arms spread out; he was equally firm on his one leg, and he did not take his eyes off her for a moment.

Then the clock struck twelve, when pop! up flew the lid of the snuffbox, but there was no snuff in it, no! There was a little black goblin, a sort of jack-in-the-box.

"Tin soldier!" said the goblin, "have the goodness to keep your eyes to yourself."

But the tin soldier feigned not to hear.

"Ah! you just wait till to-morrow," said the goblin.

In the morning when the children got up, they put the tin soldier on the window frame, and whether it was caused by the goblin or by a puff of wind, I do not know, but all at once the window burst open, and the soldier fell headforemost from the third story.

It was a terrific descent, and he landed at last with his leg in the air, and rested on his cap, with his bayonet fixed between two paving stones. The maidservant and the little boy ran down at once to look for him; but although they almost trod on him, they could not see him. Had the soldier only called, "Here I am," they would easily have found him; but he did not think it proper to shout when he was in uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a regular torrent. When it was over, two street boys came along.

"Look out!" said one; "there is a tin soldier! He shall go for a sail."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper and put the soldier into the middle of it, and he sailed away down the gutter; both boys ran alongside, clapping their hands. Good heavens! what waves there were in the gutter, and what a current; but then it certainly had rained cats and

dogs. The paper boat danced up and down, and now and then whirled round and round. A shudder ran through the tin soldier, but he remained undaunted and did not move a muscle, only looked straight before him with his gun shouldered. All at once the boat drifted under a long wooden tunnel, and it became as dark as it was in his box.

"Where on earth am I going to now!" thought he. "Well, well, it is all the fault of that goblin! Oh, if only the little maiden were with me in the boat, it might be twice as dark for all I should care!"

At this moment a big water rat, who lived in the tunnel, came up.

"Have you a pass?" asked the rat. "Hand up your pass!"

The tin soldier did not speak, but clung still tighter to his gun. The boat rushed on, the rat close behind. Phew, how he gnashed his teeth and shouted:

"Stop him, stop him, he hasn't paid his toll! He hasn't shown his pass!"

But the current grew stronger and stronger; the tin soldier could already see daylight before him at the end of the tunnel; but he also heard a roaring sound, fit to strike terror to the bravest heart. Just imagine! Where the tunnel ended the stream rushed straight into the big canal. That would be just as dangerous for him as it would be for us to shoot a great rapid.

He was so near the end now that it was impossible to stop. The boat dashed out; the poor tin soldier held himself as stiff as he could; no one should say of him that he even winced.

The boat swirled round three or four times, and filled with water to the edge; it must sink. The tin soldier stood

up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper. The paper became limper and limper, and at last the water went over his head — then he thought of the pretty little dancer, whom he was never to see again, and this refrain rang in his ears:

"Onward! onward, soldier!
For death thou canst not shun."

At last the paper gave way entirely and the soldier fell through — but at the same moment he was swallowed by a big fish.

Oh! how dark it was inside that fish; it was worse than being in the tunnel, even; and then it was so narrow! But the tin soldier was as dauntless as ever, and lay full length, shouldering his gun.

The fish rushed about and made the most frantic movements. At last it became quite quiet, and after a time a flash like lightning pierced it. The soldier was once more in the broad daylight, and some one called out loudly, "A tin soldier!" The fish had been caught, taken to market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the cook cut it open with a large knife. She took the soldier up by the waist, with two fingers, and carried him into the parlor, where everyone wanted to see the wonderful man who had traveled about in the stomach of a fish; but the tin soldier was not at all proud. They set him up on the table, and, wonder of wonders! he found himself in the very same room that he had been in before. He saw the very same children, and the toys were still standing on the table, as well as the castle with the pretty little dancer.

She still stood on one leg, and held the other up in the air. You see, she also was unbending. The soldier was

so much moved that he was ready to shed tears of tin, but that would not have been fitting. He looked at her, and she looked at him, but they never said a word. At this moment one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, and without rime or reason threw him into the fire. No doubt the little goblin in the snuffbox was to blame for that. The tin soldier stood there, lighted up by the flame, and in the most horrible heat; but whether it was the heat of the real fire, or the warmth of his feelings, he did not know. He had lost all his gay color; it might have been from his perilous journey, or it might have been from grief, who can tell?

He looked at the little maiden, and she looked at him; and he felt that he was melting away, but he still managed to keep himself erect, shouldering his gun bravely.

A door was suddenly opened, the draught caught the little dancer, and she fluttered like a sylph, straight into the fire to the soldier, blazed up, and was gone!

By this time the soldier was reduced to a mere lump, and when the maid took away the ashes next morning she found him, in the shape of a small tin heart. All that was left of the dancer was her spangle, and that was burnt as black as a coal.

— *Fairy Tales.*

1. Where is the interest focused in this story — on the tin soldier, on his surroundings, or on the incidents set forth?

2. A Short Story must have "unity of effect." What do you think this means? In what key is this story pitched; that is, is it simple and straightforward or difficult and involved; is the tin soldier the same throughout?

3. Suggested reading: Andersen's "The Fir Tree"; Page's "Marse Chan"; Cable's "Posson Jone'"; Poe's "The Goldbug." For a good collection of Short Stories see Matthews's *The Short-Story*.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

By Charles Dickens

The fame of Charles Dickens (1812–1870) rests upon his novels, and he frankly preferred the long tale to the Short Story. However, in this little poetic fable he exhibits a genuine mastery of the shorter form. Like Andersen's "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" it deals with childhood, and is exceedingly simple. Dickens's sister died two years before he wrote this story, and the fact that he and his sister frequently took night walks through the churchyard may be the basis of this narrative.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to each other, sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon the earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers; and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out

in the sky before the rest, near the church spire above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others; and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window.

Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young — oh! very, very young — the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" And then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice would say tremulously, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came — all too soon — when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears. Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting turned their beaming

eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried,

"O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son." Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!" They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O my Father! now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me." And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

1. Compare this story with the preceding one. In what ways do the two differ?

2. Is this a story of plot, setting, or character?

RIP VAN WINKLE

By Washington Irving

Washington Irving (1783–1859) was primarily an essayist, a biographer, and a humorous chronicler. His shorter narrative writings are too leisurely and long drawn out to conform to our modern notions of the Short Story; yet a few of them are so classified because they are superb in their character presentation and the deliciousness of their setting. Rip Van Winkle is the best-known character in American literature. The story has been translated into many languages; and wherever readers of books are found, Rip is a familiar name. The following extract gives the dramatic incidents of the story— Rip's encounter with the little men of the Catskills and his return to his native village many years later.

POOR Rip Van Winkle was reduced almost to despair and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had

echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of a setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his

back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of an antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something

strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be a commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with

such a fixed, statuelike gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lackluster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the

grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the

cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered his rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which

he had left but a day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King

George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker Hill — heroes of '76 — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a

knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war;

some say he was killed in the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand — war — Congress — Stony Point! He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their

foreheads. There was a whisper also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering

under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the *Half-Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

— *The Sketch Book.*

1. Characterize Rip. Describe his physical appearance.

2. Why did he go on his fateful hunting trip? State briefly what happened to him in the mountains. Why did he hesitate about returning home? What changes had taken place during his absence?

3. Is the interest of this story in the character, the plot, or the general setting of the story?

4. Give briefly an account of Irving's life, telling where you found his biography. What books or stories did he write?

5. If Rip had gone to sleep twenty years ago and woke up to-day, what changes would he find?

6. Suggested reading: Hale's *The Man Without a Country;* Hawthorne's *The Great Stone Face;* Andrews's *The Perfect Tribute.*

THE STRING

By Guy de Maupassant

The famous French story-writer, Guy de Maupassant (1850–1893) is one of the masters of the Short Story form. His stories depend on simple incidents that are turning points in the lives of his characters. In his handling of the themes he is cruelly indifferent to any sentiment. For example, in this story a peasant farmer innocently picks up a string. A neighbor sees him. A purse has been lost near the spot where the string was found. The peasant is accused of having the purse, and is arrested. The purse is afterwards found; but even then the neighbors of the farmer think he is guilty. This fact so weighs on his simple mind that he sickens and dies.

BY EVERY road round Goderville the countrymen with their wives were coming toward the town, for it was market day. The men plodded on, their bodies lurching forward at every movement of their long, twisted limbs, which were deformed by hard work, — by holding the plow, which throws up the left shoulder and twists the figure; by mowing grain, which forces out the knees in the effort to stand quite steady; in short, by all the tedious and painful toil of the fields. Their blue blouses, starched and shining as if they had been varnished, with collar and cuffs stitched in a neat design, were inflated about their bony forms, exactly like balloons ready to soar, but putting forth a head, two arms, and two legs.

Some were leading a cow or a calf by a rope; and, just behind, their wives lashed the animal over the back with a leafy branch, to hasten its pace. On their arms the women carried large baskets, whence protruded the heads

of chickens or of ducks; and they walked with shorter, quicker steps than the men, their withered, upright figures wrapped in scanty little shawls pinned over their flat breasts, their hair closely done up in white cloths, with a cap above.

Now a cart passed by, jerked along by an ambling nag; and queerly it shook up the two men sitting side by side and a woman at the bottom of the vehicle, who held on to the sides to ease the heavy jolting.

In the market place at Goderville a crowd had gathered, a mingled multitude of men and beasts. The horns of the cattle, the tall, long-napped hats of the rich peasants, and the headdresses of the peasant women rose above the surface of that living sea; and the harsh, shrill, squeaking voices made a continuous and savage roar; while at times there rose above it a burst of laughter from the husky throat of an amused country fellow, or the long-drawn moo of a cow tied to a wall.

Master Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, had just arrived at Goderville, and was making his way toward the market place when he saw on the ground a little piece of string. Master Hauchecorne, economical like all true Normans, considered everything worth picking up which might be of use; so he stooped painfully down, for he suffered from rheumatism, took the bit of twine from the ground, and was preparing to roll it up with care, when he noticed Master Malandain, the harness maker, on his doorstep, looking at him. They had once had a difference in regard to a halter, and they remained angry, with ill will on both sides. Master Hauchecorne was seized with a feeling of shame at being caught thus by his enemy looking in the dirt for a piece of string. He hastily concealed his find under his

blouse, then in the pocket of his trousers; then he pretended still to be looking on the ground for something he failed to find, and at last went away toward the market place, his head forward, his body doubled up by his pains.

In a moment he was lost in the clamorous and slow-moving crowd, agitated by its interminable bargains. The peasants felt of the cows, went away, came back perplexed and forever afraid of being cheated, never daring to decide, eying the seller, always searching to discover the tricks of the man and the defects of the beast.

The women had placed their great baskets at their feet; and they drew out their poultry and placed it on the ground, where it lay with legs tied, scared eye, and scarlet comb.

They listened to offers, dryly maintaining their price with impassive countenance; or, all at once deciding to accept the proposed reduction, they cried out to the customer who was slowly moving away:

"Oh, say, Mas' Anthime, I'll let you have it."

Then little by little the market place was emptied, and when the Angelus sounded noon, those who lived at a distance scattered to the inns.

At Jourdain's the great dining room was filled with eaters, just as the vast court was filled with vehicles of every kind — carts, gigs, wagons, tilburies, nameless tilt-carts yellow with mud, misshapen, patched, their shafts pointing to the skies like two arms, or else their noses to the ground and their tails in the air.

Opposite the diners as they sat at table, the fire burned freely in the huge chimney, throwing out a lively warmth upon the backs of the row upon the right. On three spits chickens, pigeons, and legs of lamb were turning before the fire; and a savory odor of roast meat, and of gravy streaming

over its crisp, browned surface, floated up from the hearth, kindling the appetite till the mouth watered for the viands.

All the aristocracy of the plow were eating there with Master Jourdain, innkeeper and horse dealer, a knave whose pockets were well lined.

The plates went round, and were emptied, as were the jugs of yellow cider. Each told of his affairs, his bargains, and his sales; and all discussed the crops. The season was good for vegetables, but a little wet for grain.

All at once the rub-a-dub of the drum sounded in the court before the house. In a moment every man was on his feet (save some of the more indifferent) and rushed to door or windows, his mouth still full, and his napkin in his hand.

After he had finished his tattoo, the public crier raised his voice, launching his jerky phrases with pauses quite out of place:

"Be it known to the inhabitants of Goderville, and in general to all — persons present at the market, that there has been lost this morning, on the road from Beuzeville between nine and ten o'clock, a black-leather pocketbook, containing five hundred francs and business papers. You are requested to return it — to the mayor's office, without delay, or to Master Fortuné Houlbrèque, of Manneville. There will be twenty francs reward."

Then the man went away. Far down the street the muffled beating of the drum might have been heard, and the faint voice of the crier repeating his announcement.

In a moment everyone was talking of the incident, discussing the chances Master Houlbrèque had of recovering or not recovering his pocketbook.

So the meal went on.

As they were draining their coffee cups, a police officer appeared on the threshold.

He asked:

"Is Master Hauchecorne, of Bréauté, here?"

Master Hauchecorne, who was seated at the opposite end of the table, answered:

"That's me."

The officer replied:

"Master Hauchecorne, will you have the kindness to accompany me to the office of the mayor? His Honor, the mayor, wishes to speak with you."

The farmer, surprised, disturbed, finished his glass at a gulp, rose, and, even more bent than in the morning, since the first steps after each period of rest were particularly difficult, he started along, saying over and over:

"That's me, that's me."

So he followed the officer.

The mayor was waiting for him, seated in an armchair. He was the notary of the district, a big, severe man, pompous in his speech.

"Master Hauchecorne," said he, "you were seen this morning to pick up, on the road from Beuzeville, the pocketbook lost by Master Houlbrèque, of Manneville."

The old fellow stood looking at the mayor, speechless, already terrified by the suspicion that rested upon him, without in the least knowing why.

"Me, me! I picked up that pocketbook?"

"Yes, you!"

"Word of honor, I don't know nothing about it at all."

"You were seen."

"Seen? Me? Who says he saw me?"

"M. Malandain, the harness maker."

Then the old man remembered, understood; and, reddening with anger, he said:

"Uh! 'e saw me, did 'e, the rat! 'E saw me pick up this string here; see here, Your Honor."

And, fumbling at the bottom of his pocket, he drew out a little piece of twine.

But the mayor incredulously shook his head.

"You will not make me believe, Master Hauchecorne, that M. Malandain, who is a man of his word, has mistaken this string for a pocketbook."

The farmer, furious, raising his hand and spitting to attest his good faith, repeated:

"Nevertheless, it is the truth of the good God, the solemn truth, Your Honor. There! on my soul and salvation, I swear it."

The mayor replied:

"After you had picked up the object, you even hunted about a long time in the dust, to see if some piece of money had not slipped out of it."

The good man was stifled with indignation and fear.

"How can they tell! — how can they tell! — such lies as that to libel an honest man! How can they tell!"

He might protest: no one believed him.

He was confronted with M. Malandain, who repeated and sustained his declaration. They abused one another for an hour. At his request Master Hauchecorne was searched. Nothing was found on him.

At last the mayor, perplexed, sent him away, warning him that he would lay the matter before the court and ask for instructions.

The news had spread. On his leaving the mayor's office, the old man was surrounded and questioned with a

curiosity that was serious or jesting, but into which no indignation entered. And he proceeded to tell the story of the string.

They did not believe him. They laughed.

He went along, stopped by everyone, stopping his acquaintances again and again, going all over his story and repeating his protestations, showing his pockets turned inside out to prove there was nothing in them.

They said to him:

"Go on, you old rogue!"

And he grew angry, working himself into a fever, desperate at not being believed, for he did not know what to do, and kept telling his story over and over.

Night came on. It was time to go home. He set out along the road with three of his neighbors, to whom he showed the place where he had picked up the bit of cord; and all along the road he kept talking of the incident.

That evening he made the round in the village of Bréauté, to let everybody know. He told his story only to the incredulous.

He was ill of it all night.

The next day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, Marius Paumelle, a laborer on the farm of Master Breton, gardener at Ymauville, returned the pocketbook and its contents to Master Houlbrèque of Manneville.

This man's statement was to the effect that he had found the thing on the road, but not knowing how to read, he had carried it home and given it to his master.

The news spread. Master Hauchecorne was informed of it. He started off at once, and immediately began to retell the story as completed by the *dénouement*. He was triumphant.

"I di'n' care so much for the thing itself, you understand," he said, "but it was the lie. There is nothing nastier than being set down for a liar."

All day he talked of his adventure; he told it on the road to the people who passed, at the public house to the people who drank, and the next Sunday to those who gathered at the church.

He even stopped strangers to tell them about it.

Now he felt easy, and yet something troubled him, without his knowing exactly what. People seemed to smile as they listened. They did not appear convinced. He felt as if they babbled behind his back.

On Tuesday of the following week he turned up at the market at Goderville, sent there only by the need of telling his tale.

Malandain, standing in his doorway, began to laugh as he saw him pass.

Why?

He accosted a farmer of Criquetot, who did not allow him to finish, but, giving him a tap in the pit of the stomach, cried in his face:

"Go on, you old rogue!"

Then the fellow turned on his heel. Master Hauchecorne stood speechless, more unhappy than ever. Why did everyone call him "old rogue"?

When he sat down at the table at Jourdain's, he proceeded to explain the affair.

A horse dealer of Montivilliers cried at him:

"Come, come, now, you old scamp, we know all about your piece of string."

"But they found the pocketbook!"

The other went on:

"Don't speak of it, daddy; there is one who finds it and one who takes it back. No one sees, no one knows; but you give yourself away."

The peasant sat dumfounded; he understood at last. They accused him of having sent the pocketbook back by a confederate, by an accomplice.

He tried to protest. Everyone at the table began to laugh.

He could not eat his dinner, and went away amid their ridicule.

He went home, ashamed and indignant, choking with rage, overcome with confusion, all the more in despair that he was capable, with his Norman artfulness, of doing that of which they accused him, and even of pluming himself on it as a good trick. His innocence dimly seemed to him impossible to prove, his trickiness being so well known, and he felt struck to the heart by the injustice of the suspicion.

Then he began to tell of his adventure, adding new arguments each time, more energetic protests, and more solemn oaths, which he thought out in his hours of solitude, his mind being occupied with the story of the string. People believed him the less, the more subtle and complicated his argument became.

"Ha! Liar's proofs, those!" they said behind his back.

He felt it; it gnawed at his vitals; he wore himself out with useless efforts.

The jokers now made him tell "The Story of the String" for their amusement, as a soldier who has been on a campaign is made to tell of the battle.

His mind, deeply affected, grew weak.

Toward the end of December he took to his bed.

He died early in January, and in the delirium of his death agony he protested his innocence, repeating:

"A li'l' string, a li'l' string, — see, here it is, Your Honor."

1. Do you like or dislike this story? Why?

2. Contrast it with Dickens's "A Child's Dream of a Star" (page 327), setting down all the points of difference you observe. Which story is the more wholesome? Why?

3. Do you think the events of this story could have happened in an American village or city? Explain your answer.

4. If Master Hauchecorne had had a sense of humor, how might the story have ended? On what, then, does the success of the story depend?

5. The French have many excellent Short Story writers. Among these are the following, together with a representative story or two by each: Daudet—"The Siege of Berlin" or "The Last Class"; Mérimée—"The Taking of the Redoubt"; Dumas—"The Pipe of Jean Bart"; Maupassant—"The Necklace"; Balzac—"A Passion in the Desert."

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

By Rudyard Kipling

Rudyard Kipling (1865–) was born in Bombay, India, where the scenes of some of his best stories are laid. He began writing while still very young, and some of his masterpieces were published in his early twenties. Kipling's successes are not limited to one literary field: he has written capital books for children, his poetry is popular, and he ranks among the foremost in the Short Story field. You have doubtless read *The Jungle Books*, or *Captains Courageous*, or the *Just So Stories;* and you probably know the stirring verses of his "Ballad of East and West," and "Recessional" (page 428). But it is in his Short Stories that Kipling's versatility is best displayed. Anecdotes, mystery tales, stories of exciting adventure, and character studies are all equally well presented.

HIS full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him Willie-*Baba*, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers many chances to little six year olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee

Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he, slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you mind being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the colonel could do made the station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in anyone, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want

my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis — henceforward to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity — Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword — just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay more — Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap box, and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing — vehemently kissing — a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning — "I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at

early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Whom do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I said, '*Hut jao.*'"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days —hang it, how can I make you see it? I'm going to marry

Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it's un-manly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink you'd do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one 'cept my muvver. And I must do vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha — or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days, Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and — all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of vis big girl, I won't tell anyone. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like — tell anyone you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed an especial and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment — deprivation of the good-conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks — the house and veranda — coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery — called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed onto the roof of the house and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river — dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and he had noted that even Coppy — the almost-almighty Coppy — had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins — a most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black-and-purple hills across the river were inhabited by goblins, and, in truth, everyone had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then — broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look

at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy and humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police post, where all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck, flickering across the stony plain.

The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having fully shown her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie

Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are you doing here?"

"You said you was going across ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody — not even Coppy — must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angry wiv me, and — I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belong to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was aroused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming — one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must always look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man, but two or three, had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden (he had seen the picture), and thus had they frightened the princess' nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the broken Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms, lately dismissed. People who spoke that language could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three quarters, and said briefly and emphatically, "*Jao!*" The pony had crossed the river bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart.

Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap!" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you — I, the colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These were the Bad Men — worse than goblins — and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly — "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all

my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular — and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three — was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men. What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and ruin the valley. Our villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoilfive till the afternoon. Devlin, the color sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack rooms,

kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd, don't look for 'm in the *nullahs*! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river — sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I knew she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy — "a *pukka* hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

1. Where is the scene of this story laid? Describe Winkie. Relate the chief incident of the narrative. What minor incident precedes it?

2. Is your interest in the story centered on Winkie or on the ride across the river? Discuss your answer.

3. *ayah* = maid; *jao* = halt; *Sahib* = master, or other term of respect; *Pushto* = an Indian dialect; *nullahs* = ravines; *pulton* = regiment; *pukka* = real.

FRIENDS IN SAN ROSARIO

By O. Henry

O. Henry's real name was William Sidney Porter (1862–1910). He was born in Greensboro, N. C., and followed various occupations. He was druggist, cowboy, sheep herder, journalist, merchant, miner, and author. He traveled a great deal, and his wide experience furnished him with a rich background for his stories. His fame as an author, however, came to him in his later years.

O. Henry is a master of the Short Story. His stories are highly dramatic, and usually drolly humorous. He writes in an easy, journalistic style, and has a happy knack of piling up telling adjectives and adverbs. He is especially fond of surprising his reader by a sudden turn of a phrase or an unexpected ending.

THE west-bound stopped at San Rosario on time, at 8:20 A. M. A man with a thick black-leather wallet under his arm left the train and walked rapidly up the main street of the town. There were other passengers who also got off at San Rosario, but they either slouched limberly over to the railroad eating house or the Silver Dollar saloon, or joined the groups of idlers about the station.

Indecision had no part in the movements of the man with the wallet. He was short in stature, but strongly built, with very light, closely trimmed hair; smooth, determined face; and aggressive gold-rimmed nose glasses. He was well dressed in the prevailing Eastern style. His air denoted a quiet but conscious reserve force, if not actual authority.

After walking a distance of three squares he came to the

(From *Roads of Destiny*. Used by special arrangement with Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers.)

center of the town's business area. Here another street of importance crossed the main one, forming the hub of San Rosario's life and commerce. Upon one corner stood the post office. Upon another Rubensky's Clothing Emporium. The other two diagonally opposing corners were occupied by the town's two banks, the First National and the Stockmen's National. Into the First National Bank of San Rosario the newcomer walked, never slowing his brisk step until he stood at the cashier's window. The bank opened for business at nine, and the working force was already assembled, each member preparing his department for the day's business. The cashier was examining the mail when he noticed the stranger standing at his window.

"Bank doesn't open till nine," he remarked, curtly but without feeling. He had had to make that statement so often to early birds since San Rosario adopted city banking hours.

"I am well aware of that," said the other man, in cool, brittle tones. "Will you kindly receive my card?"

The cashier drew the small, spotless parallelogram inside the bars of his wicket, and read:

J. F. C. NETTLEWICK
National Bank Examiner

"Oh — er — will you walk around inside, Mr. — er — Nettlewick. Your first visit — didn't know your business, of course. Walk right around, please."

The examiner was quickly inside the sacred precincts of the bank, where he was ponderously introduced to each employee in turn by Mr. Edlinger, the cashier — a middle-aged gentleman of deliberation, discretion, and method.

"I was kind of expecting Sam Turner round again, pretty soon," said Mr. Edlinger. "Sam's been examining us now, for about four years. I guess you'll find us all right, though, considering the tightness in business. Not overly much money on hand, but able to stand the storms, sir, stand the storms."

"Mr. Turner and I have been ordered by the comptroller to exchange districts," said the examiner, in his decisive, formal tones. "He is covering my old territory in southern Illinois and Indiana. I will take the cash first, please."

Perry Dorsey, the teller, was already arranging his cash on the counter for the examiner's inspection. He knew it was right to a cent, and he had nothing to fear, but he was nervous and flustered. So was every man in the bank. There was something so icy and swift, so impersonal and uncompromising, about this man that his very presence seemed an accusation. He looked to be a man who would never make nor overlook an error.

Mr. Nettlewick first seized the currency, and with a rapid, almost juggling, motion counted it by packages. Then he spun the sponge cup toward him and verified the count by bills. His thin, white fingers flew like some expert musician's upon the keys of a piano. He dumped the gold upon the counter with a crash, and the coins whined and sang as they skimmed across the marble slab from the tips of his nimble digits. The air was full of fractional currency when he came to the halves and quarters. He counted the last nickel and dime. He had the scales brought, and he weighed every sack of silver in the vault. He questioned Dorsey concerning each of the cash memoranda, certain checks, charge slips, etc., carried over from the previous day's work — with unimpeachable courtesy, yet with

something so mysteriously momentous in his frigid manner, that the teller was reduced to pink cheeks and a stammering tongue.

This newly imported examiner was so different from Sam Turner. It had been Sam's way to enter the bank with a shout, pass the cigars, and tell the latest stories he had picked up on his rounds. His customary greeting to Dorsey had been, "Hello, Perry! Haven't skipped out with the boodle yet, I see." Turner's way of counting the cash had been different, too. He would finger the packages of bills in a tired kind of way, and then go into the vault and kick over a few sacks of silver, and the thing was done. Halves and quarters and dimes? Not for Sam Turner. "No chicken feed for me," he would say when they were set before him. "I'm not in the agricultural department." But then, Turner was a Texan, an old friend of the bank's president, and had known Dorsey since he was a baby.

While the examiner was counting the cash, Major Thomas B. Kingman — known to everyone as "Major Tom" — the president of the First National, drove up to the side door with his old dun horse and buggy, and came inside. He saw the examiner busy with the money, and, going into the little "pony corral," as he called it, in which his desk was railed off, he began to look over his letters.

Earlier, a little incident had occurred that even the sharp eyes of the examiner had failed to notice. When he had begun his work at the cash counter, Mr. Edlinger had winked significantly at Roy Wilson, the youthful bank messenger, and nodded his head slightly toward the front door. Roy understood, got his hat, and walked leisurely out, with his collector's book under his arm. Once outside, he made a bee line for the Stockmen's National. That bank was also

getting ready to open. No customers had, as yet, presented themselves.

"Say, you people!" cried Roy, with the familiarity of youth and long acquaintance, "you want to get a move on you. There's a new bank examiner over at the First, and he's a stem-winder. He's counting nickels on Perry, and he's got the whole outfit bluffed. Mr. Edlinger gave me the tip to let you know."

Mr. Buckley, president of the Stockmen's National — a stout, elderly man, looking like a farmer dressed for Sunday — heard Roy from his private office at the rear and called him.

"Has Major Kingman come down to the bank yet?" he asked of the boy.

"Yes, sir, he was just driving up as I left," said Roy.

"I want you to take him a note. Put it into his own hands as soon as you get back."

Mr. Buckley sat down and began to write.

Roy returned and handed to Major Kingman the envelope containing the note. The major read it, folded it, and slipped it into his vest pocket. He leaned back in his chair for a few moments as if he were meditating deeply, and then rose and went into the vault. He came out with the bulky, old-fashioned leather note case stamped on the back in gilt letters "Bills Discounted." In this were the notes due the bank with their attached securities, and the major, in his rough way, dumped the lot upon his desk and began to sort them over.

By this time Nettlewick had finished his count of the cash. His pencil fluttered like a swallow over the sheet of paper on which he had set his figures. He opened his black wallet, which seemed to be also a kind of secret

memorandum book, made a few rapid figures in it, wheeled, and transfixed Dorsey with the glare of his spectacles. That look seemed to say: "You're safe this time, but —"

"Cash all correct," snapped the examiner. He made a dash for the individual bookkeeper, and for a few minutes there was a fluttering of ledger leaves and a sailing of balance sheets through the air.

"How often do you balance your pass books?" he demanded suddenly.

"Er — once a month," faltered the individual bookkeeper, wondering how many years they would give him.

"All right," said the examiner, turning and charging upon the general bookkeeper, who had the statements of his foreign banks and their reconcilement memoranda ready. Everything there was found to be all right. Then the stub book of the certificates of deposit. Flutter — flutter — zip — zip - - check! All right. List of overdrafts, please. Thanks. H'm — m. Unsigned bills of the bank, next. All right.

Then came the cashier's turn, and easy-going Mr. Edlinger rubbed his nose and polished his glasses nervously under the quick fire of questions concerning the circulation, undivided profits, bank real estate, and stock ownership.

Presently Nettlewick was aware of a big man towering above him at his elbow — a man sixty years of age, rugged and hale, with a rough, grizzled beard, a mass of gray hair, and a pair of penetrating blue eyes that confronted the formidable glasses of the examiner without a flicker.

"Er — Major Kingman, our president - er - Mr. Nettlewick," said the cashier.

Two men of very different types shook hands. One was a finished product of the world of straight lines,

conventional methods, and formal affairs. The other was something freer, wider, and nearer to nature. Tom Kingman had not been cut to any pattern. He had been mule driver, cowboy, ranger, soldier, sheriff, prospector, and cattleman. Now, when he was bank president, his old comrades from the prairies, of the saddle, tent, and trail, found no change in him. He had made his fortune when Texas cattle were at the high tide of value, and had organized the First National Bank of San Rosario. In spite of his largeness of heart and sometimes unwise generosity toward his old friends, the bank had prospered, for Major Tom Kingman knew men as well as he knew cattle. Of late years the cattle business had known a depression, and the major's bank was one of the few whose losses had not been great.

"And now," said the examiner briskly, pulling out his watch, "the last thing is the loans. We will take them up now, if you please."

He had gone through the First National at almost record-breaking speed — but thoroughly, as he did everything. The running order of the bank was smooth and clean, and that had facilitated his work. There was but one other bank in the town. He received from the government a fee of twenty-five dollars for each bank he examined. He should be able to go over those loans and discounts in half an hour. If so, he could examine the other bank immediately afterward, and catch the 11 : 45, the only other train that day in the direction he was working. Otherwise, he would have to spend the night and Sunday in this uninteresting Western town. That was why Mr. Nettlewick was rushing matters.

"Come with me, sir," said Major Kingman, in his deep

voice that united the Southern drawl with the rhythmic twang of the West; "We will go over them together. Nobody in the bank knows those notes as I do. Some of 'em are a little wobbly on their legs, and some are mavericks without extra many brands on their backs, but they'll most all pay out at the round-up."

The two sat down at the president's desk. First, the examiner went through the notes at lightning speed, and added up their total, finding it to agree with the amount of loans carried on the book of daily balances. Next, he took up the larger loans, inquiring scrupulously into the condition of their indorsers or securities. The new examiner's mind seemed to course and turn and make unexpected dashes hither and thither like a bloodhound seeking a trail. Finally he pushed aside all the notes except a few, which he arranged in a neat pile before him, and began a dry, formal little speech.

"I find, sir, the condition of your bank to be very good, considering the poor crops and the depression in the cattle interests of your state. The clerical work seems to be done accurately and punctually. Your past-due paper is moderate in amount, and promises only a small loss. I would recommend the calling in of your large loans, and the making of only sixty- and ninety-day or call loans until general business revives. And now, there is one thing more, and I will have finished with the bank. Here are six notes, aggregating something like $40,000. They are secured, according to their faces, by various stocks, bonds, shares, etc., to the value of $70,000. Those securities are missing from the notes to which they should be attached. I suppose you have them in the safe or vault. You will permit me to examine them."

Major Tom's light-blue eyes turned unflinchingly toward the examiner.

"No, sir," he said, in a low but steady tone; "those securities are neither in the safe nor the vault. I have taken them. You may hold me personally responsible for their absence."

Nettlewick felt a slight thrill. He had not expected this. He had struck a momentous trail when the hunt was drawing to a close.

"Ah!" said the examiner. He waited a moment, and then continued: "May I ask you to explain more definitely?"

"The securities were taken by me," repeated the major. "It was not for my own use, but to save an old friend in trouble. Come in here, sir, and we'll talk it over."

He led the examiner into the bank's private office at the rear, and closed the door. There was a desk, and a table, and half a dozen leather-covered chairs. On the wall was the mounted head of a Texas steer with horns five feet from tip to tip. Opposite hung the major's old cavalry saber that he had carried at Shiloh and Fort Pillow.

Placing a chair for Nettlewick, the major seated himself by the window, from which he could see the post office and the carved limestone front of the Stockmen's National. He did not speak at once, and Nettlewick felt, perhaps, that the ice should be broken by something so near its own temperature as the voice of official warning.

"Your statement," he began, "since you have failed to modify it, amounts, as you must know, to a very serious thing. You are aware, also, of what my duty must compel me to do. I shall have to go before the United States Commissioner and make —"

"I know, I know," said Major Tom, with a wave of his hand. "You don't suppose I'd run a bank without being posted on national banking laws and the revised statutes! Do your duty. I'm not asking any favors. But I spoke of my friend. I did want you to hear me tell you about Bob."

Nettlewick settled himself in his chair. There would be no leaving San Rosario for him that day. He would have to telegraph to the comptroller of the currency; he would have to swear out a warrant before the United States Commissioner for the arrest of Major Kingman; perhaps he would be ordered to close the bank on account of the loss of the securities. It was not the first crime the examiner had unearthed. Once or twice the terrible upheaval of human emotions that his investigations had loosed had almost caused a ripple in his official calm. He had seen bank men kneel and plead and cry like women for a chance — an hour's time — the overlooking of a single error. One cashier had shot himself at his desk before him. None of them had taken it with the dignity and coolness of this stern old Westerner. Nettlewick felt that he owed it to him at least to listen if he wished to talk. With his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his square chin resting upon the fingers of his right hand, the bank examiner waited to hear the confession of the president of the First National Bank of San Rosario.

"When a man's your friend," began Major Tom, somewhat didactically, "for forty years, and tried by water, fire, earth, and cyclones, when you can do him a little favor you feel like doing it."

"Embezzle for him $70,000 worth of securities," thought the examiner.

"We were cowboys together, Bob and I," continued the major, speaking slowly, and deliberately, and musingly, as if his thoughts were rather with the past than the critical present, "and we prospected together for gold and silver over Arizona, New Mexico, and a good part of California. We were both in the war of 'Sixty-one, but in different commands. We've fought Indians and horse thieves side by side; we've starved for weeks in a cabin in the Arizona mountains, buried twenty feet deep in snow; we've ridden herd together when the wind blew so hard the lightning couldn't strike — well, Bob and I have been through some rough spells since the first time we met in the branding camp of the old Anchor-Bar ranch. And during that time we found it necessary more than once to help each other out of tight places. In those days it was expected of a man to stick to his friend, and he didn't ask any credit for it. Probably next day you'd need him to get at your back and help stand off a band of Apaches, or put a tourniquet on your leg above a rattlesnake bite and ride for whisky. So, after all, it was give and take, and if you didn't stand square with your pardner, why, you might be shy one when you needed him. But Bob was a man who was willing to go further than that. He never played a limit.

"Twenty years ago I was sheriff of this county, and I made Bob my chief deputy. That was before the boom in cattle when we both made our stake. I was sheriff and collector, and it was a big thing for me then. I was married, and we had a boy and a girl — a four and a six year old. There was a comfortable house next to the courthouse, furnished by the county, rent free, and I was saving some money. Bob did most of the office work.

Both of us had seen rough times and plenty of rustling and danger, and I tell you it was great to hear the rain and the sleet dashing against the windows of nights, and be warm and safe and comfortable, and know you could get up in the morning and be shaved and have folks call you 'mister.' And then, I had the finest wife and kids that ever struck the range, and my old friend with me enjoying the first fruits of prosperity and white shirts, and I guess I was happy. Yes, I was happy about that time."

The major sighed and glanced casually out of the window. The bank examiner changed his position, and leaned his chin upon his other hand.

"One winter," continued the major, "the money for the county taxes came pouring in so fast that I didn't have time to take the stuff to the bank for a week. I just shoved the checks into a cigar box and the money into a sack, and locked them in the big safe that belonged in the sheriff's office.

"I had been overworked that week, and was about sick, anyway. My nerves were out of order, and my sleep at night didn't seem to rest me. The doctor had some scientific name for it, and I was taking medicine. And so, added to the rest, I went to bed at night with that money on my mind. Not that there was much need of being worried, for the safe was a good one, and nobody but Bob and I knew the combination. On Friday night there was about $6,500 in cash in the bag. On Saturday morning I went to the office as usual. The safe was locked, and Bob was writing at his desk. I opened the safe, and the money was gone. I called Bob, and roused everybody in the courthouse to announce the robbery. It struck me

that Bob took it pretty quiet, considering how much it reflected upon both him and me.

"Two days went by and we never got a clue. It couldn't have been burglars, for the safe had been opened by the combination in the proper way. People must have begun to talk, for one afternoon in comes Alice — that's my wife — and the boy and girl, and Alice stamps her foot, and her eyes flash, and she cries out, 'The lying wretches — Tom, Tom!' and I catch her in a faint, and bring her 'round little by little, and she lays her head down and cries and cries for the first time since she took Tom Kingman's name and fortunes. And Jack and Zilla — the youngsters — they were always wild as tiger cubs to rush at Bob and climb all over him whenever they were allowed to come to the courthouse — they stood and kicked their little shoes, and herded together like scared partridges. They were having their first trip down into the shadows of life. Bob was working at his desk, and he got up and went out without a word. The grand jury was in session then, and the next morning Bob went before them and confessed that he stole the money. He said he lost it in a poker game. In fifteen minutes they had found a true bill and sent me the warrant to arrest the man with whom I'd been closer than a thousand brothers for many a year.

"I did it, and then I said to Bob, pointing: 'There's my house, and here's my office, and up there's Maine, and out that way is California, and over there is Florida — and that's your range till court meets. You're in charge, and I take the responsibility. You be here when you're wanted.'

"'Thanks, Tom,' he said, kind of carelessly; 'I was sort of hoping you wouldn't lock me up. Court meets next

Monday, so, if you don't object, I'll just loaf around the office until then. I've got one favor to ask, if it isn't too much. If you'd let the kids come out in the yard once in a while and have a romp, I'd like it.'

"'Why not?' I answered him. 'They're welcome, and so are you. And come to my house, the same as ever.' You see, Mr. Nettlewick, you can't make a friend of a thief, but neither can you make a thief of a friend, all at once."

The examiner made no answer. At that moment was heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive pulling into the depot. That was the train on the little, narrow-gauge road that struck into San Rosario from the south.

The major cocked his ear and listened for a moment, and looked at his watch. The narrow gauge was in on time—10:35. The major continued:

"So Bob hung around the office, reading the papers and smoking. I put another deputy to work in his place, and after a while the first excitement of the case wore off.

"One day when we were alone in the office Bob came over to where I was sitting. He was looking sort of grim and blue — the same look he used to get when he'd been up watching for Indians all night, or herd riding.

"'Tom,' says he, 'it's harder than standing off redskins; it's harder than lying in the lava desert forty miles from water; but I'm going to stick it out to the end. You know that's been my style. But if you'd tip me the smallest kind of a sign — if you'd just say, "Bob, I understand," — why, it would make it lots easier.'

"I was surprised. 'I don't know what you mean, Bob,' I said. 'Of course, you know that I'd do anything under

the sun to help you that I could. But you've got me guessing.'

"'All right, Tom,' was all he said, and he went back to his newspaper and lit another cigar.

"It was the night before court met when I found out what he meant. I went to bed that night with that same old, light-headed, nervous feeling come back upon me. I dropped off to sleep about midnight. When I awoke I was standing half dressed in one of the courthouse corridors. Bob was holding one of my arms, our family doctor the other, and Alice was shaking me and half crying. She had sent for the doctor without my knowing it, and when he came they had found me out of bed and missing, and had begun a search.

"'Sleepwalking,' said the doctor.

"All of us went back to the house, and the doctor told us some remarkable stories about the strange things people had done while in that condition. I was feeling rather chilly after my trip out, and, as my wife was out of the room at the time, I pulled open the door of an old wardrobe that stood in the room and dragged out a big quilt I had seen in there. With it tumbled out the bag of money for stealing which Bob was to be tried — and convicted — in the morning.

"'How the jumping rattlesnakes did that get there?' I yelled, and all hands must have seen how surprised I was. Bob knew in a flash.

"'You darned old snoozer,' he said, with the old-time look on his face, 'I saw you put it there. I watched you open the safe and take it out, and I followed you. I looked through the window and saw you hide it in that wardrobe.'

"'Then, you blankety-blank, flop-eared, sheep-headed coyote, what did you say you took it for?'

" 'Because,' said Bob, 'I didn't know you were asleep.'

"I saw him glance toward the door of the room where Jack and Zilla were, and I knew then what it meant to be a man's friend from Bob's point of view."

Major Tom paused, and again directed his glance out of the window. He saw some one in the Stockmen's National Bank reach and draw a yellow shade down the whole length of its plate-glass, big front window, although the position of the sun did not seem to warrant such a defensive movement against its rays.

Nettlewick sat up straight in his chair. He had listened patiently, but without consuming interest, to the major's story. It had impressed him as irrelevant to the situation, and it could certainly have no effect upon the consequences. Those Western people, he thought, had an exaggerated sentimentality. They were not businesslike. They needed to be protected from their friends. Evidently the major had concluded. And what he had said amounted to nothing.

"May I ask," said the examiner, "if you have anything further to say that bears directly upon the question of those abstracted securities?"

"Abstracted securities, sir!" Major Tom turned suddenly in his chair, his blue eyes flashing upon the examiner. "What do you mean, sir?"

He drew from his coat pocket a batch of folded papers held together by a rubber band, tossed them into Nettlewick's hands, and rose to his feet.

"You'll find those securities there, sir, every stock, bond, and share of 'em. I took them from the notes while you were counting the cash. Examine and compare them for yourself."

The major led the way back into the banking room. The examiner, astounded, perplexed, nettled, at sea, followed. He felt that he had been made the victim of something that was not exactly a hoax, but that left him in the shoes of one who had been played upon, used, and then discarded, without even an inkling of the game. Perhaps, also, his official position had been irreverently juggled with. But there was nothing he could take hold of. An official report of the matter would be an absurdity. And, somehow, he felt that he would never know anything more about the matter than he did then.

Frigidly, mechanically, Nettlewick examined the securities, found them to tally with the notes, gathered up his black wallet, and rose to depart.

"I will say," he protested, turning the indignant glare of his glasses upon Major Kingman, "that your statements — your misleading statements, which you have not condescended to explain — do not appear to be quite the thing, regarded either as business or humor. I do not understand such motives or actions."

Major Tom looked down at him serenely and not unkindly.

"Son," he said, "there are plenty of things in the chaparral, and on the prairies, and up the cañons that you don't understand. But I want to thank you for listening to a garrulous old man's prosy story. We old Texans love to talk about our adventures and our old comrades, and the home folks have long ago learned to run when we begin with 'Once upon a time,' so we have to spin our yarns to the stranger within our gates."

The major smiled, but the examiner only bowed coldly and abruptly quitted the bank. They saw him travel

diagonally across the street in a straight line and enter the Stockmen's National Bank.

Major Tom sat down at his desk, and drew from his vest pocket the note Roy had given him. He had read it once, but hurriedly, and now, with something like a twinkle in his eyes, he read it again. These were the words he read:

Dear Tom:

I hear there's one of Uncle Sam's greyhounds going through you, and that means that we'll catch him inside of a couple of hours, maybe. Now, I want you to do something for me. We've got just $2,200 in the bank, and the law requires that we have $20,000. I let Ross and Fisher have $18,000 late yesterday afternoon to buy up that Gibson bunch of cattle. They'll realize $40,000 in less than thirty days on the transaction, but that won't make my cash on hand look any prettier to that bank examiner. Now, I can't show him those notes, for they're just plain notes of hand without any security in sight, but you know very well that Pink Ross and Jim Fisher are two of the finest white men God ever made, and they'll do the square thing. You remember Jim Fisher — he was the one who shot that faro dealer in El Paso. I wired Sam Bradshaw's bank to send me $20,000, and it will get in on the narrow gauge at 10:35. You can't let a bank examiner in to count $2,200 and close your doors. Tom, you hold that examiner. Hold him. Hold him if you have to rope him and sit on his head. Watch our front window after the narrow gauge gets in, and when we've got the cash inside we'll pull down the shade for a signal. Don't turn him loose till then. I'm counting on you, Tom.

Your old pard,

Bob Buckley, Prest. Stockmen's National.

The major began to tear the note into small pieces and throw them into his waste basket. He gave a satisfied little chuckle as he did so.

"Confounded old reckless cowpuncher!" he growled, contentedly, "that pays him some on account for what he tried to do for me in the sheriff's office twenty years ago."

—*Roads of Destiny.*

1. This story falls into three parts: (*a*) the examination of the bank by the new inspector, leading to a discovery; (*b*) the major's story; (*c*) the surprise climax. Show exactly when the divisions occur between (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*), and relate what occurs in each section. How is (*b*) connected with (*a*) and (*c*)?

2. What story did the major tell? Would any story have done as well to kill time? Discuss.

3. Are you in sympathy with the bank inspector? How does the author make you feel toward him as you do?

4. Select passages to illustrate the effective use of words, as "slouched limberly," line 5, page 369; or easy description, as the last paragraph, page 371.

5. For other Short Stories with surprise endings read Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger?"; Aldrich's "Our New Neighbors at Ponkapog," "Marjorie Daw," or "Goliath"; or almost any story by O. Henry. For additional stories read Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat," Poe's "The Pit and the Pendulum," Doyle's *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night," Hawthorne's "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," Freeman's "Revolt of Mother."

MY BROTHER HENRY

By Sir James M. Barrie

James M. Barrie (1860–) was born in Kirriemuir, Scotland, a linen-weaving town which he calls Thrums in his books. He was graduated from the University of Edinburgh, receiving honors in English literature, and took up journalism as a profession. He is the author of such well-known novels as *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy*, and several plays, including *Peter Pan*. The following short story is a good example of his whimsical humor.

STRICTLY speaking I never had a brother Henry, and yet I cannot say that Henry was an impostor. He came into existence in a curious way, and I can think of him now without malice, as a child of smoke.

The first I heard of Henry was at Pettigrew's house, which is in a London suburb, so conveniently situated that I can go there and back in one day. I was testing some new Cabañas, I remember, when Pettigrew remarked that he had been lunching with a man who knew my brother Henry. Not having any brother but Alexander, I felt that Pettigrew had mistaken the name. "Oh, no," Pettigrew said; "he spoke of Alexander, too." Even this did not convince me, and I asked my host for his friend's name. Scudamour was the name of the man, and he had met my brothers Alexander and Henry years before in Paris. Then I remembered Scudamour, and I probably frowned, for I myself was my own brother Henry. I distinctly recalled Scudamour meeting Alexander and me in Paris, and calling me Henry, though my name begins with J. I explained the mistake to Pettigrew,

and there, for the time being, the matter rested. However, I had by no means heard the last of Henry.

Several times afterwards I heard from various persons that Scudamour wanted to meet me because he knew my brother Henry. At last we did meet, in Jimmy's chambers; and, almost as soon as he saw me, Scudamour asked where Henry was now. This was precisely what I feared. I am a man who always looks like a boy. There are few persons of my age in London who retain their boyish appearance as long as I have done; indeed, this is the curse of my life. Though I am approaching the age of thirty, I pass for twenty; and I have observed old gentlemen frown at my precocity when I said a good thing or helped myself to a second glass of wine. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in Scudamour's remark, that, when he had the pleasure of meeting Henry, Henry must have been about the age that I had now reached. All would have been well had I explained the real state of affairs to this annoying man; but, unfortunately for myself, I loathe entering upon explanations to anybody about anything. This it is to smoke the Arcadia. When I ring for a time-table and William John brings coals instead, I accept the coals as a substitute. Much, then, did I dread a discussion with Scudamour, his surprise when he heard that I was Henry, and his comments on my youthful appearance. Besides, I was smoking the best of all mixtures. There was no likelihood of my meeting Scudamour again, so the easiest way to get rid of him seemed to be to humor him. I therefore told him that Henry was in India, married, and doing well. "Remember me to Henry when you write him," was Scudamour's last remark to me that evening.

A few weeks later some one tapped me on the shoulder

in Oxford Street. It was Scudamour. "Heard from Henry?" he asked. I said I had heard by the last mail. "Anything particular in the letter?" I felt it would not do to say that there was nothing particular in a letter which had come all the way from India, so I hinted that Henry was having trouble with his wife. By this I meant that her health was bad; but he took it up in another way, and I did not set him right. "Ah, ah!" he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I'm sorry to hear that. Poor Henry!" "Poor old boy!" was all I could think of replying. "How about the children?" Scudamour asked. "Oh, the children," I said, with what I thought presence of mind, "are coming to England." "To stay with Alexander?" he asked. My answer was that Alexander was expecting them by the middle of next month; and eventually Scudamour went away muttering, "Poor Henry!"

In a month or so we met again. "No word of Henry's getting leave of absence?" asked Scudamour. I replied shortly that Henry had gone to live in Bombay, and would not be home for years. He saw that I was brusque, so what does he do but draw me aside for a quiet explanation. "I suppose," he said, "you are annoyed because I told Pettigrew that Henry's wife had run away from him. The fact is, I did it for your good. You see I happened to make a remark to Pettigrew about your brother Henry, and he said that there was no such person. Of course I laughed at that, and pointed out not only that I had the pleasure of Henry's acquaintance but that you and I had a talk about the old fellow every time we met. 'Well,' Pettigrew said, 'this is a most remarkable thing; for he,' meaning you, 'said to me in this very room, sitting in that very chair, that Alexander was his only brother.' I saw

that Pettigrew resented your concealing the existence of your brother Henry from him, so I thought the most friendly thing I could do was to tell him that your reticence was doubtless due to the unhappy state of poor Henry's private affairs. Naturally, in the circumstances, you did not want to talk about Henry." I shook Scudamour by the hand, telling him that he had acted judiciously; but if I could have stabbed him in the back at that moment I dare say I would have done it.

I did not see Scudamour again for a long time, for I took care to keep out of his way; but I heard first from him and then of him. One day he wrote to me saying that his nephew was going to Bombay, and would I be so good as to give the youth an introduction to my brother Henry? He also asked me to dine with him and his nephew. I declined the dinner, but I sent the nephew the required note of introduction to Henry. The next I heard of Scudamour was from Pettigrew. "By the way," said Pettigrew, "Scudamour is in Edinburgh at present." I trembled, for Edinburgh is where Alexander lives. "What has taken him there?" I asked, with assumed carelessness. Pettigrew believed it was business; "but," he added, "Scudamour asked me to tell you that he meant to call on Alexander, as he was anxious to see Henry's children." A few days afterwards I had a telegram from Alexander, who generally uses this means of communication when he corresponds with me. "Do you know a man Scudamour? Reply," was what Alexander said. I thought of answering that we had met a man of that name when we were in Paris; but, after consideration, I replied boldly: "Know no one of name of Scudamour."

About two months ago I passed Scudamour in Regent

Street and he scowled at me. This I could have borne if there had been no more of Henry; but I knew that Scudamour was now telling everybody about Henry's wife. By and by I got a letter from an old friend of Alexander's asking me if there was any truth in a report that Alexander was going to Bombay. Soon afterwards Alexander wrote me saying he had been told by several persons that I was going to Bombay. In short, I saw that the time had come for killing Henry. So I told Pettigrew that Henry had died of fever, deeply regretted; and asked him to be sure to tell Scudamour, who had always been interested in the deceased's welfare. Pettigrew afterwards told me that he had communicated the sad intelligence to Scudamour. "How did he take it?" I asked. "Well," Pettigrew said, reluctantly, "he told me that when he was up in Edinburgh he did not get on well with Alexander. But he expressed great curiosity as to Henry's children." "Ah," I said, "the children were both drowned in the Forth; a sad affair — we can't bear to talk of it." I am not likely to see much of Scudamour again, nor is Alexander. Scudamour now goes about saying that Henry was the only one of us he really liked.

— *My Lady Nicoline.*

1. What does the whole plot of this story depend upon? What reasons does the author give for his not telling Scudamour the truth at the outset? How is one of his reasons linked with the title of the book from which this story is taken?

2. Would you call this a story of plot, character, or setting? Give reasons for your answer.

3. Make a list of good Short Stories you have read. Classify them in the order of their interest for you.

A SHEAF OF POETRY

The appeal of poetry is made to your imagination and to your experience; to enjoy it you must be keen to observe, quick to recognize beauty, and able to follow the poet's creative imagination as he shows you new aspects of life and of the world about you.

The poetry in this section is widely representative: it includes work of the two poets who have, perhaps, made the widest appeal to English-speaking people— Tennyson and Longfellow; of Shelley, "the poet's poet," whose excellence is in pure imaginative beauty; of Gray, whose "Elegy" is an example of almost perfect finish; of Burns, one of the supreme makers of songs; of Poe, a great imaginative poet of America; of Cardinal Newman, a writer of finished prose, whose hymn is an expression of universal religious experience; of Kipling and Noyes, modern English writers; of Emerson and Holmes, American men of letters; and of minor writers who have touched gracefully a familiar note.

Each poem has its own charm, and while you will of course like one better than another as the thought and its expression appeal to you more or less strongly, you will find in each some power to please or stimulate. And as you read more widely, this habit of appreciative selection of what is beautiful will gradually form in you what is called good taste — an instinctive preference for the highest and purest forms of beauty.

SIR GALAHAD
(*See following page*)

SIR GALAHAD

By Alfred Tennyson

This poem and the one following illustrate well the three outstanding excellences of Tennyson's poetry; music of language, wealth of imagery, and poetical expression of universal thoughts and emotions. "Sir Galahad" especially illustrates the first two qualities, and "Flower in the Crannied Wall" the last. Most people have thought, as Tennyson says, that even the smallest plant is a wonderful creation, a key, perhaps, to the mystery of more complex life; but Tennyson puts the vague feeling into clear and definite poetical shape.

MY GOOD blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine,

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up, and shakes, and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

1. What different scenes are described in this poem? Select phrases that seem to you especially beautiful or expressive.

2. What is the object of Galahad's quest? What is the condition on which his success depends? Which scene does the picture illustrate?

3. The story of the Holy Grail comes probably from a Celtic nature myth of the return of spring, to which has been added a Christian legend of the Middle Ages. You will find the story in Guerber's *Myths and Legends of the Middle Ages*, in Tennyson's "The Holy Grail" in *Idylls of the King*, in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, or in any encyclopedia.

4. Explain: casques, shiver, thrall, crypt, stalls, void, tapers, meres, stoles, leads, brand, mail, fens, copses, hostel, grange, ford, pale.

5. Report fully on Tennyson's life and writings. Poems of his that you may like to read are "The Revenge"; "The Brook"; some of the songs from *The Princess;* "Recollections of the Arabian Nights"; "The Lady of Shallott"; and some of the *Idylls*, such as "Gareth and Lynette," "Geraint and Enid," and "The Passing of Arthur."

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

By Alfred Tennyson

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand;
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

EVANGELINE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Evangeline is the story of an Acadian girl who became separated from her lover when the Acadians were expelled from Nova Scotia. (See page 280). After long wanderings in search of him she finally finds him, when both are old, dying in the hospital where she is nursing the sick. The story is told with all Longfellow's command of musical phrase, exact imagery, and gentle pathos, and is one that you should read for yourself. The part of it given here is a description of the Acadian village of Grand Pré, Evangeline's home.

The incident on which the poem is based was told to Hawthorne as a possible plot for one of his prose romances. He, in turn, passed it on to Longfellow as a subject for a poem. The verse form of *Evangeline* is probably new to you; it is an unusual one for our language, and is modeled on the meter used by the Roman poet Vergil.

IN THE Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat, in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within-doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

* * *

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watchdog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor;
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbowchair and watched how the flames and the smoke wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his armchair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

— *Evangeline.*

1. Describe as clearly as you can the scenes of the poem: the situation of the village; the houses and the village street at sunset; the farmyard at twilight; the room in the farmhouse.

2. Explain: vast meadows . . . giving the village its name, Blomidon, peasant, dormer windows, vanes, kirtles, distaffs, shuttles, matrons, anon, Angelus, distended, regent, fetlocks, cadence, pewter, carols, treadles, the drone of a bagpipe, aisles, reign of the Henries.

3. Line 14, page 401, is an example of a poetic comparison (simile); explain it and find as many others as you can in this poem.

DAYBREAK

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Daybreak sent westward out of the ocean its messenger, the Morning Wind, to awaken Mother Earth. All things responded to the caress of the breeze — till the resting place of the dead was reached. They alone could not welcome daybreak on earth: they awaited a holier Dawn of Resurrection. Such is the theme of this, one of the most delicate of Longfellow's poems.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners! the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow! the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

FORBEARANCE

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

This poem was a favorite with its author. Notice in reading it the musical verse form; the poetical description of the appearance of the shell and of the growth of the animal; and the fine last stanza, which contains the theme, or main idea, of the poem.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids rise, to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new;
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn.
While on my ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings: —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

1. What sort of animal is the chambered nautilus? In what seas does it live? How does the poet suggest this fact? Who were the sirens? What is another name for "sea maids"? Why are they "cold"?

2. Explain the appropriateness of these expressions: dim, dreaming life; frail tenant; irised ceiling; sunless crypt; lustrous coil; wandering sea; deep caves of thought; Triton blew from wreathèd horn.

3. Make a drawing of the shell of the nautilus.

4. Express in your own words the thought of the last stanza. Other poems with the same teaching are Longfellow's "Ladder of Saint Augustine" and "The Builders."

5. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894) was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard. He wrote essays, novels, and poems. "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," "Old Ironsides," and "The Last Leaf," are poems of his that you should know. You may also like to dip into *The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*. Holmes is a characteristically American writer, kindly, wholesome, and humorous.

THE CLOUD

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Shelley (1792–1822) is one of the most poetical of all poets. He regards the world about him with a close and delicate observation, seeing beauty with delight, and touching all he sees with the power of his imagination. All of us see clouds every day, and Shelley here describes nothing that we do not all know about; but his imagination enables him to find and express a whole world of new beauty and meaning.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;

In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

1. Under what different aspects does Shelley describe the cloud? Which stanza do you like best? Why?

2. Explain: genii, bask, pall, orbèd, woof, sphere-fire, pores.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Thomas Gray

Thomas Gray was born in London and educated at Eton, and at Cambridge, where he spent most of his life. He wrote a small amount of poetry, some of it beautiful and all of it carefully finished. The "Elegy" took him eight years to write, and the result is a poem which must be read over and over to be enjoyed fully. Gray polished the language, enriched the imagery, cut out needless and unpoetic passages, and made it in all respects as nearly perfect as he could. In reading it you should notice the pleasantness of the language, the smoothness of the meter and the exactness of the rime, and the grace and clearness of the pictures. Notice, too, that the thought expressed so elegantly is very simple — just what most thoughtful people would think under the same circumstances. In this respect, Gray is like Tennyson and Longfellow; and this simplicity of thought perhaps explains much of the pleasure the "Elegy" gives.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;

He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

1. The poet is standing at the gate of the churchyard; describe what he sees and hears (first four stanzas). He thinks about the people who are buried there; what were their habits and occupations while they lived? Put into your own words lines 17–24, page 412; line 25, page 412, to line 4, page 413. What familiar quotation have you found?

2. Line 5, page 413, begins a new train of thought; follow it through the next eight stanzas, and express it briefly in your own way.

3. Line 9, page 414, marks another turn in the thought; what is its connection with what has gone before? What connection have lines 9–16, especially the two last, with the two stanzas following?

4. Who is "thee" in line 25, page 414? What happens in lines 25, page 414, to 1, page 415? Who is speaking in lines 2–20, page 415? What story does he tell? What does he tell the inquirer to read? Read it, and sum up briefly what it says.

5. Explain; curfew, hamlet, yew, clarion, jocund, annals, heraldry, trophies, lyre, unfathom'd, withstood, inglorious, circumscrib'd, tenor, tribute, elegy, precincts, wonted, artless, pore, wan, dirges, lay, grav'd; glimmering landscape, drowsy tinklings, incense breathing morn, lisp their sire's return, ply her evening care, stubborn glebe, fretted vault, storied urn or animated bust, spoils of time, Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, incense kindled at the Muse's flame, th' unletter'd Muse, pleasing anxious being.

6. Which stanza do you like best? Explain why. What do you like or not like about the poem as a whole? Memorize the parts of the poem that appeal to you most.

THE BELLS

By Edgar Allan Poe

Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849) was born in Boston and educated at private schools and at the University of Virginia. His writing was done mostly for newspapers and magazines and includes poems, short stories, and critical essays. His poetry is small in amount, but includes some few pieces that rank with the great lyrical poems of the world. "The Bells" is a good example of Poe's characteristic power of making the actual sound of the words he uses suggest an image or create an atmosphere, just as music does. Read "The Bells" aloud, and you will discover what is done, though how it is done is harder to find out. Poe defines poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty"; and in his best poems, imagery, rime, meter, and carefully chosen words are all used to realize his ideal. One of his most famous poems is "The Raven"; you may also like "Annabel Lee" and "To Helen."

HEAR the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With the crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —
They are ghouls.
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells;
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rime,
To the pæan of the bells —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rime,
To the throbbing of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy runic rime,
To the rolling of the bells —

Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

1. Each of the four stanzas deals with a different aspect of life. Formulate a sentence for each stanza, giving its theme.

2. How does the movement differ in each stanza? Which stanza seems to you most effective? Why? What other poems have you read in which the sense is made to depend on the sound?

HIGHLAND MARY

By Robert Burns

Robert Burns (1759–1798) was born at Ayr, Scotland. His family were poor, and Burns had very little schooling. He found time, however, to read much of the best English prose and poetry, and to learn French. He was also familiar with the old ballads of the countryside, which were often poetical in idea, and set to ancient and beautiful airs. His songs, which are his best work and rank with the great lyrics of the world, are written in the Lowland Scotch dialect.

YE BANKS, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,

As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

1. Make a list of the dialect words in this poem and find their meanings; find and explain other unusual words.

2. What story do you gather from the poem? The scene described was an actual incident in the poet's life.

3. Suggested readings from Burns: "Afton Water," "A Red, Red Rose," "Up in the Morning Early," "My Heart's in the Highlands," "Farewell to Nancy," "Auld Lang Syne," "Bannockburn," "Mary Morison," "The Farewell," "For a' that an' a' that."

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

By Alice Cary

Alice Cary (1820–1871) was born at Mount Healthy, Ohio. With her sister **Phœbe** she wrote a large number of poems. Both sisters were well known among the literary people of their day, and Alice was president of the first women's club in New York. As you read the poem, try to be the painter, and to get not only the details you need for the scene and the grouping of the figures but also the other parts of the story and the background of memory and emotion that is in the narrator's mind as he speaks. These would be used by the painter to supply the atmosphere of his picture.

OH, GOOD painter, tell me true—
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown, —
The picture must not be overbright, —
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels; — cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass;
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,

With bluebirds twittering all around, —
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the house where I was born;
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, — open wide, —
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the selfsame way
Out of a wilding wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words!
Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir, one like me —
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise;
At ten years old he went to sea, —

God knoweth if he be living now, —
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore;* —
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.

Ah, it is twenty long years and more,
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree
Which close in the edge of our flax field grew; —
Dead at the top, — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew

Over our heads when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow day after day.

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think it was solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter, — paint it so.
The eyes of our mother — take good heed —
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet;
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree, —
The mother, — the lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!

High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture and leave that out.

1. What are the details of the description that the painter must actually show in his picture? Which details does he keep in mind to supply atmosphere? Why does the man not want the look of deceit to appear on his brother's face?

2. In what country is the scene laid? Give reasons for your answer. Where do you think the author got her details? With how many of the trees, flowers, birds, etc., mentioned in the poem are you familiar? Explain the last three lines.

3. Compare this poem with the following one, treating of the same great theme — the reverence for motherhood.

THE SHRINE

By Digby Mackworth Dolben

THERE is a shrine whose golden gate
Was opened by the hand of God;
It stands serene, inviolate,
Though millions have its pavement trod;
As fresh as when the first sunrise
Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil
Of common days, yet should there fall
A single speck, a single soil,
Upon the whiteness of its wall,
The angels' tears in tender rain
Would make the temple theirs again.

(From *The Poems of Digby Mackworth Dolben*. Used by permission of the publishers, Oxford University Press.)

Without, the world is tired and old,
  But, once within the enchanted door,
The mists of time are backward rolled,
  And creeds and ages are no more;
But all the human-hearted meet
In one communion vast and sweet.

I enter — all is simply fair,
  Nor incense clouds, nor carven throne;
But in the fragrant morning air
  A gentle lady sits alone;
My mother — ah! whom should I see
Within, save ever, only, thee?

1. What is a shrine? What is the shrine referred to here?
2. Read the poem aloud, line by line, and interpret its meaning.
3. When is "Mothers' Day" celebrated?

RECESSIONAL

By Rudyard Kipling

This poem was written at the close of the great national celebration in England, in 1897, in honor of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. Nations all over the world sent their representatives to be present, and the whole occasion was one of great splendor. One notable feature was the review of the fleet, at Spithead, to which this poem refers especially.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

1. What does "recessional" mean? Why is this poem so called?
2. What aspects of the "Jubilee" are considered in the first three stanzas? What national danger is thought of in the fourth? For what national sins is pardon asked in the last? See Psalm 127, verse 1.
3. Explain: dune, reeking tube, iron shard, Nineveh, Tyre.

SONG

By Alfred Noyes

THE moon is up: the stars are bright:
The wind is fresh and free!
We're out to seek for gold to-night
Across the silver sea!
The world was growing gray and old;
Break out the sails again!
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,
The courtly smiles and lies.
God, let Thy singing Channel breeze
Lighten our hearts and eyes!
Let love no more be bought and sold
For earthly loss or gain.
We're out to seek an Age of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,
Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the reach of night and day
Our El Dorado gleams,
Revealing — as the skies unfold —
A star without a stain,
The Glory of the Gates of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

— *Drake.*

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LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

By Cardinal John Henry Newman

This poem, one of our favorite hymns, was dated by the author, "At Sea, June 16, 1833." Newman had been traveling in Italy. He says in his *Apologia:* "I was aching to get home; yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. . . . At last I got off on an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which have since become well known."

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

CROSSING THE BAR

By Alfred Tennyson

A great adventure is here described as setting out on a voyage on an unknown sea, beyond our "bourne of Time and Place." That great adventure is Death. Tennyson requested that this poem be placed at the end of all the editions of his collected works, and his wish has been respected.

You can do nothing more fitting to conclude this book than to read the poem so often that it sings itself into your memory unforgetably.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.